

THE BOMB; THE OVERTHROW;  
THE SQUEAKER; THE SCANDAL

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



KOSYGIN



BREZHNEV



WILSON



JOHNSON

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to be with



ys smoother because it's slow-distilled



Free booklet shows how he can be invaluable, how to choose him.

Nowadays, the family that doesn't know the law—or a lawyer—may well find itself in difficulties. According to the State Bar of Michigan the average citizen "is living in a legal world far too complex to cope with alone and unaided."

You'll learn the urgent truth of these statements once you read "Why You Should Choose a Family Lawyer NOW!" This timely booklet was written for New York Life by Lester David, noted writer, and is approved by the American Bar Association.

**Fact-filled booklet.** The author gives you many examples of how well-meaning persons have suffered serious loss through ignorance of the law. He shows how a family lawyer can help prevent such difficulties, saving you money as



## A few of the reasons why every family should have a lawyer!

well as time, annoyance, or possibly lasting grief.

Take the case of the man who put his suburban home in his wife's name. "When she died and left no will, he discovered that her relatives were entitled to a share of her property, including the house!" A lawyer would have pointed out the wisdom of both husband and wife having made out a proper will—and of keeping it up to date.

How do you choose a lawyer? This booklet suggests several ways, and discusses the cost of his services—which is probably less than you think!

**Get your free copy.** You'll find this booklet as easy to read as it is worthwhile, as interesting as it is authoritative. To get your free copy, ask your New York Life agent or use the coupon below.

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R.M.S. Queen Mary: 81,237 tons—and not much shorter than the Empire State Building.

Attention: scholars, socialites, secretaries,  
scientists, Shakespeare buffs (and businessmen)

## Escape to Europe this fall—on a giant Cunard Queen

A crossing on the Queens is the perfect way to start any European vacation. Five days of sun and fun, superb *international* meals, exciting new friends and gracious *British* service. All this, and more, is included in your fare. Read on.



On the *Queen Elizabeth* or the *Queen Mary* your vacation starts the moment you step aboard. You arrive relaxed—ready to get the most out of your holiday.

### Top men set the trend

Business leaders—that demanding, discerning, decision-making breed—have long favored the Queens. But you don't have to be chairman of the board to appreciate the luxury, conviviality, and gracious *British* service that are so distinctively Cunard.

Whatever class you select, you'll find more to do on board than in most resorts. Every day brings a festive round of deck tournaments, movies, cocktail parties, dancing and professional en-

tertainment. In fact, with so much going on, you might like to slip off for a quiet moment in one of the peaceful libraries on board.

Each Queen offers *acres* of decks for strolling and recreation. There are 35 exquisite public rooms, ranging from intimate cocktail lounges to the largest salons afloat.

With so much space, there is no "excess baggage" problem. The average family can take over *half a ton* of baggage free on any Cunard liner.

Menus on the Queens feature specialties from around the world, including traditional American favorites. The wine list is so impressive it includes 21 kinds of vintage champagne.

To balance the pleasures of the table, you can swim, take a Turkish bath and a massage or work out in a fully equipped gymnasium.

### Note to budget watchers

A voyage on the Queens need not be expensive. There is a wide variety of fares to choose from. And these superliners are so vast, you're never cramped, whether you travel First, Cabin, or Tourist Class.

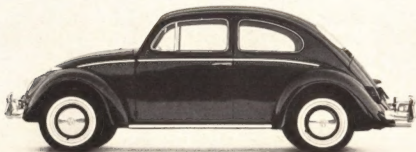
When you consider that your fare includes 5 days of superb food, lodging and impeccable *British* service, plus 3,000 miles of sun and fun, you can see the price is really a bargain.

### Special Cunard Savings

Cunard's *low* Thrift Season fares are now in effect. Additional substantial savings are possible after October 1 with Cunard's 30-day round-trip Excursion Fares.

For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office: Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, N.Y. 4, N.Y.





## Presenting America's slowest fastback.

There are some new cars around with very streamlined roofs.

But they are not Volkswagens.

They are called fastbacks, and some of them are named after fish.

You can tell them from Volkswagens because a VW won't go over 72 mph. (Even though the speedometer shows a

wildly optimistic top speed of 90.)

So you can easily break almost any speed law in the country in a VW.

And you can also cruise right past gas stations, repair shops and tire stores.

The VW engine may not be the fastest, but it's among the most advanced. It's made of magnesium alloy (one step better than

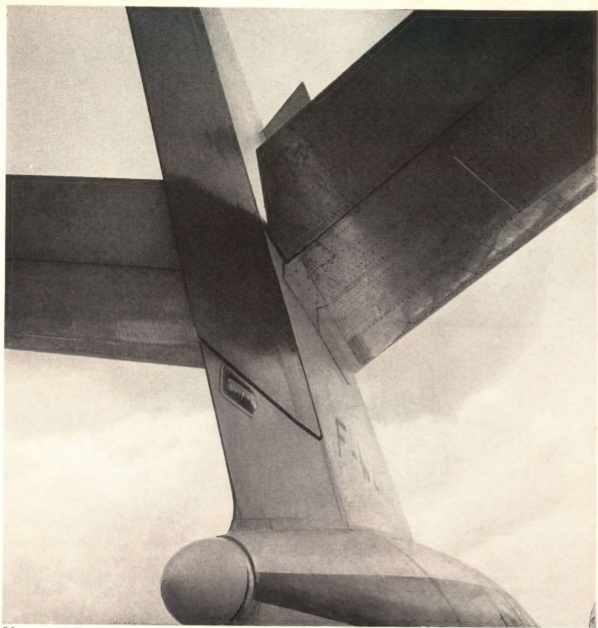
aluminum). And it's so well machined you may never add oil between changes.

The VW engine is cooled by air, so it can never freeze up or boil over.

It won't have anything to do with water.

So we saw no reason to name it after a fish.





## If your sales manager could design a business jet, wouldn't it be Pan Am's Fan Jet Falcon?

Getting there first, he knows, can mean getting the order. Pan Am's Fan Jet Falcon flies faster than any competitive business jet. And that's only one edge built into this remarkable new jet. Consider these: 2. The only fan jet business jet (for 47% more power and 30% more efficiency at takeoff). 3. Most "office space" for your money. 4. Lowest operating cost just about any way you com-

pute it. 5. Longest range of all twin business jets. 6. Shortest runway requirements for its size. 7. Most complete worldwide service facilities. All this and Pan Am experience—the 37 years of flying knowledge that assure you the most advanced of all business jets. The Fan Jet Falcon. For more information, write **Business Jets**, a division of Pan Am, Pan Am Building, New York 17, New York.



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If you open  
Ballantine's  
famous bottle...

see this  
remarkably  
light Scotch...



taste  
its  
pleasing  
smooth-  
ness  
...and  
still  
don't  
like it,



(maybe you  
just don't like  
remarkably  
smooth and  
light Scotch.)

# The Honeywell 200 is off and running



There she goes — first among the new low-cost, high-speed business computers. First to be announced, first to be built, first to be tested, first to be delivered, first to prove itself in actual performance.

It's outdoing everything in the field, and everything promised.

You should see the H-200 run — zipping through its paces at a cycle time of 2 microseconds, showing off its 65,536 character memory, setting a pace

that others can't match.

The Honeywell 200 has proven that it is everything we said it would be. We said it would be able to read, write, print, and punch simultaneously — and it does. We said with our exclusive "Liberator" concept you could switch from your 1401 computer to the H-200 without reprogramming — and you can. We said it would be a better buy than any computer in its price range, present or promised — and it is. We said we'd begin

delivery in July — and we did.

Starting price for the H-200 is just \$2510 monthly. And we'll wager this: if you carefully check the form sheets on this and the other computers in the race, you'll put your money on the H-200. It's a winner.



**Honeywell**  
ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING



## Godfrey talks cranberries.



## Ocean Spray talks turkey.

Who says salad is only a summer dish, or turkey just for Thanksgiving? A good food is a year round thing. Ocean Spray proves it with cranberries.

Last year, the people who make Ocean Spray Cranberry products added Arthur Godfrey (on the CBS Radio Network) to their sales recipe. Delicious.

When Godfrey talks cranberries,

tastebuds tingle and sales jump. Edward Gelsthorpe, Ocean Spray Executive Vice President, puts it this way: "Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail is going extremely well. It has been a revelation to me to find more comment with respect to Godfrey's promotion on our product than from any other effort. Consumer response and trade reaction both continually allude to Godfrey

... we look forward to a long and happy association."

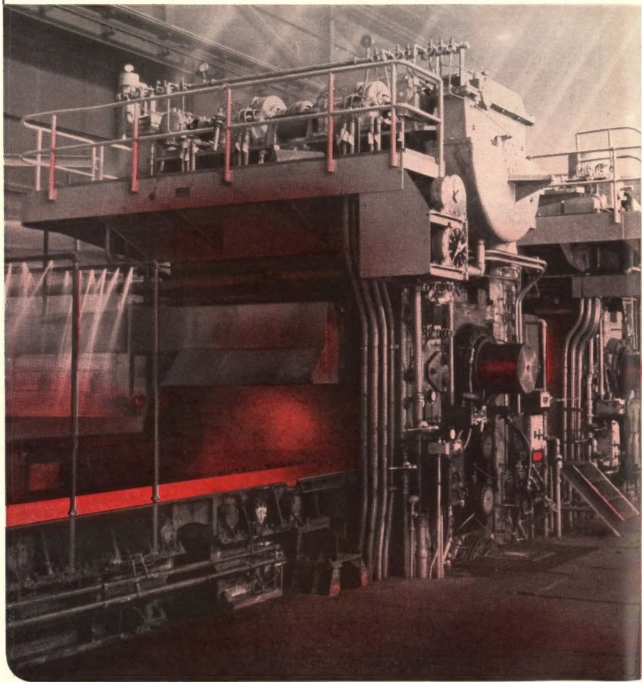
Cranberries with Godfrey are a good combination. So good that Ocean Spray talked turkey and ordered another 52 weeks beginning October 1964.

Summer. Winter. Arthur Godfrey is the springboard for selling a good product. How about yours? Call us.

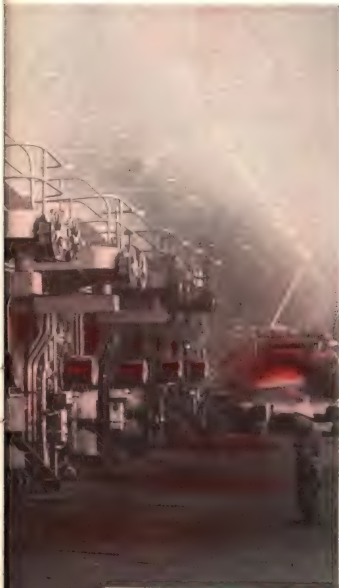
**The CBS Radio Network**



# WHAT'S NEW AT PITTSBURGH STEEL



# ...A HOT SHEET MILL



... new from the ground up—rumbling with new power, fairly bursting with new potential, and rolling sheet steel to new levels of accuracy and a bigger range of coil weights.

Pittsburgh Steel has put \$6-million into the big Hot Finishing Train for:

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- brute power—75 percent more power, all around.
- 100 percent automatic electronic thickness control.
- bigger steel slabs—up to 100 percent bigger.

What does this mean for our customers?

Just this:

- Sheet coils up to 100 percent heavier for the longer, more efficient production runs demanded by their automatic equipment.
- More square feet of useable steel, and thus more finished parts per ton, thanks to precision rolling by automatic electronic control.
- Wider sheets and lighter gauges.

For Pittsburgh Steel, it produces important cost reductions via the use of heavier slabs, longer mill runs, higher productivity, improved yields, and more consistent quality.

And besides that, it opens up new selling opportunities among industry's largest consumers of flat-rolled steel, the steel industry's most widely used, fastest growing product.

**BIG MILL—Big Product—Big Prospects for Pittsburgh Steel.**

Pittsburgh's Hot Sheet Mill expansion marks one of the most important accomplishments in the Company's \$44-million "Program for Profits." In the past three years, the "Program for Profits" has equipped Pittsburgh Steel with the industry's newest Basic Oxygen Furnace Steel-making plant, new sheet and strip annealing facilities, long-term supplies of high quality ore and coal, and some of the industry's most important developments in new steel products.

*Our customers like that!  
As a matter of fact, so do we!*



## PITTSBURGH STEEL COMPANY

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# ART IN NEW YORK

## UPTOWN

**ALEXANDER CALDER**—Perls, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th. Next month Calder's mobiles will take to the air at the Guggenheim. Meanwhile, some 30 circus drawings, all done before he started launching tin and wire into upper living space, make a fitting prelude to the retrospective. Perls also has a few mobiles. Through Nov. 14.

**GEORGE RICEY**—Stuempli, 47 East 77th. Calder is not the only artist who keeps sculpture moving. Richey and Bury (see below) are both kinetic craftsmen, and their galleries share the same floor. Richey's tall, stainless-steel blades and showers of metal shards shift gently with changing air currents; sound like the wind whispering through TV antennas. Through Nov. 14.

**POI BURY**—Lefebvre, 47 East 77th. Bury is a Paris-based Belgian who seems to be catching on everywhere. He was a hit in Venice, and U.S. museums were snatching up his work before this first New York show even opened. It consists of electrically animated nails, sticks, balls and tiny nylon wires that twist, tangle and topple, clutch and clash, then move smoothly together again, always with a sly, sensuous suggestion of human activity. Through Nov. 7.

**MARINA NUÑEZ DEL PRADO** and **SIDNEY WOLFSON**—World House, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th. New works by Miss Del Prado, a Bolivian sculptress who exploits the grain of exotic woods, smooths onyx and marble into virginal shapes that often echo the human form; and 40 paintings by New Yorker Wolfson, whose subtle shades sing in soft harmony. Through Nov. 7.

**ROMARE BEARDEN**—Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave. at 76th. "As a Negro," says Bearden, "I do not need to go looking for 'happenings,' the absurd, or the surreal, because I have seen things out of my studio window on 125th Street that neither Dali nor Beckett nor Ionesco could have thought possible." With fantasy and pathos rather than bitterness, Bearden turns out blues to hang on a wall. From cutouts—crooked noses, laughing eyes, teardrained cheek—he collages surreal cityscapes of Negro life, then photographs and enlarges them, for the liveliest views on the avenue. Through Oct. 24.

**GRUPPE SPUR**—Osborne, 965A Madison Ave. at 75th. In 1957 four young Munich artists began exhibiting together, calling themselves the *Gruppe Spur* to describe their search for a new path. Lothar Fischer sculpts figures that resemble the inscrutable distortions of a first-grader's picture of teacher. Painter Heimirad Prem piles hills and houses in pell-mell landscapes, colors them pink. Hans-Peter Zimmer paints big green frogs that seem to have something to croak about. Helmut Sturm's *Romeo and Juliet* embrace in a tangled orgy of lines, their faces hidden by a bright red blush. Through Nov. 14.

**RICO LEBRUN**—Nordness, 831 Madison Ave. at 69th. Lebrun was preoccupied with an image of humanity, "grand in meaning, even when disguised by adversity." His paintings are filled with pain, and his illustrations for Dante's *Inferno* are some of the most forceful ever done. Casseins and oils released since his death last May. Through Nov. 7.

**GOTTFRIED HONEGGER** and **JOHN HULTBERG**—Jackson, 32 East 69th. Two painters more dissimilar than Honegger and Hultberg would be hard to find: side by side, they make a compelling comparison. Honegger uses plastic for his *maîtres*, carves a cold geometry in mild relief, then slathers it with rich warm red. Hultberg's bleak white landscapes, strewn with junked cars, abandoned buildings and other detritus, toll winters of discontent. Through Nov. 19 and 21 respectively.

**ANDRÉ DERAIN**—Hirsch & Adler, 21 East 67th. From the artist's widow, the Louvre and other collectors, the gallery picked 50 works that show Derain's growth from a "wild beast" to his tamer postwar years, when his goal was not so much to lead the contemporary pack as to bring the past up to date. Works rarely seen in this country. Through Nov. 21.

**ÉDOUARD VUILLARD**—Wildestein, 19 East 64th. Bonnard and Vuillard shared a studio, and were the leading painters in the French symbolist movement that met regularly at Stéphane Mallarmé's "Tuesday." Both can be seen in major shows in New York: Bonnard at the Museum of Modern Art, Vuillard in this wide sampling that spans his long career. Through Nov. 21.

**MASTERS OF THE JAPANESE PRINT**—Asia House, 112 East 64th. Selections from ten masters of the Japanese woodblock begin with Moronobu's black-and-white prints of noblemen, conclude with the (cahousé) beauties of the late 18th century *impressario*, Utamaro. Through Dec. 13.

**JAMES BROOKS**—Kootz, 655 Madison Ave. at 60th. Brooks, a leading abstract expressionist, belonged to the same "club" as Pollock and De Kooning, gives his new paintings such non-names as *Nerry* and *Thylin* because "I don't want to lead the viewer into any ideas about the painting." The viewer can see for himself that Brooks is a master of soft, eye-soothing color. As for *Nerry*, it's a patch of pale blue floating over some soft hilly lines. Through Nov. 7.

## MIDTOWN

**MORRIS LOUIS**—Emmerich, 41 East 57th. When Morris Louis died two years ago at 50, much of his work remained unseen. Since then a small but important showing at the Guggenheim last year, and another at this summer's Venice Biennale, have helped win him wide respect. The exhibition consists of ten gigantic (9 ft. by 16 ft.) paintings, never shown before, in which ribbons of raw color unfurl and stain unprimed canvas. Through Nov. 7.

**DAVID SMITH**—Marlborough-Gerson, 41 East 57th. Steel Sculptor David Smith's new works have a new monumentality. In one series, many ten feet tall, cubes and crossbeams, hang in precarious balance like a pile of tumbling blocks on stainless-steel shafts, their gleaming surfaces cut with lightning-like strokes. Twenty-nine pieces in all. Through Nov. 14.

**PETER SAUL**—Frumkin, 41 East 57th. Saul's sharp observations on society's sillinesses are somewhat trite. For all their superficiality, though, his bright colors and looping lines suggest that a serious young talent is at work. Twelve paintings. Through Oct. 31.

**JOSEF ALBERS**—Janis, 15 East 57th. At 76, Albers does all manner of strange

and beautiful things with simple squares. Forty new oils. Through Oct. 24.

**HAROLD TOWN**—Bonino, 7 West 57th. A Canadian. Town, 40, brushed his way to international fame without ever leaving his native Toronto. In his new works, a visual war is waged on canvas as white cuts color, black fights for attention and space, and shapes bounce around like boomerangs. Through Nov. 7.

## MUSEUMS

**GUGGENHEIM**—Fifth Ave. at 89th. An exceptional exhibition of American drawings selected by Curator Lawrence Alloway includes work by such senior draughtsmen as Gorky and Tobey, along with some by relative newcomers, including Larry Poon and Sven Lukin. A handsome historical précis of Albert Gleizes' offers the U.S. its first chance to review the work of one of the earliest cubists. The drawings run through Oct. 25. The Gleizes run through Nov. 1.

**METROPOLITAN**—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. The Met is hustling to complete new galleries and other surprises it plans to unwrap later this season. Meanwhile, there is still plenty to see: ancient Peruvian ceramics, fashion vignettes, English transfer-printed pottery, and the customary wealth of great paintings.

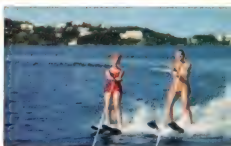
**GALLERY OF MODERN ART**—Columbus Circle at 59th. A retrospective of the German impressionist, Lovis Corinth, who won artistic fame before his death in 1925. Banned by the Nazis, his work for many years remained obscure in this country (TIME, Sept. 25). Corinth painted hundreds of self-portraits that represent his most powerful work. Through Nov. 1.

**WHITNEY**—22 West 54th. The big "welcome back" that realism is getting these days must come as a surprise to Edward Hopper, who, at 82, is the best proof that it never went away. For nearly 60 years he has been hammering away at the nerve ends of despair with pictures of lonely trains leaving town, haunted-looking nudes, all-night lunch counters suffocating with silence. A 180-work retrospective. Through Nov. 29.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**—11 West 53rd. The sculpture garden spots new acquisitions by Ferber, Calder and Ippolito. The lures inside are Pierre Bonnard's luminescent paintings (through Nov. 29), prints made by painters and sculptors (through Oct. 25), collages, silk-screen prints and sculptures by Britain's Eduardo Paoletti (through Nov. 10), and 15 works by German Sculptor Günther Haese (through Nov. 15).

**PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY**—29 East 36th. The Morgan Library has dug up a jewel: *Catherine of Cleves' Book of Hours*. Considered the finest Dutch manuscript in existence, it was painted about 500 years ago for Catherine's wedding by an artist known only as the Arenberg Master. Its two volumes became separated and one was thought to be the complete work until last year, when the library discovered the second half in a private European collection. His exquisitely executed miniatures, 157 in all, depict saintly themes with delightful rusticity: the Holy Family supping by a cozy fireplace; the infant Christ toddling in a walker. Through Nov. 7.

**BROOKLYN**—Eastern Parkway. Twenty years of Antonio Frasconi's graphics: 150 woodcuts and lithographs, twelve illustrated books. Through Nov. 29.



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You'll enjoy St. Catherine's Fort in the 17th century town of St. George where there's so much to see. Or doing any number of other things. Playing golf on championship courses, tennis on all-weather courts. Shopping where there's only the best to pick from. Waterskiing, skindiving, swimming, sailing, fishing for big ones, or suricasting. Or just taking it easy on a pink sandy beach. When night comes, you can dine and dance to Calypso



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... There is a real place in New York for conservatively managed banks and trust companies of moderate size whose customers may have easy access to and personal acquaintance with the bank officers...

*—JAMES EARL RAY, THE NEW YORK TIMES, FEBRUARY 19, 1964*



## When You Need All-Weather Banking...

Business conditions can fluctuate as widely as the weather. For more than 175 years, this Bank has dedicated its time and energies to studying in depth each corporate customer's special situation in order to render efficient financial service under all types of business conditions. When the officers of this Bank are on your financial team, they will match their time with yours in seeking resourceful solutions to your banking needs—whatever the business "weather" of the moment.

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Founded 1784  
By Alexander Hamilton  
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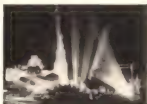
Where are you going  
with that magazine,  
Mary Roland?



To escape to Paris  
with a story in  
Ladies' Home Journal?



To get inside Washington  
with the latest  
gossip in McCall's?



To dream of Hollywood  
with a movie star's story  
in Good Housekeeping?

or to  
140 Pleasant Place  
with Family Circle?



All nice places to "visit." But to a homemaker, there's no place like home. That's why she buys Family Circle. That's where she reads it. (According to Simmons, Family

Circle delivers the most in-home women readers per dollar in the crucial 18-49 age group.) How come? Family Circle is strictly service. No distractions. Want a lift home?

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A small source of circulation assurance: McCall's 4,600,000; Family Circle 5,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 5,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,150,000.



**If you're Johnny on the spot.**



**Have photographic memory.**



**Jot phone numbers on scrap.**



**Lunch alone.**



**Rarely stage an after five.**



**Then don't read on.**

This is for doers who like to remind themselves they're doing it. Eaton's AT-A-GLANCE Record Books for business, professional or social use keep track of everything from dates and deductions to bridge parties and patients. Convenient. Handsome.

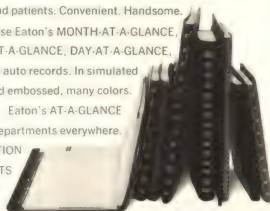
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## Be suspicious!

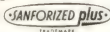
Don't ask. Look.

Look for it on the label or tag.

If it's not there, you're risking your money.

You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see **SANFORIZED**.

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Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."

If it is, why doesn't it say so?

You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".

Get them.



# What do you know about the corn oil in your margarine?

## Do you know how much there is?

Enough to qualify for the "Special" rating established by medical authorities? Or so little that it's only a minor ingredient?

## What form is the corn oil in?

Is it liquid (the most beneficial form)? Or is it hardened (sharply reducing its polyunsaturate benefits)?

## Who makes the oil?

A company whose name you know good things about? Or isn't the name of the maker even mentioned?

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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 21

**CBS REPORTS** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).<sup>\*</sup> CBS follows the candidates in New York's senatorial fight between Kenneth Keating and Robert Kennedy.

**ELECTION SPECIAL** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Palo Alto County in Iowa has always voted for the winning presidential candidate. A study of this county's temper, 1964.

Thursday, October 22

**THE MUNSTERS** (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Gas-company workers stumble into the Munster dungeon while installing a pipeline.

Friday, October 23

**BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The story of a Korean War G.I. who turns traitor and returns to the U.S. to steal missile secrets. George Hamilton attempts the leading role. Margaret O'Brien co-stars.

**THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Excerpts from Broadway's new topical revue, *The Committee*. Color.

**OLYMPICS 1964** (NBC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.). Special gymnastics competition for men and women.

Saturday, October 24

**OLYMPICS 1964** (NBC, 5-7 p.m.). Equestrian grand-prix jumping, closing ceremonies and highlights of week's events.

Sunday, October 25

**DISCOVERY** (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). The history of witchcraft, starring Margaret Hamilton. Oz's Wicked old Witch of the West.

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A fascinating look at the smear campaigns of past presidential elections—the rumors that George Washington was a woman, Abraham Lincoln a Negro—and the successful use of slander in destroying many a political career.

Monday, October 26

**SLATTERY'S PEOPLE** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Slattery takes on a freshman legislator who insists on introducing an important bill on his own, refuses all help. Ricardo Montalban guest-stars as the stubborn one.

Tuesday, October 27

**WORLD WAR I** (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). The battle of Verdun, the bloodiest of them all: 1,250,000 French and German casualties.

**THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A look at the polls, and state-by-state evaluation of the presidential candidates' areas of strength.

### THEATER

**CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS**. A band of incredibly funny young Cambridge graduates, with a revue that thinks small and carries a big slapstick. Laughter is all but incessant, and the most hilarious sketch of the evening is a bewigged theater-of-the-absurd British courtroom trial involving a dwarf.

**OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR**. Mockingly ironic, tender, frolicsome and tragic, this musical revolves around the unlikely subject of the follies of World War I. Blending English music-hall sentimentality with

<sup>\*</sup> All times E.D.T. through October 24. E.S.T. thereafter.

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TIME, OCTOBER 23, 1964

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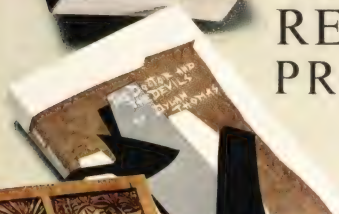
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#### THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS

A play by Dylan Thomas

"It was conceived in black and white for the screen and used all the methods of the cinema to create suspense. But Thomas' writing transmutes it from a horror picture to a dark masque of shadows in which violence is a threat to move than the flesh." From the new introduction by John Ormond. 177 pages.

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#### JOHN PAUL JONES

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**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** strays far from Broadway to record the gentle joys and occasional sorrows of a Jewish community in a Russian town in 1905. In his finest performance to date, Zero Mostel gives this musical an unflinching heartbeat.

**ABSENCE OF A CELLO** erupts with steady laughter as an academic scientist tangles with an org man from corporation land.

## RECORDS

### Jazz

**KENNY BALL PLAYS FOR THE JET SET** (Kapp). The thought of *From Russia with Love* pounded out in Dixieland style by a sextet of Britons is enough to make purists quail. But the result is surprisingly lively, with a mean banjo taking the bala-laika part. Even more surprising is *Londonderry Air* in shuffle rhythm, and *Isle of Capri* with a honky-tonk piano intro. Best of all is *Alabama Jubilee*, a traditional Dixie item done up brown as a hockcake.

**ELLINGTON 45** (Reprise) sounds reassuringly like Ellington '26, but the material in this album of pop and corn is scarcely worth the Duke's attention. Fortunately, his style shines through almost every bar of such half-roasted chestnuts as *Never on Sunday* and *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. Oldtime Ellington Saxpots Jimmy Hamilton (tenor), Johnny Hodges (alto) and Harry Carney (baritone) add to the lustre. Standouts are Russell Procope's low-register clarinet solo in *More* and Cootie Williams' soaring trumpet work on *Fly Me to the Moon*. And binding it all together is the deft piano scrimshaw of Ellington himself.

**CHARLIE MINGUS: TONIGHT AT NOON** (Atlantic) is the sort of stuff that Ellington should be doing: original jazz works of concert length and worth. Bassist-Pianist Mingus' debt to Ellington is most apparent in *Invisible Lady* where both mood and the stylish trombone solo of Jimmie Knepper are evocative of the Duke at his best. Peggy's *Blue Skyflight* features Mingus on piano and a haunting tenor sax solo by Booker Ervin.

**HELLO LOUIS!** (Epic). Cornetist Bobby Hackett, freed from the treacly bondage of those Jackie Gleason albums of a few years back, pays tribute to Satchmo the composer. Louis Armstrong's compositions have always been overshadowed by his virtuoso performances of other people's work, though he has written several hundred pieces, among the better known being *Gate Mouth Blues*, *Brother Bill* and *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*. Hackett proves to have a real feeling for the Armstrong style, and his cornet solos, backed by authentic-sounding tuba, saxophone, banjo, trombone, piano and drums, are incisive and buoyant. Pick of the lot: *Someday You'll Be Sorry*, with Hackett's cornet and Sonny Russo's trombone taking turns playing obbligato to each other.

**SAMMY DAVIS JR. SINGS MEL TORME'S CALIFORNIA SUITE** (Reprise). As a singer, Mel Torme is known as "the velvet fog"; as a composer he is known securely at all. Yet Torme is responsible for at least four songs that have become standards in the repertory. Sammy Davis Jr. gives *A Stranger in Town* a stronger performance than Torme's original, and his rendition of *Born to Be Blue* is the best since the

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late Mildred Bailey made it her own. While the *California Suite* is billed as Torme's "major composition" on this album, it is memorable chiefly as the sort of thing in which Lyricist Torme rhymes Lu Jolla with "anoy you." But the songs—wistful, full of tender despair—make Side 2 worth the price.

## CINEMA

**THE SOFT SKIN.** With elegant style and economy, French Director François Truffaut diagnoses the love game as played by an aging, suety intellectual (Jean Desailly) who shuttles between his wife and a shapely airline stewardess (Françoise Dorléac).

**TOPKAPI.** A jewel theft in Istanbul is played mostly for laughs by Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell and Peter Ustinov in Director Jules Dassin's niftiest caper since *Rififi*.

**THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.** Robert Shaw and Mary Ure are superb in a sensitive, deeply affecting drama based on Brian Moore's novel about a genial Irish nobody who feels his life and his wife slipping away from him.

**THE APE WOMAN.** Man's inhumanity is the theme of this squalid but often hilarious Italian comedy about a punk promoter and his wife, a girl covered from head to toe with brown silky hair.

**MARY POPPINS.** Walt Disney's drollest films in decades has wit, sentiment, liting tunes, and an irresistible performance by Julie Andrews as the proper London governess with a flair for magic.

**TD RATHER BE RICH.** In this sprightly comedy, Sandra Dee occupies an acute romantic triangle with Andy Williams and Robert Goulet, while Hermione Gingold and Maurice Chevalier sharpen its points.

**SEDUCED AND ABANDONED.** A young girl's dishonor sets off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in Director Pietro Germi's savage tragicomedy, which is less warm but no less wicked than his memorable *Divorce*.—*Italian Style*.

**GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.** As a bubbly colleen who chances a fling with a middle-aged author, Britain's Rita Tushingham makes a trite tale seem fresh, poignant, and deliciously funny.

**THAT MAN FROM RIO.** A stylish French spoof of Hollywood action epics assigns must of the derring-do to Hero Jean-Paul Belmondo, who does it to a turn.

**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.** The Beatles play the Beatles in a comedy deftly calculated to whip up hysteria among pre-teens without spoiling the fun for their elders.

**RHINO!** African melodrama as it should be done—with scenic splendor and crackling humor—tied to a timely story about a hunt for a pair of rare white rhinos.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**FOR THE UNION DEAD**, by Robert Lowell. Less obscure than his earliest works and less embarrassingly confessional than his recent *Life Studies*, these poems pursue Lowell's preoccupation with creativity, madness, marriage and his Puritan heritage in tough, masculine verse.

**MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY**, by Charles Chaplin. Hollywood's comic genius writes eloquently of his pitifully poor childhood but prefers name-dropping to telling about his later artistic achievements. The reason for this autobiographical lapse is apparent on

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**THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW**, by John Cheever. In these chilling short stories, the fall from corporate grace, the merger, the personal scandal that might stop the money are the demons Cheever uses to speculate about the fears of salaried suburbanites.

**LITTLE BIG MAN**, by Thomas Berger. An exuberant novel of the wild West that lights new fires under old myths yet at the same time satirizes them.

**REMINISCENCES**, by Douglas MacArthur. In a style that is more restrained than his usual baroque eloquence, MacArthur vividly recounts his trials and his triumphs.

**HERZOG**, by Saul Bellow. In this long-awaited novel, Bellow's hero is a man in search of a new life amid the rubble of a wrecked marriage. His conclusion is disappointingly flat ("I am what I am"), but in the process of reaching it, Herzog-Bellow ranges wittily, learnedly, and perceptively over nearly all the dilemmas—major, minor, and plain absurd—of 20th century man in a virtuoso display that is a constant delight.

**THE WORDS**, by Jean-Paul Sartre. After a series of increasingly labored, metaphysically morose works, Sartre has written a clear-eyed, warm, but very sad account of his early years. The despair of modern existentialism, it turns out, is partly rooted in the struggle for sanity of a bookish, lonely child.

**THIS GERMANY**, by Rudolf Leonhardt. In a series of provocative essays, a West German journalist tries to clear up the many mysteries of the German character.

**THE ITALIANS**, by Luigi Barzini. Foreigners often love Italy for the wrong reasons; thinks this brilliant Italian journalist, who goes on to consider his countrymen in damaging detail.

**VIVE MOI!** by Sean O'Faolain. It took this Irish novelist 30 years to come to terms with his provincial Irish upbringing: in an engaging autobiography, he records the dilemma of a man forever "impaired on one green corner of the universe."

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. *Condy*, Southern and Hoffenberg (1 last week)
2. *Herzog*, Bellow (3)
3. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (2)
4. *This Rough Magic*, Stewart (8)
5. *Armageddon*, Uris (6)
6. *The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss* (5)
7. *Julien*, Vidal (4)
8. *You Only Live Twice*, Fleming (7)
9. *A Mother's Kisses*, Friedman (10)
10. *The Man*, Wallace (9)

### NON-FICTION

1. *Reminiscences*, MacArthur (3)
2. *My Autobiography*, Chaplin (7)
3. *A Tribute to John F. Kennedy*, Salinger and Vanocur (6)
4. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (2)
5. *Harlow*, Shulman (5)
6. *The Italians*, Barzini (4)
7. *The Invisible Government*, Wise and Ross (1)
8. *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, Silver (9)
9. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (8)
10. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (10)

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# LETTERS

## The Morality Issue

Sir: As the American version of the Profumo scandal comes from the White House, the future of this nation requires some truthful and objective answers. If the 1959 morals arrest that is now revealed indicates Jenkins' vulnerability to Soviet blackmail during these years, and if this dangerous fact has been concealed by President Johnson, then the fitness of this Administration not only to govern but to defend this nation from its enemies must be examined.

BILL DEMING

Hollywood

Sir: Re Walter Jenkins: I wonder how many more unsavory characters are in the Johnson Administration.

(MRS.) MARY CRUNKER

Savage, Minn.

Sir: I trust that the American people will be able to evaluate and vote on the real issues whatever malicious scandal Dean Burch succeeds in dredging up. However shocked we may be about the private morals of public officials, the U.S. cannot be persuaded that the public moral problems of civil rights, nuclear war, poverty and prosperity are better understood by Goldwater than by President Johnson.

JEAN BAKER

Minneapolis

Sir: It is with great disappointment that I see America's "leading clergymen" have thought it ethical to use their power, pulpit and journals as instruments for influencing politics [Oct. 9]. This action appears even more ludicrous in view of the scandals that have been characteristic of the Johnson Administration. Why has there been no mass clerical denunciation of the Bobby Baker scandal? Certainly the respectable clergy cannot be blind to the lack of morality in high offices and widespread disregard of the law that are now so prevalent in our country.

EDWARD HERNANDEZ

Los Angeles

Sir: So William Sydney says that those of us who are voting the Goldwater-Miller ticket are not Christians and are committing the sin of ardent nationalism. Since when, may we ask, is patriotism a sin? Evidently he believes that there is only one way to achieve brotherly love and world peace—by voting the Democratic ticket. May we suggest that he check into the personal integrity and character of both Mr. Goldwater and Mr. Johnson.

We think that he will make some startling discoveries.

BARBARA B. PUCKETT  
ELIZABETH H. BARR

Richmond

Sir: What a commentary on the mixed-up American way of life that practitioners of medicine, entrusted with the job of ministering to our mentally ill, should allow themselves to be a pawn in the cheap journalistic efforts of Ralph Ginsburg [Oct. 9]. That professional men of such stature should be taken in by such an obvious political smear is indicative of the days in which we are living—days of compromise and diluting of principles, days when sin is labeled as "error," when morality is relative and when materialism emphasizes the values of expediency and the shirking of responsibility. God help us to choose wisely Nov. 3.

H. L. BAILEY

Chicago

## Mr. Humphrey's Wet Peanut

Sir: You printed a picture of Mr. Humphrey in Tifton, Ga., with a huge peanut [Oct. 9]. Mr. Humphrey didn't mention how wet that peanut was, but I'm sure it was the wettest of all peanuts, and I'm afraid Mr. Humphrey got his hands stained handling it. I made the peanut on short notice. As clay takes time to dry and of course to be fired, I consented to do one in plaster. After finishing the peanut, I soon found that it would not stain successfully because of the water content of plaster. I tried my best but stain will just not adhere to a wet subject. Tifton County is Goldwater country (mostly), but I do hope Mr. Humphrey enjoyed his visit to our city. I also wish I had known in time. I could have made him a ceramic peanut that he would have been proud to own.

VENICE OWEN

Tifton, Ga.

## The Nine Justices

Sir: The ugly raving and ranting of the hate groups, heaping calumny on the revered Court [Oct. 9], is one of the many indications of decay in our national morality. Respect for law and the courts, and most certainly the Supreme Court, is essential for the survival of our democratic institutions.

S. E. PASETTE

Los Angeles

Sir: Pleased to see that you are aware of the impact of Justice Black on the

Supreme Court, but I miss the hammer and sickle on the cover.

JAMES B. MCCULLOUGH JR.

Philadelphia

Sir: Your article on the much-maligned Supreme Court was perceptive and sympathetic, and pointed out the Court's strange new role of defending our basic rights against our "elected" legislators. For those of us who love our land, but are increasingly repelled by its contradictory, obsolete, and often irresponsible state and local laws, the Supreme Court has come to be a major hope of eventual sanity and freedom. We have heard too much talk of states' rights—now perhaps we'll have some individual rights.

RICHARD PETERSEN

Norristown, Pa.

Sir: Without the Supreme Court's Black, Marshall and other "judicial activists," the Constitution would be a collection of hypocritical platitudes serving only the rights of the few. Instead, in their hands, it has been a marvelously adaptable living document, standing as a bastion against inequality and privilege, oppressive state power, public prejudice, and majority suppression of minority belief, action, writing, and speech. Your article should be required reading for all.

ROBERT BASKIN

Little Silver, N.J.

Sir: What a snow job! But not quite dense enough to cover the footprints of socialism marching across the American soil.

MRS. W. F. NELSON

Gardnerville, Nev.

Sir: We seem to be living in a rights-oriented society in which the teaching of corresponding responsibilities is progressively neglected. Hence an increasing amount of crime, placing before the bench more and more defendants to be granted further rights. Those of us who dislike the slench of this trend are called "extremists." The club could use more members!

DAVID J. CARRIGAN

Reynoldsburg, Ohio

Sir: Your scholarly and highly informative story of Justice Black and his conferees has transformed the Supreme Court from a formidable, little-known group to a coterie of human beings, to be admired and respected for their efforts in behalf of all of us.

KATHARINE K. MOORE

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

## Senator Salinger

Sir: You quote George Murphy on farm labor: "Mexicans are really good at that. They are built low to the ground, you see, so it is easier for them to stoop [Oct. 16]." As a Californian of Mexican descent, I wish to assure Candidate Murphy that I am just tall enough to reach that old ballot box.

VICTOR SILVA

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir: I emphatically deny ever making derogatory comments about *bracero* Mexican laborers as to their physical abilities or characteristics. I have never said, "Americans can't do that kind of work. It's too hard." I have said that Americans won't do that kind of work, and the experience of California farmers is the basis

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of that statement. I also bitterly resent your unfair reference to a fine volunteer worker. Mrs. Tucker.

Los Angeles

► TIME has checked its sources, finds candidate Murphy spoke as quoted.—Ed.

Sir: The editorial on Salinger reads like a Broadway review of a comedy—a lemon on that!

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: Mr. Murphy is no longer the "song and dance" man you have so crudely illustrated but is now, and has been for some time, a politician in the highest sense of the word.

Arcadia, Calif.

Sir: As an old and ardent debater, I think that in the television debates Mr. Salinger had an edge from the start and perfect timing. Mr. Murphy had to be constantly reminded that his time was up. In the question-and-answer period, Murphy was inexcusably rude. The moderator quite fairly had to remind him of this. When Murphy made the generous gesture of offering Salinger time—as he said he "had taken some of [Salinger's]"—it was a grandstand play and left me untouched.

San Diego

### Home Away From Home

Sir: Granted that a Korean hunch was not a home [Oct. 16], it was the closest thing to home in contrast to the cold barracks 60 miles north of Seoul. Besides, I would take one mouse any time in exchange for five U.S.O. dolls.

New York City

Sir: Being an ex-G.I. who served 19 months in Korea, I had to undergo an interrogation from my wife after she read your hunch story. The Rev. Ernst W. Karsten's charge is an exaggeration.

Daly City, Calif.

### Bard of Housewifery

Sir: Phyllis McGinley's pucen to the American housewife is absurd [Oct. 9]. Housewifery is not a profession. Does one need an education to do a good job making beds? And is it any more "noble" to bake a cake than to teach a child to read? Not all members of the profession have the intellectual sanctuaries of a typewriter and a poetic mind to retire to when the emotional strain of being mentally unemployed becomes too much.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Sir: As a profession, housewifery may be noble as hell, but as a day to day occurrence, it is rather vapid. Like death and taxes, it should largely be regarded as regrettable and ignored when possible. Simpering over boiled pudding is neither professional nor noble.

Littleton, Col.

Sir: It's about time someone answered "the creative, fulfilled career women" who have helped plant the insidious seed of discontent in so many of our young wives and mothers.

Merion, Pa.

Sir: Mr. Murphy is no longer the "song and dance" man you have so crudely illustrated but is now, and has been for some time, a politician in the highest sense of the word.

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San Diego

GEORGE MURPHY

ELISABETH BECK

GLENN W. MOORE

ALEX S. DORIAN

JOSPH A. FARRAH

STEPHANIE WENKERT

MRS. FRED BIKÉ

SYLVIA MERLIN

### Eccentric Roots

Sir: My God! To refer to Ludwig Wittgenstein as an "eccentric Cambridge professor" [Oct. 2] is like talking of Albert Einstein as an eccentric who believed that everything is relative. Wittgenstein's reputation among contemporary philosophers is comparable to Kant's, with practically all of modern linguistic analysis having its roots in the "eccentric."

Santa Barbara, Calif.

### Post dated

Sir: TIME, Oct. 16: "the Saturday Evening Post borrowed much from the technique and styles of existing magazines, among them TIME." From my article on Pierre Salinger in the Post May 30: "Politics in California has outdone itself with sudden lurches, phosphorescent goblins, and things that go bump in the dark." From TIME's article on Salinger Oct. 16: "[California's] political landscape is alive with sudden shadows, phosphorescent goblins, and things that go bump in the dark." I apologize to TIME for having stolen a vivid line from you—five months before you wrote it.

San Francisco

Saturday Evening Post

New York City

► Touché! The goblins in our office were real.—Ed.

### Life After 45

Sir: What are you, Dr. Kistner—some kind of Miss Gynest [Oct. 16]? Look around you sometimes at the many gorgeous grandmothers in and out of the soap ads and ask yourself, honestly, do they need a pill. You flatter yourself in your male ego and medical knowledge that a man and a pill are essential to a woman's golden years.

Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Sir: Dr. Kistner forgot to add that since men have their greatest capacity for procreation during adolescence, they can all be dispensed with before the age of 20.

(MRS.) LYNN BRAVO

Flushing, N.Y.

### Silenced Sportscaster

Sir: It may be true that Mel Allen was corny at times [Oct. 16], but his ability to generate excitement, lend color and flavor to the dramas that afflicted baseball is unmatched. With Mel Allen's voice no longer, culling the action, these cars will no longer listen to Yankee broadcasts.

Brookline, Mass.

Moses M. Berlin

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME, 60 LIFE BUILDING, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020.

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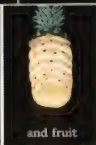
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## THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Bernard M. Auer

**T**HE editors of *TIME* began the week with well-laid plans for a cover story on the winner of the British election. While covering both sides right down to the ballot box, the London Bureau weighed in 48 hours before the polls opened with a firm judgment that Labor's Harold Wilson would win. In New York, the *World* staff was inclined to agree, but with knowledge born of experience remained flexible and ready for a narrow victory by either side. It turned out to be a week when flexibility, always the journalist's best stance amid breaking news, was nothing less than a critical necessity.

First of the big stories to break in the hottest week of international news in years was the scandal in the White House. Then in quick succession came the overthrow in Moscow and the bomb in China. As one big story piled on top of another, about all that journalists reporting by the minute or the hour or the day could do, as one editor said (see PRESS), was "throw it at" the public. In a position to look at the news at greater length and depth, TIME correspondents around the world and writers and editors in New York set about the more difficult but more rewarding task of studying, analyzing and assessing the meaning of the startling events. As the stories were developing, the editors decided that

Artist Bernard Safran's finely painted cover of *Harold Wilson* would have to give way, so it became a reduced black and white engraving, and joined photographs of the new Russian leaders and a picture of President Johnson taken as the news of the scandal was breaking—all four superimposed on the background of an atomic explosion.

In addition to these nation-rattling events, there was other hard news to be assessed—for example, the Russian space troika (SCIENCE), and the spectacular U.S. success in the Olympics (SPORT). With all that, TIME's editors—by the very nature of their mission—went right on with a full schedule of stories on another level, such as ART's critique of "op art," a new movement across the Western world; MEDICINE's report on the use of animal corneas for transplant into the human eye; RELIGION's study of an ecumenical milestone, the first Bible translation to combine the labors of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish scholars.

When big news is breaking fast, TIME's editors believe in taking the time and the intensive effort to explain what it means. At the same time, they know they must not neglect the stories of trends and developments that may not make such black headlines but nevertheless add understanding and meaning to life.

THIS fall, in more than 5,000 classrooms across the U.S. and Canada, more than 100,000 young people are reading TIME as part of their regular course of study. Their teachers have enrolled them (at the reduced rates we make available when TIME is used in this way) in our Education Program, new in its 29th year. Teachers who enroll ten or more students receive supplementary teaching aids during the school year. In September, for example, it was TIME's Election Year Argument Setter; soon we will be distributing the 1965 Current Affairs Test and a giant "Timetable of the Twentieth Century," listing important U.S., foreign, scientific and cultural events, 1901-64. Teachers interested in learning more about the TIME Education Program should write to: TIME Education Program, Box No. 853, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 23, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 17

## THE NATION

### THE ADMINISTRATION

#### The Imponderables

Nothing, it had seemed, could conceivably stand in the way of Democrat Lyndon Johnson's inexorable march back to the White House.

But last week, during a few tumultuous days, a spectacular series of international and national events tumbled forth in bewildering array and threw a whole set of imponderables into a

sponsible government among the world's major powers. By all the good old rules of political reaction, these events should have strengthened President Johnson in his 1964 election run. In times of crisis, U.S. voters ordinarily flock to the cause of the man in office.

Johnson, who is perfectly familiar with these rules, behaved accordingly. He called off some politicking engagements, scheduled a weekend television speech to underline the seriousness with which he viewed the world situation.

**Responsibility & Accountability.** Yet, lest anyone think that that situation had deteriorated under his Administration, he also gave assurances. He talked for 45 minutes with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, posed for pictures smiling and shaking hands, received vows that the new Soviet government would continue to seek peaceful co-existence. The President also let it be known that he had told Dobrynin that the U.S. would maintain its strength, even while trying to be considerate of the views of others. He reminded the Russian ambassador that it is "one thing to tell a man to go to hell, and another thing to make him do it."

Similarly, in his reaction to the Chinese nuclear explosion, the President promised that "it and when the Chinese Communists develop nuclear-weapons systems, the free-world nuclear strength will continue, of course, to be enormously greater."

All week Johnson's watchword was "responsibility"—a watchword that has proved tried and true in many another U.S. election year. But "responsibility" has many aspects, and one of them is accountability. And many a U.S. voter might feel that the President should be held accountable for a domestic event that burst onto the nation's front pages even amid the cannonade of foreign news: the resignation of Johnson's senior aide, Walter W. Jenkins, after disclosure of the fact that he had been arrested as a sexual deviate.

First reactions to the news about Jenkins were shock and sympathy, particularly for Jenkins' family. This was followed by a nationwide wave of ribald jokes—and no one realizes better than Lyndon Johnson how much it can hurt a politician to be laughed at.

Yet the events in the Soviet Union, Britain and Communist China, following news of the Jenkins affair in rapid

succession, seemed to overshadow it and to highlight the sorts of crises that would ordinarily figure to favor an incumbent President during an election year.

Thus, even after last week, Johnson remains likely to win. But the dimensions of his victory may be diminished to a degree that will help many state Republican candidates who might have been buried in a Johnson landslide.



JOHNSON WITH DOBRYNIN  
Assurances.

presidential campaign that had previously seemed all too ponderable.

**Good Old Rules?** To start it off, the Soviet Union orbited the earth's first three-passenger spaceship, indicating that the Russians maintain at least a two-year lead over the U.S. The overthrow of Nikita Khrushchev raised anew the question of what kind of Communist enemy the U.S. faces. The election of a new Labor government in Britain posed for the U.S. the problem of establishing a new set of relationships with one of its oldest, staunchest allies. And the news that Communist China had exploded a nuclear device revived vivid fears in the hearts of many peoples, indicating as it did that the wherewithal to produce an atomic arsenal will, within the foreseeable future, be in the hands of the most irre-



WALTER JENKINS  
Revelations.

#### The Senior Staff Man

(See Cover)

His head bowed, his face lined with weariness and worry, the President of the U.S. sat glumly on the dais in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. To his right and to his left, white-tied politicians traded good-natured gibes in the spirit of the Al Smith memorial dinner that Francis Cardinal Spellman stages each year. But the guest of honor smiled wanly or not at all. When his time came to speak, he cut his talk in half, delivered it in a hoarse monotone. Lyndon Johnson looked for all the world as if he had just lost one of his best friends.

In a sense he had, for just before the





JENKINS (FAR LEFT) AT WHITE HOUSE MEETING, DECEMBER 1963

Access to any secret.

banquet began, the news broke that Special Presidential Assistant Walter W. Jenkins, 46, one of Lyndon's oldest, closest friends and most trusted aides, had been arrested on the night of Oct. 7 in a Y.M.C.A. washroom just two blocks from the White House and charged with "disorderly conduct (indecent gestures)." Moreover, newsmen checking into Jenkins' police record discovered that on Jan. 15, 1959 he had been arrested in the same washroom on a charge of "disorderly conduct (pervert)."

Even while President Johnson was brooding in the Waldorf ballroom, White House Press Secretary George Reedy summoned reporters to a special briefing in a makeshift press room near by. Red-eyed and visibly shaken, Reedy announced: "Walter Jenkins submitted his resignation this evening as special assistant. The resignation was accepted, and the President has appointed Bill D. Moyers to succeed him."

**Into the Limelight.** Sordid in its details, tragic in its personal consequences, and of unmeasured significance in its political effects, the story was splashed atop front pages all over the country. Ironically, the man around whom the storm swirled had been the most self-effacing, quiet and publicity-shy member of Johnson's White House team. Quartered in Sherman Adams' old office in the southwest wing of the White House, he was the mysterious, slightly-out-of-focus fellow who seldom had his picture taken or got in the papers but who knew everything that was going on. A whiz at shorthand, he sat in on meetings of the Cabinet, on breakfasts with congressional leaders, and occasionally on sessions of the National Security Council. He had access to any national secret.

The senior White House staffer, Jenkins was the one to whom such other aides as Reedy and Jack Valenti went

when L.B.J. was busy. During the Democratic Convention in August, he was Lyndon's chief of staff in Atlantic City; when the summons finally came for Hubert Humphrey to be anointed the vice-presidential candidate, it was Jenkins who did the summoning.

Despite his aversion to the limelight, Jenkins was exposed to its glare on two notable occasions before last week. After the Billie Sol Estes scandal broke in 1962, it was learned that Jenkins, on behalf of then Vice President Johnson, had spoken to the Agriculture Department about Estes during the previous year. Jenkins requested information about any decisions involving Estes' cotton-acreage allotments, which were then being scrutinized for irregularities. But his involvement was at most peripheral, and no evidence was ever presented to prove that Jenkins or his boss ever tried to pressure the department in the Estes case.

Jenkins was more deeply implicated in the Bobby Baker scandal. During the Senate investigation, Maryland Insurance Broker Don Reynolds testified under oath that while he was trying to sell a \$100,000 policy to Lyndon Johnson, Jenkins forced him to buy \$1,208 worth of advertising time on Lady Bird Johnson's KJBC television station in Austin. Reynolds said he had no use for the advertising, but bought it anyway "because it was expected of me." "Who conveyed that thought to you?" asked Nebraska's Republican Senator Carl Curtis. Replied Reynolds: "Mr. Walter Jenkins."

Jenkins sent the committee an affidavit swearing that he "had no knowl-

edge" of such an arrangement. But when the three Republicans on the nine-member investigating committee demanded that Jenkins be subpoenaed to testify, the Democrats turned them down cold. After the Baker flare-up, Jenkins withdrew even deeper into the shadows.

**"Little Brother."** Born March 23, 1918, in Jolly, Texas, Walter Jenkins was the youngest of six children of a farmer. He grew up in nearby Wichita Falls. "Walter was the baby of the family, and they all doted on him," recalls Mrs. Maeon Boddy, a rancher's wife who went to high school with Jenkins and used to date his older brother Bill, a veteran FBI agent now stationed in Amarillo, Texas. "We called him 'Little Brother.' He was a wonderful person, and a sort of child genius in school."

Jenkins finished high school at 15, junior college at 17, worked for a couple of years, and then entered the University of Texas. Just before he was to graduate in 1939, he quit and went to work for Lyndon Johnson, then a bright young second-term Congressman. He has worked for Lyndon ever since, except for a four-year stint in the Army, which he entered as a private and left as a Quartermaster Corps captain after serving in North Africa and Italy. Even when he ran for Congress, from Texas' 13th District in 1951, it was at Lyndon's behest. Jenkins finished second in a field of eight candidates, was probably hurt by the fact that though he was raised a Baptist, he converted to Roman Catholicism in 1947, two years after his marriage to Marjorie ("Babe") Whitehill, a Catholic.

Johnson's life became Jenkins' life. He was a stockholder in the LBJ Co., and its treasurer until December 1963. He handled many of Lyndon's personal and financial affairs, looked after the lobbyists for him, kept tab on the Texas

\* Others, around the table: then Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, Representative Hale Boggs, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Representative Carl Albert, Senator George Smith, then Presidential Aide Larry O'Brien, Speaker John McCormack, President Johnson and Senate President Carl Hayden.

delegation in Congress. He named one of his six children Lyndon, and his daughter Beth, now at Marquette University, became one of Luci Baines Johnson's closest friends.

**The Best Man.** "There were two great devotions in his life," said a friend of Jenkins', "L.B.J. and his own family." But as Lyndon moved up from the Senate to the vice-presidency and to the White House, Jenkins saw less and less of the family. "The only time he could call his own was when he was driving home," says an old friend. "And then Lyndon had him put a phone in his car so he could talk to him on the way to and from home."

Lyndon repaid Jenkins' devotion with expressions of the highest regard. Talking with reporters one night not long ago, the President buzzed for Jenkins, said warmly as Walter trotted in with a worn folder full of political polls: "He's always here. He's the best man I've got." With his rather heavy humor, the President called Jenkins "the Pope," in reference to Jenkins' Catholicism. Once, standing beside the swimming pool at the L.B.J. ranch, the President confided: "I had this pool put in just for the Pope's kids."

But Johnson is a hard taskmaster, and in recent months friends noticed that the pressures seemed to weigh heavily on Jenkins. He grew increasingly nervous, last January was told by his doctor to lighten his load because of dangerously high blood pressure. He ignored the advice, kept working hard for Johnson. And the work always seemed to be piling up. After one lengthy meeting with the President, Jenkins rushed back to his desk, found 43 telephone calls waiting to be answered.

**Two Peepholes.** On Oct. 7, the evening of his arrest, Jenkins went to a party given by *Newsweek* magazine to celebrate its move into a new office, 11 blocks down Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. Jenkins was in good spirits. He had one or two highballs, chatted about his family, particularly nine-year-old Lyndon and his newspaper route. President Johnson, who usually discourages his men from attending cocktail parties, was away that night, barnstorming in Iowa and Illinois. Soon after 8 p.m., Jenkins left, ostensibly for the White House.

But Jenkins took a detour, headed instead for the Y.M.C.A. on G Street. Meanwhile, two plainclothes members of the Washington morals squad, Privates Lamonte P. Drouillard and R. L. Graham, walked through the front door of the "Y" into the lobby, then descended to the basement men's room. A 9-ft. by 11-ft. spot reeking of disinfectant and stale cigars, the room is a notorious hangout for deviates. During one five-hour period earlier this year, police arrested eight homosexuals there, including two college professors and several Government workers.

The two cops entered the room,

walked past two adjoining pay toilets and up four narrow steps leading to a shower room that has been padlocked for ten years.

Drouillard and Graham had a key to the lock. They entered the shower room and stationed themselves at two peepholes in the door that gave them a view of the washroom and enabled them to peep over the toilet partitions. (There are two peepholes in this and several other washrooms in the area because two corroborating officers are required in such cases.) On that night the cops spotted Jenkins in a pay toilet with Andy Choka, 60, a Hungarian-born veteran of the U.S. Army who lives in Washington's Soldiers' Home. Jenkins' back partly obstructed the detectives' view, but they figured they had seen enough to arrest the two men for a misdemeanor, if not for a more serious morals rap.

**Back to Work.** At the fifth-floor office of the morals division at police headquarters, Jenkins identified himself as Walter Wilson Jenkins, giving his rarely used middle name. He gave his address, birth date and birthplace correctly, but listed his occupation as "clerk." Under questioning by Lieut. Louis A. Fochett, he admitted that he was indeed the President's aide. Fochett immediately telephoned Inspector Scott E. Moyer, chief of the morals division, for guidance. Moyer gave a two-word order: "Book him."

Jenkins and Choka were booked. Since the police had a full set of prints from Jenkins' arrest in 1959, only a thumbprint was taken. At the central

cell block in the basement, Jenkins paid a \$50 bond and was freed. Forfeiture of the bond is, in effect, a waiver of the right to trial but not a confession of guilt.

It was 10:10 p.m. when Jenkins left the police station. Incredibly, he went on to the White House, worked at his desk until midnight.

**Real Trouble.** Only two days after Jenkins' arrest, anonymous tipsters began advising newspapers that there was an interesting item on the Oct. 7 blotter of the morals squad. The tips were widely dispersed; a man from Pravda even showed up for a peek. At least one of the tips was traced to the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and the Republican National Committee was known to be on to the story. Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams said he heard of the case several days before it got into print.

Early Wednesday, the Washington Star got the tip, called the White House to check it. With Lyndon and several top aides on the road, Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird's press secretary, was the only White House press staffer on hand. She took the call. Unbelieving and upset, she phoned Jenkins in his office. Within minutes, a distraught Jenkins got in touch with Lawyer Abe Fortas, an old Lyndon crony, and told

The man appointed by the Supreme Court to represent Florida Convict Clarence Earl Gideon in his milestone battle to establish that any man who faces trial but cannot afford to pay a lawyer is entitled to counsel, even in state courts, for anything beyond a petty offense.



THE G STREET Y.M.C.A.  
Twice in five years.



REEDY AT WALDORF  
With red eyes.

him almost hysterically that he was in "real trouble." Fortas called Fellow Lawyer Clark Clifford, a top troubleshooter in the Truman, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations.

Fortas and Clifford hurried to the Star. "They made what I would regard as a plea to have us not break the story," said Star Editor Newbold Noyes. "I agreed to go along at that time." Clifford and Fortas next called on Washington Daily News Editor John O'Rourke. "There was no pressure," recalled O'Rourke. "I agreed not to break the story—provided it wasn't in print elsewhere. But it couldn't be kept secret." The lawyers paid a third call, this one on the Washington Post's editors. Both Fortas and Clifford later insisted that they acted solely on Jenkins' behalf, and that the President did not even know what was going on.

**Cryptic Statement.** By 4 p.m., Jenkins, who spent the day at Fortas' home, was nearly out of control. His personal physician, Dr. Charles W. Thompson, summoned there earlier by Clifford and Fortas, concluded that Jenkins was "worn out," had him admitted for an "indefinite" stay at George Washington University Hospital for "high blood pressure and nervous exhaustion."

At about the same time, Republican National Committee Chairman Dean Burch, who had expected the Jenkins story to appear in Washington's Wednesday afternoon papers, was beginning to wonder why nobody had printed it. Figuring that someone had managed to suppress it, he issued this cryptic statement shortly after 6 p.m.: "There is a report sweeping Washington that the White House is desperately trying to suppress a major news story affecting the national security." Two hours later, at 8:09 p.m., United Press International broke the story, and

morning papers across the U.S. rushed it into print.

According to White House spokesmen, President Johnson went through the entire day's campaigning in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York without knowing what was afoot. But between 6 and 7 p.m., just before Lyndon was to call on Jackie Kennedy at her new Fifth Avenue apartment, a newsman culled Press Secretary Reedy with details of Jenkins' arrest and hospitalization, and Reedy passed the news on to Johnson. After a few minutes, the President said simply: "We've got to have a resignation."

**No Snare.** The initial reaction among Jenkins' friends was utter disbelief, followed by dismay. "His worst enemy—if he has any enemies—could never have conceived of such a thing," said another Texan, Wichita Falls Postmaster Pat Hardage. Texas Governor John Connally, a member of Lyndon's court for as long as Jenkins, suggested that it might be a frame-up, that Choka had somehow entrapped Jenkins. But CBS newsmen, who picked up Choka at 1 a.m. Thursday and took him to an undisclosed spot, quoted him as denying entrapment. Choka, who is separated from his wife Lieslotte and their two children, said that he "neither asked nor was offered money to snare Jenkins."

Barry Goldwater, who heard the news as he arrived at Denver's Brown Palace Hotel, said, "I don't know what the hell this is about." Later he added, "I don't intend to comment on it at all." G.O.P. Vice-Presidential Candidate William Miller told a luncheon for Chicago's blue-chip Executives Club: "If this type of man had information vital to our survival, it could be compromised very quickly and very dangerously." Democratic Vice-Presidential Candidate Hubert Humphrey appeared shocked, refused to comment. But an aide said gloomily in Milwaukee: "It's bound to cost us votes."



CLARK CLIFFORD

**Point of Exhaustion.** Lady Bird Johnson quickly issued a statement saying: "My heart is aching for someone who has reached the end point of exhaustion in dedicated service to his country." In the months since the Bobby Baker case was first aired, the President has made only one belated, curt and inadequate comment. This time he waited for 24 hours before saying anything publicly. Finally, accused by Dean Burch of having "covered up" Jenkins' earlier arrest "for 51 years," he issued a statement in Washington.

"Walter Jenkins has worked with me faithfully for 25 years," it said. "No man I know has given more personal dedication, devotion and tireless labor. Until late yesterday, no information or report of any kind to me has ever raised a question with respect to his personal conduct." While expressing "deepest compassion for him and for his wife and six children," Johnson added that "on this case, as on any such case, the public interest comes before all personal feelings."

Johnson also ordered the FBI to assign 50 to 100 men "to make an immediate and comprehensive inquiry and report promptly to me and the American people." He instructed Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon to look into security procedures of the Secret Service, an arm of his department. And the Central Intelligence Agency quietly began probing the possibility that the Jenkins case might involve foreign espionage through blackmail.

**"Q" Clearance.** There was plenty to investigate, since there had obviously been serious security lapses. Before his first arrest in 1959, Jenkins had at least two security checks. In 1956 the Air Force gave him top-secret clearance in connection with his reserve status; he is a colonel in Capitol Hill's 9,999th Air Reserve Squadron, whose commander, of all people, is Reserve Major General Barry Goldwater. Two years later, the



ABE FORTAS

On a friend's behalf.

Atomic Energy Commission asked the FBI to run a full field investigation because Jenkins would be handling atomic data in connection with L.B.J.'s work with the Senate Preparedness subcommittee. At that time, Jenkins was given a top-secret "Q" clearance, an AEC classification.

A few months later, on Jan. 15, 1959, Jenkins was arrested for loitering in the same Y.M.C.A. washroom where he was nabbed two weeks ago. At first he was booked on an open charge, photographed and fingerprinted. Inspector Roy E. Bliet, then head of the morals division, quizzed Jenkins for 31 hours, finally learned he was a top aide to Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. He allowed Jenkins to list his occupation as "unemployed," apparently because he had previously run into trouble in cases involving important people. Bliet, now retired, said last week that he had been "leary of talking to the Hill" because he had been "burned" in the past.

A duplicate card with Jenkins' prints was sent to the FBI the next day as a matter of routine; the agency receives some 23,000 such cards a day from all over the U.S. On that card, Jenkins was listed as "unemployed," and the charge was listed only as "investigation—suspicious person," the standard notation used by police for a misdemeanor of that sort until they decide on a more precise charge.

Later, the police listed the charge on the blotter, in black ink, as "disorderly conduct." Still later, in a different hand in blue ink, the word "pervert" was added in parentheses.

In on Everything. When, in 1961, Jenkins needed a White House pass, the Protective Research Section of the Secret Service fingerprinted him and sent a copy to the FBI for a check. Sure enough, the bureau turned up his old record, told the Secret Service about his having been arrested in 1959 on the vague charge of "investigation—suspicious person." As the Secret Service tells it, nobody checked further with the police about the arrest because it was only a misdemeanor and because Jenkins already had a "Q" clearance. According to all present accounts, nobody told Johnson about his aide's 1959 arrest. Jenkins got his White House pass.

Ten days after John Kennedy's assassination, a White House staff member phoned the CIA and requested immediate top-security clearance for four Johnson men who would be "in on everything"—Bill Moyers, Jack Valenti, George Reedy, and Walter Jenkins. The CIA, responsible for such clearances whenever intelligence documents are involved, suggested a full FBI field investigation for all four.

Such FBI field investigations were required by Dwight Eisenhower for all his presidential assistants. One check eliminated a possible appointee to Ike's personal staff on the ground of perversion just before Eisenhower's inauguration. Kennedy, in his turn, ran checks

on some aides, but not all. But in 1963, when the CIA suggested field investigations on Johnson Aides Moyers, Valenti, Reedy and Jenkins, there was a long, hostile silence on the White House end of the phone. The CIA, lacking legal authority to require investigations of presidential staffers, had no alternative but to give the four men top clearance.

**Unquenchable Parchant.** Though a preliminary, unpublished check by the CIA has unearthed no evidence that either Jenkins or Choka was involved in anything worse than what they were caught at, it is axiomatic that sexual deviates are vulnerable to blackmail. Walter Jenkins could at any time have laid his hands on the most closely guarded secrets of the U.S., including the



PRESIDENTIAL AIDE MOYERS  
With scriptural citations.

workings of the most advanced nuclear weapons. Any questions now to be asked of Jenkins, however, may take some time to be answered. In his dark, 8-ft.-square room on the hospital's second floor, he is under partial sedation and almost constant surveillance.

The Jenkins case raised new doubts about the effectiveness of U.S. security agencies. Are the FBI and the Secret Service, recently rebuked by the Warren Commission for their sloppy work before the Kennedy assassination, once again guilty of grave inefficiency? Should the CIA or any other security agency be denied the authority to check out White House staffers who handle the nation's top secrets? Just what kind of atmosphere prevails in Washington when local police would rather let a case rest than risk getting "burned" by Government officials or Congressmen?

One characteristic of Lyndon Johnson familiar to all Washington is his unquenchable penchant for intimate knowledge and gossip about everyone of importance in the capital. Was this one case where cops and security agencies—and who knows who else—were simply afraid to tell him about his aide?

## The Replacement

With the departure of Walter Jenkins, the White House staffer who emerges as most important is Billy Don Moyers, 30, who, in addition to his own duties, now takes over those of Jenkins.

Bill Moyers (he was christened Billy but dislikes the diminutive) is a slim, pallidly handsome Baptist lay preacher who has directed the intellectual side of L.B.J.'s shop with quiet efficiency since Johnson moved into the White House. He supervises such speechwriters as Richard Goodwin, Douglass Cater and Horace Busby, tosses in the scriptural citations of which Lyndon is so fond. Better than any other staffer, he knows Johnson's mercurial moods, manages to assuage the boss with well-reasoned argument, never shouts or panics. Yet such self-control comes at a price: Moyers suffers from a chronic ulcer.

**Against Moral Monopolies.** The son of an odd-jobs man (truck driver, candy salesman, cotton picker), Moyers was a top student at high school in Marshall, Texas. At North Texas State College he was twice elected class president, twice named the college's outstanding student. His record came to the attention of Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson, who hired him as a summertime hand in his Washington office in 1954, later gave him a job as a news editor at Lady Bird's KTBC radio and television stations in Austin. At the same time—getting only six hours of sleep a night—Moyers also attended the University of Texas' Journalism School, racked up one of the best scholastic records in its history. He won a fellowship to study church-state history at Scotland's Edinburgh University. There he developed a lingering aversion to "moral absolutism," once explained: "No one has a monopoly on virtue or truth. Those who peddle this line, under whatever label, subvert the very thing they want to obtain."

Moyers later enrolled at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, also worked fulltime as its information director. He preached in rural churches, was ordained as a Baptist teacher but not a minister, intended to teach ethics at Baylor University, but changed his plans in 1959 when Johnson asked him to join his Senate staff. In a matter of months, Johnson hiked Moyers' salary from \$10,000 to \$15,000, made him executive assistant during his 1960 vice-presidential campaign.

**A Matter of Age.** After the election, Moyers left Lyndon and struck out as a New Frontier bureaucrat on his own. He helped Sargent Shriver set up the Peace Corps, became its director of public affairs at 27 and a deputy Peace Corps director at 28—one of the youngest officials ever to require Senate confirmation.

His age is one of the few things that Moyers gets emotional about. Said he in a speech: "This is a nation of youth—45% of the population of America is under 25 years of age. God save us



from that day when we must say to the young men and women of America: 'We cannot trust you. We cannot depend upon you. We cannot use you—except for fodder in the flames of war.'" Moyers also feels strongly about Texas. A television interviewer, noting Moyers' soft twang, asked: "Do I detect a Texas accent?" Replied Moyers quickly: "Not only in my speech, sir, but in my heart."

Moyers willingly responded to Johnson's call for help at the White House last November, served as a bridge between the Johnson and Kennedy men. But he still speaks wistfully of breaking away from the L.B.J. pace and of spending more time with his wife Judy and their three children.

**In Pursuit of Details.** The only White House staffer who now rivals Moyers in influence with Johnson on administrative and social matters is the omnipresent Jack Valenti, former Houston adman who married one of Johnson's secretaries in 1962, became his "special consultant" when he moved into the White House. Valenti was completely unknown to Washington a year ago. His power lies in the fact that he dogs Lyndon's every step, amiably complies with his every wish. He tirelessly pursues the sort of details that anyone except Johnson might consider trivia. When Johnson appears in public, Valenti acts as a combined prompter, prop man and scriptwriter, even counts the bursts of applause during a Johnson speech. Like most of the Texans around Johnson, Valenti is more of a technician than a thinker, remains eternally pleasant—and worshipful.

## THE CAMPAIGN

### Good & Bad

At times last week—but only at times—President Johnson sounded like his old, exhilarated self.

Embarking on a grueling 8,000-mile campaign tour, the President stopped off in his opponent's home town to go to church, made a stop-and-go trip through downtown Phoenix, and did a little of his own preaching along the way. "Let's go to church and thank the good Lord for the U.S., for sunshine and freedom in the world," he told a Phoenix street crowd. "Love thy neighbor!" In Reno, he struck out at Goldwater, drawing that "we here in the West aren't about to turn in our sterling silver American heritage for a plastic credit card that reads, 'Shoot Now, Pay Later.'" One candidate is roaming around the country saying what a terrible thing the Government is. He seems to be running against the office of President instead of for the office of President. Somebody better tell him that most Americans are not ready to trade the American Eagle in for a plucked banty rooster!"

"Forgive Them." In Northern New Jersey, Johnson proclaimed that the American people "are weary of those



LYNDON & LADY BIRD JOHNSON IN NEW YORK CITY  
"The people are weary."

who preach that America is failing in the world and faltering at home. The people are tired of being told that their character is in question, that their moral fiber is riddled with rot and decay. The American people want leadership which believes in them, not leadership which berates them."

In Rochester, he extolled the virtues of bipartisanship in foreign affairs. "How can we unite the world and lead it if we divide among ourselves?" he demanded. "Let's say to these men of little faith, the doubters and the critics, who sometimes become frustrated, and other times become bitter—let's say, 'Let's turn the other cheek' and say, 'God forgive them, for they really know not what they do!'"

**Security Scares.** But by midweek the fatigue in Johnson's face was plain to see. His fingers had become bloodied and were bandaged from shaking so many hands. He had also gone through some security scares. In Phoenix, one young man had been arrested when police found him carrying a loaded .22-cal. revolver under his coat. Another young punk bashed the President with a Goldwater sign. The sign creased Lyndon's hat; the President thought it was an accident, but others were not so sure, and the fellow was arrested.

In the outskirts of Los Angeles, the President was standing on the back of his car, making a speech, when police got a tip about a man with a gun. Johnson abruptly got in and sat down; a Secret Serviceman jumped up, brandishing an automatic rifle in the rear seat of the presidential follow-up car, and the motorcade moved away. In Buffalo, police picked up a man holding a rifle at a place where the President was expected to pass.

"You-Know-Where." In New York City, Johnson got word of the Jenkins case, delivered his toneless speech and next night, after a day of upstate campaigning with Bobby Kennedy, went to

Madison Square Garden for another spiritless performance. Toward week's end, in Dayton, the President got a thunderous greeting from street crowds. But he also found people carrying crude signs alluding to the Jenkins story.

"I am not here to indulge in muck-raking or mudslinging," the President declared testily. "Those are always weapons of desperation and of fearful, frightened men. You can always tell them by their words if not by their signs. A campaign can tear open new wounds, and it can pour fresh salt on fresh wounds. It can divide America instead of uniting it!" Then he delivered an emotional defense of his Administration's program and added: "If you don't believe in it, you can go you-know-where!"

### "The Curious Crew"

Republican Goldwater decided some time ago that his most effective issue was national "immorality" under Democratic Administrations. Thus, although the Jenkins case underlined the issue, it did not change Barry's tone. The only difference was that when he spoke—as he had been speaking for weeks—about the "curious crew" in the White House, he got a greater audience response.

Bobby Baker's name remained the one that Barry mentioned most often and most scornfully. Early in the week, while he was addressing some 15,000 people in downtown Des Moines, Iowa's Republican Senator Bourke Hickenlooper handed him a slip of paper. Written on it was news of an announcement that a Democratic-controlled Senate committee, assigned to continue the investigation of the Baker case, had decided that it would hold no more hearings until after Election Day. Barry's face purpled.

"Now this is the kind of thing I'm talking about, folks!" he cried. "This is the kind of thing that bothers me. When the President of the U.S. has swept so



much dirt under the rug that you have to walk uphill to get to the Democratic platform; and when he can, by twisting the arm of any U.S. Senator or Congressman, call off an investigation that I am now convinced leads to the White House, then it is time for a change. This is a question of morals, it is a question of honesty or dishonesty, it is a question involving the White House—and that dark cloud has gotten darker. The American people don't like this!"

In Kansas City, Goldwater declared: "The man who now occupies the White House could stand on the side of truth. Instead, he is standing firmly and coldly on the side of deceit and cover-up. . . . The White House remains silent in the face of scandal, grave suspicion, and a sense of national doubt unequalled in our time!" In Harlingen, Texas, he said: "The people have looked at the White House and have found it dark with scandal. The people have looked at the man who now occupies the White House and have found him shadowed by suspicions which no amount of handshaking and hurrah can chase away."

Goldwater's decision not to mention Jenkins, however temporary, was not shared by some other Republicans. G.O.P. Campaigner Dick Nixon raised the question of how it happened that Johnson's "two closest associates" should be "bad apples." Beyond that, Republicans are working up a TV film documentary showing stripteasers and wild teen-age parties, interlaced with shots of Bobby Baker and his pretty friend, Carolee Tyler. Also on tap: G.O.P. sponsorship of an organization to be called "Mothers for a Moral America."



BAKER & FRIEND IN 1957  
The people don't like it.

## The Social Security Argument

A disembodied pair of hands rips a social security card in half as a television voice confides: "On at least seven occasions, Senator Barry Goldwater said that he would change the present social security system. But even his running mate, William Miller, admits that Senator Goldwater's voluntary plan would destroy the social security system. President Johnson is working to strengthen social security."

That Democratic TV commercial is evidence of the fact that the U.S.'s social security system, so long accepted by so many, has become a red-hot issue in a presidential campaign for the first time in 28 years. And it has badly hurt Republican Candidate Goldwater, even though he went out of his way to bring up the argument.

A Turkey in New Hampshire. Last November, in a New York Times Sunday Magazine interview, Goldwater said: "I think social security ought to be voluntary. This is the only definite position I have on it. If a man wants it, fine. If he does not want it, he can provide his own."

During the early weeks of this year's Republican presidential primary in New Hampshire, Goldwater reiterated this stand. It did not go over very well, particularly with the large segment of the New Hampshire population that depends on social security. Rival Nelson Rockefeller jumped on the Goldwater argument, charged that to make social security voluntary would be to make the system actuarially unsound, bankrupt it, and turn it into a "personal disaster to millions of senior citizens and their families." Somehow sensing that he had said the wrong thing, Barry backed away, started replying to those who asked him about his sentiments for voluntary social security: "I don't know where you ever got the idea. You must have been listening to the Governor of New York."

Damaging Cues. After New Hampshire, Goldwater came out with a paper insisting that he not only wanted "a sound social security system" but indeed hoped to see the system "strengthened." But right up to the time of the San Francisco convention, Rocky kept hammering away at Goldwater on social security, and so did Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, who termed Barry's voluntary scheme "the worst kind of fiscal irresponsibility." Since Goldwater's nomination, Democrats have picked up the issue, and President Johnson mentions social security in almost the same breath with "Peace and Prosperity." Said he to a Harrisburg, Pa., audience last month: "We do have a choice this year. It is the choice between the mighty voice of the American majority saying yes and the fading echo of the few who still say no. The majority said yes long ago to social security. The echo still says no."

As often as not, the Democrats take

their cue from Rocky and Scranton, and Goldwater recently complained: "Rockefeller and Scranton have done me more damage than the Democrats ever could."

Goldwater has charged that Johnson is no friend of social security, since the President insisted that Medicare be attached to an already passed bill expanding the social security system and increasing its benefits. The whole bill, Goldwater says with some justification,



SOCIAL SECURITY TV COMMERCIAL  
"On at least seven occasions."

died in conference committee because of the Medicare rider.

The Controversy Rages. Just what are the merits of Goldwater's notion of voluntary social security? Most authorities, whether liberal or conservative, or whether in or out of government, agree that it is totally impractical. According to at least one expert estimate, if the system were to be made voluntary and only 15% of today's covered workers under 30 elected to drop out, the 1965 loss in contributions would amount to \$1.5 billion; by 1968 the loss to the retirement benefit fund would amount to \$8.5 billion, and by 1988 the social security program would be bankrupt.

Almost beyond argument, the social security system could be improved. As of now, improvement is all that Goldwater has made clear he wants; and it is plainly galling to him, as to many another American, to see the system misused as a vote catcher, as in the case of the Medicare debacle. But Barry is not about to get well on this issue, especially so long as he fails to come up with a specific program of his own—a program that would keep the social security system going in one form or another.

Even though, since New Hampshire, Goldwater has virtually purged the word "voluntary" from his vocabulary, it has not done much good. Still the controversy rages, and the uncertainties over his true position abound. In Fort Dodge, Iowa, recently, a 500-signature petition was sent to the state's two U.S. Senators, asking that social security not be made voluntary. Like it or not, it seems that Barry is going to have a tough time convincing voters that he did not mean what he said before he was sorry he said it.

## THE RACES FOR GOVERNOR

**O**F the 25 states holding gubernatorial elections this year, 18 now have Democratic incumbents, seven Republicans. Although most of the campaigns are being fought strictly on state issues, the results of the presidential contest nonetheless seem almost certain to make the difference in a number of states where the races are remarkably close. A state-by-state rundown:

**Arizona:** Republican Richard Kleindienst, 41, a Goldwater field director before San Francisco, is an effervescent, effective campaigner, while Democrat Sam Goddard, 45, a Harvard-educated Tucson attorney, seems ill at ease on the speaker's stand. Kleindienst is favored to succeed Republican Paul Fannin, who is now running for Goldwater's Senate seat.

**Arkansas:** Only a few days ago, the chances seemed as thin as one of his granddaddy's dimes, but Republican Winthrop Rockefeller, 52, could now upset five-term Democrat Orval Faubus, 54, if resentment over the Jenkins case builds up.

**Delaware:** After 26 years on the bench, Democrat Charles L. Terry Jr., 64, took off his robes as chief justice of the state Supreme Court and came out swinging in his first political campaign. Republican David P. Buckson, 44, peppery state attorney general and former Lieutenant Governor, accuses Terry of political inexperience, says that, as a judge, Terry only "second-guessed" state government. Terry has a narrow edge.

**Florida:** Republican Charley Holley, 39, former Florida house minority leader, last week unveiled "photocopies" of bank ledgers purporting to show that Democratic Candidate Haydon Burns, 52, Jacksonville's segregationist mayor, had \$1,215,690 stashed in Nassau. Burns denied it, flew with reporters to Nassau, proved to their satisfaction that Holley's documents were phony, came home a near cinn to replace outgoing Democrat Farris Bryant.

**Illinois:** Republican Charles H. Percy, 45, the former whiz-kid board chairman of Bell & Howell Co., is ahead of Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, 56, recently staggered by scandal in his first-term administration.

**Indiana:** Familiar as a witty speaker on the state's banquet circuit, Democrat Roger Branigin, 62, a prosperous Lafayette lawyer, is little known to voters in general, trails Republican Richard Ristine, 44, the state's smooth-working Lieutenant Governor.

**Iowa:** A reformed alcoholic who nonetheless put through a law allowing the sale of liquor by the drink, Democratic Governor Harold Hughes, 42, is popular, should win handily over Republican Evan ("Curly") Hultman, 39, state attorney general who backed William Scranton in San Francisco and has since been on the outs with Iowa's highly vocal Goldwaterite minority.

**Kansas:** Both U.S. Senators and all five Congressmen are Republicans, and Kansans seem likely to pick silver-haired Republican William Avery, 53, a ten-year congressional veteran, over Democrat Harry Wiles, 48, a St. John attorney.

**Massachusetts:** Complacent campaigning lost former Republican Governor John A. Volpe, 55, the 1962 election against hapless Democrat Endicott ("Chub") Peabody, who was dumped in the Democratic gubernatorial primary last month by his own Lieutenant Governor, Francis X. Bellotti, 41, father of twelve. Now working hard and aided by new corruption indictments of Democrats, Volpe holds a slim lead over Bellotti.

**Michigan:** Republican Incumbent George Romney, 56, speaks proudly of unprecedented state prosperity, generally ignores the ineffectual campaign attacks of Democrat Neil Stuebler, 51, Michigan's Congressman at Large. Stuebler's main pitch is to try to tie Moderate Romney to Conservative Goldwater, but it does not seem to be going over well. Romney appears to be pulling ahead.

**Missouri:** His age (68) and Goldwater's candidacy do obvious damage to Republican Moderate Ethan A. H. Shepley, a distinguished St. Louis lawyer and onetime chancellor of St. Louis' Washington University. Sharp-tongued Democratic Secretary of State Warren Hearnes, 41, who won a tough primary over the hand-picked candidate of outgoing Democratic Governor John Dalton, carps at Shepley as "a nice old man." Hearnes has a lead, although reaction to the Jenkins case could erase it.

**Montana:** Republican Incumbent Tim Babcock, 45, succeeded Governor Don Nutter, who died in a January 1962 plane crash. He campaigns on ultraconservative issues, boasts of rising employment and a decreased state deficit during his term. Babcock is the favorite, but Roland R. Renne, 58, former Montana State College president, has support from teachers, labor and the Farmers' Union, could come out on top if Montana goes strongly for Lyndon.

**Nebraska:** A cornfield campaigner from way back, Democratic Governor Frank Morrison, 59, plows political furrows all around colorless Republican Dwight Burney, 72.

**New Hampshire:** A lucrative sweepstakes law highlights the first term of well-liked Democratic Governor John King, 46. Though Republicans outregistered Democrats 5 to 3 in the state, King's appeal to G.O.P. voters (the got 3,532 write-ins in the Republican primary this year) makes him a small-stakes bet to repeat his 1962 victory over former Republican Legislator John Pillsbury, 45.

**New Mexico:** Democratic Governor Jack Campbell, 48, is running for a second term against Republican Merle Tucker, 52, a past president of Kiwanis International and a radio-station owner who brought joy to local Indians by putting out Navajo-language broadcasts. But there are not enough Navajos around.

**North Carolina:** Walking a tightwire between party liberals and conservatives, Democrat Dan K. Moore, 58, a former state judge, recently gave Luke-war backing to Lyndon Johnson, but still maintains a precarious alliance with segregationists. Republican Robert Givins, 47, an attorney who showed well in a 1960 loss for Governor, is expected to lose again unless Moore topples from the wire.

**North Dakota:** Traditionally Republican, North Dakota twice elected able Democratic Governor William Guy, 45. Republican Donald Halerow, 51, a Drayton businessman, got off to a badly organized campaign start. Leaning to the popular Guy.

**Rhode Island:** Elected in a 1962 squeaker (a margin of 398 out of 328,000 votes cast), Republican John H. Chafee, 41, a Yaleman and ex-Marine, got medicare and aid to vocational-education bills through a Democratic-controlled legislature. But Rhode Island is generally Democratic, and Chafee appears to be slightly behind Democratic Lieutenant Governor Edward Gallaghy, 45, an Irish Catholic who made a rung-by-rung political rise from precinct runner to gubernatorial nominee.

**South Dakota:** Polls show Goldwater trailing way behind Johnson, but ticket splitters abound. Most South Dakotans (59% to 35%) say they'll go for Republican Lieutenant Governor Nils Boe, 51, bachelor attorney from Sioux Falls, over Democrat John F. Lindley, 46, a

former Lieutenant Governor, in the race to replace outgoing Republican Archie Gubbrud.

**Texas:** No one heard much about Republican Candidate Jack Crichton, 48, a Dallas oilman, before his campaign against Lyndon's friend, first-term Democratic Governor John Connally, 47. Chances are, no one will hear much about him after the election, either.

**Utah:** For 16 years Utah has had G.O.P. Governors. But with Incumbent George Dewey Clyde quitting after a so-so record and with strong anti-Goldwater feelings stirring, Republican Candidate Mitchell Melich, 52, is plodding uphill despite his qualifications as a former state legislator, university regent, and uranium-firm president. The Jenkins case could hurt Democrats here, but Democrat Calvin L. Rampton, 50, a well-known Salt Lake City attorney, could still win going away.

**Vermont:** Big, blond Philip H. Hoff, 40, the first Democrat to be Governor of Vermont since 1854, cut the state deficit, ramrodded an improved state education bill through the G.O.P.-controlled legislature, lured new industry to the state during his first two-year term. But Republican Lieutenant Governor Ralph A. Foote, 41, has united support this year from a party that was torn by dissension in 1962, now has a slight edge.

**Washington:** Noted for wearing red roses in his buttonholes, Democratic Governor Albert ("Rosy") Rosellini, 54, is waging a vigorous backslapping campaign for a third term. But Republican Daniel Jackson Evans, 38, is a handsome, articulate state legislator, has a united G.O.P. behind him, is a slight favorite to defoliate Rosy's roses.

**West Virginia:** Aiming to be the first man in mountaineers' memory to serve two terms, former Republican Governor (1957-61) Cecil H. Underwood, 42, now a coal-company executive, attacks outgoing Democratic Governor W. W. Barron for hard times and bad roads. Democrat Hulett C. Smith, 46, Barron's state commerce commissioner, matches Underwood in good looks and able forensics, criticizes Underwood's old administration, defends Barron's Underwood, in a cliffhanger.

**Wisconsin:** Democratic Governor John Reynolds, 43, got tangled up in party factional fights, angered voters by upping the state sales tax, looked for a while to be a sure loser. Republican Warren Knowles, 56, a former Lieutenant Governor, has conducted a colorless campaign, but is still ahead and could stay there because of the Jenkins case reaction.

## MASSACHUSETTS

### From Dazzling to Fizzling

In the murk of Massachusetts politics, Democrat Foster Furcolo, Yale-educated ('33) lawyer and sometime playwright, was a dazzler. When he was a Congressman (1949-52), a poll of Washington correspondents rated him one of the ten best on Capitol Hill.

Furcolo handily won the governorship in 1956 and 1958—the first person of Italian extraction to win the job. But Foster fizzled in the statehouse, lost a 1960 primary for the Democratic U.S. Senate nomination.

**The Payoff.** Last week Furcolo, 53, was indicted on charges of misconduct while in office by a 21-member Boston grand jury. In the eight months since it was impeached at the request of Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke, the grand jury has charged 40 persons with various violations of public trust. It now accused Furcolo of conspiring to arrange a bribe while he was Governor.

The indictment claimed that in 1960 Furcolo wanted to guarantee the reappointment of his commissioner of public works, Anthony N. DiNatale. Under Massachusetts' archaic (1780) constitution, final approval for gubernatorial appointments must come from the nine-man Governor's Council, an elected board that treasures its control over some 1,000 state patronage jobs. The grand jury charged that Furcolo had conspired to pay off four council members so they would vote for DiNatale. In last week's indictment, the four council members—Democrats all—were charged with asking for and getting a bribe in a conspiracy with Furcolo. DiNatale had been indicted a week earlier on separate allegations of larceny, bribery and conspiracy.

**"Obviously Political."** Furcolo denied all, cried that the whole thing was "obviously political," demanded a trial before Election Day. Instantly, there was speculation about how his indictment might affect contests for state offices. Both gubernatorial candidates—Republican John Volpe and Democrat Francis X. Bellotti—are Italian-Americans, and thereby are presumably equally immune (or susceptible) to any bloc-vote protest. But there is to be a referendum on Nov. 3 on whether to curtail the powers of the Governor's Council—specifically abolishing its right to approve gubernatorial appointments. Volpe has favored it all along, while Bellotti is on record against curbing the council.

Republican Brooke, the U.S.'s top elected Negro officeholder, is also up for re-election as attorney general.

Would the powerful Italian bloc now rise against him and ruin his chances? Brooke's campaign managers were unworried, pointed out that he already has an enormous lead and added, almost as an afterthought, that Brooke's wife is a native of Italy anyway.

## AWARDS

### The Youngest Ever

Of all the leaders of the U.S.'s Negro revolution, none has become more respected by his own people or more reviled by segregationists than the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Last week King, 35, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1964. He is the twelfth American,\* and the youngest person ever, to be so honored.

Following custom, the five-man Nobel Prize Committee, named by the Norwegian Parliament, did not explain its choice. But in a brief biographical note, the committee noted that King "follows the principle of nonviolence."

There were, of course, outraged howls from the U.S.'s Deep South. "They're



KING & WIFE AFTER HEARING NEWS  
A tribute to restraint and courage.

scrapping the bottom of the barrel," cried Birmingham's former Public Safety Commissioner "Bull" Connor. Said Leander Perez, long a Democratic spokesman for Louisiana segregationists: "That only shows the Communist influence. Shame on somebody!"

As for King himself, he was getting a routine checkup in an Atlanta hospital. Said he: "I do not consider this merely an honor to me personally, but a tribute to the discipline, wise restraint and majestic courage of the millions of gallant Negro and white persons of good will who have followed a nonviolent course in seeking to establish a reign of justice and a rule of love across this nation of ours."

King will go to Oslo to receive the award on Dec. 10. He plans to turn over "every penny" of the award—\$54,000—to the civil rights movement.

\* The others: Theodore Roosevelt, 1906; Elihu Root, 1912; Woodrow Wilson, 1919; Charles G. Dawes, 1925; Frank B. Kellogg (Cuban Coolidge's Secretary of State), 1929; Nicholas Murray Butler and Jane Addams, 1931; Cordell Hull, 1945; Evangelist John R. Mott and Pacificist Emily G. Balch, 1946; Dr. Ralph Bunche, 1950; Gen. George C. Marshall, 1953.

# THE WORLD

## RUSSIA

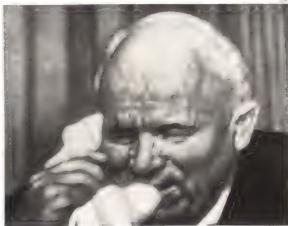
### Revolt in the Kremlin

(See Cover)

Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev beamed his golden smile into the radiotelephone that connected him with the heavens. He was talking to Russia's latest space heroes, three cosmonauts whirling high above the Black Sea resort where their leader was vacationing. He congratulated them warmly, told them to keep in good shape for the huge reception planned on their return to Moscow, then uttered an eerily prophetic goodbye. "Here is Comrade Mikoyan," Nikita chortled. "He is literally pulling the telephone from my hands. I don't think I can stop him."

He couldn't. Nor could he stop the other comrades, whoever they might be, who were about to pull power from his hands.

Khrushchev had gone to the Black Sea, as he liked to, to relax, while also tending to a little business and receiving occasional visitors. Thus the West has a witness to at least part of the story. In the morning after his talk with the cosmonauts (see *SCIENCE*) and his prophetic crack about Mikoyan, Khrushchev received France's Atomic Science Minister Gaston Palewski. In the midst of their conversation, a messenger burst in. Nikita excused himself, as the minister later recalled, explaining that he had to return to Moscow "for the cosmonauts." Then he disappeared into



KHRUSHCHEV LAST WEEK TALKING TO COSMONAUTS  
"He is pulling the telephone from my hands."

the dusk of a typically Byzantine-Communist blackout.

**Most Fascinating Dictator.** For outsiders, the next clue to Nikita's fate came three days later, when home-bound Moscow workers queued up before newspaper kiosks and were greeted with hastily scribbled signs: "There will be no *Izvestia* tonight." Something was definitely in the works. Shortly after midnight, Tass tersely announced it. Nikita Khrushchev had been "released" from all his duties "at his own request" for reasons of "age and deteriorating health." His successors were named and congratulated: Leonid Brezhnev, 57, Secretary of the Central Committee, and Aleksei Kosygin, 60, who had served as First Deputy Premier,

Brezhnev, a florid, clever politician who so far, however, has mostly performed ceremonial functions, inherited the more powerful of Khrushchev's jobs and the one that has been traditionally the key to Soviet power: the secretaryship of the Communist Party. Kosygin, a trained economist and business-minded technician who has had little political experience but may just be the smarter and deeper of the two, inherited the premiership. Both had been known as Khrushchev's protégés.

Thus, some time between the moment his French visitor saw Khrushchev's exit from his Black Sea home and the time Tass announced the news of his removal, Communism's most raucous, most human, most infuriating, and in many ways most fascinating dictator had been deposed and replaced by two of his underlings.

**Flimsy Reasons.** Exactly how it happened might not be clear for weeks or months, or indeed ever, but the official announcements added up to this much: there had been two meetings, one of the powerful 170-member Central Committee, which usually convenes in a cramped Kremlin conference room, and the other next day of the 30-member Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. The inference was that Khrushchev had been present at both sessions. At the Central Committee meeting, Mikhail Suslov, an ideologue who had once been a Stalinist but has more recently



MUSCOVITES READING THE NEWS IN RED SQUARE  
"There will be no *Izvestia* tonight."

served as Khrushchev's polemical hatchet man in the fight with Peking, read a speech that contained the party's accusations against Nikita—nepotism, fostering a personality cult, and errors of policy toward China.

That is what happened. But why?

A great many possible explanations began swirling through the startled air. By the nature of things, no one in the West could yet be sure which of the theories or combination of theories was correct, but Kremlinologists peering into the weird logic and dark motivations of Communism were to a remarkable extent in agreement.

Even Moscow did not bother to support the flimsy official reasons—age and health. To be sure, Khrushchev at 70 was no longer the robust bullhoy who rolled in the roadside dust of Yugoslavia with Mikoyan nine years ago in an impromptu wrestling match. Lately he had been eating cabbage rather than meat on doctor's orders, and drinking mineral water rather than the vodka that once made him the life of the Party. But, in retrospect, the real causes of his downfall could be listed, and they were many.

► **CHINA.** Khrushchev had much sympathy in Russia and elsewhere in the Communist world in his joust with China, which involved deep national, racial and economic rivalries. But he had proved the fight too far, or had allowed himself to be pushed too far. Specifically, he had insisted on a Dec. 15 Moscow "summit" meeting in which the Chinese were to be formally condemned as traitors to world Communism. Mao had jeeringly replied: "The day you call your so-called summit you will step into your grave." Of Khrushchev's 26 invitations, only 15 had been accepted, even those who agreed to come were leary of the result.

► **THE MESS ON THE FARM.** Despite his proud proclamations of expertise in agriculture the devoted more speeches to crop yield, fertilizer and seed bulls than any 20 national leaders). Khrushchev's farm programs were disastrous. He fell for one oversimplified solution after another, kept reshuffling the administrative setup for agriculture, and dreamed of better fertilizer—all to little avail. His "virgin lands" scheme showed promise this year, thanks to a hopeful harvest, but it was too late.

► **"GUILTY" COMMUNISM.** Most of his people cheered when he announced that Communism must first give people a decent life and then think about world revolution. They cheered when he promised that the revolution would, in fact, be accomplished by beating the capitalists on the economic front. But many were also appalled—classical Marxists, managers of heavy industry ("metal eaters," he called them) and military men—all of whom thought that heavy industry, including armaments, must continue to have top priority, rather than switching more and more resources to

consumer goods. Some party economists were also shocked by Nikita's growing acceptance of the need for capitalistic incentives to achieve Soviet industrial growth.

► **FAILURES AGAINST THE WEST.** His adventure in Cuba two years ago ended in humiliation when the U.S. forced him to retreat. Where Stalin, armed with nothing tougher than tanks, had grabbed great swatches of territory and threatened other countries (Spain, Korea and Greece). Khrushchev, despite his ICBMs and thermonuclear terror, could gain nothing more than a small Caribbean island—and not even defend it. From the point of view of his critics, it was turning into a no-win policy, aggravated by ideological softness on capitalism. Military men also charged that he was relying on the nuclear deterrent too much, at the expense of conventional forces.

► **THE SATELLITES.** He proclaimed the right of each national Communist Party

a country regularly denounced as neo-fascist by Moscow propaganda.

► **THE "CULT OF PERSONALITY."** He condemned it in Stalin, but he erected one around himself. His clowning, boorishness, shoe-pounding and endless references to buffaloes, wolves, tigers and housecleaners could at first be refreshing, in a weird way. But gradually Khrushchev became, in the words of the French Communists, "too Grand Guignol." Besides, he was stubborn and intractable. There were growing signs that the comrades were getting desperately tired of him.

**No More Airlift.** All of these factors, to a greater or lesser degree, were present throughout Khrushchev's ten-year reign. Indeed, his leadership of Russian Communism was gravely threatened once before. In 1957, a group of Stalinist rebels led by Malenkov met in the turbulent wake of Nikita's 20th Party Congress denunciation, which took Stalinism apart. Khrushchev was then in



U.S. DESTROYER WATCHES RUSSIAN FREIGHTER REMOVING MISSILES FROM CUBA  
Was someone guilty of a no-win policy?

to self-determination, but he let this concept go too far, losing control and causing disarray in the Eastern alliance. Rumania, for instance, would not play ball with Russia's self-serving Comecon (common market); and Hungary, which Khrushchev brutally suppressed during the 1956 rebellion, became daring enough to allow scornful "political cabaret" acts to have free reign. All this illustrated the dictator's classic problem: once he loosens his grip, it is hard to know where, when, or if things will stop.

► **GERMANY.** Khrushchev scandalized many comrades by his planned trip to Bonn in January for conferences with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Coming on top of his offhand treatment of Walter Ulbricht's East Germany (the long-promised separate peace treaty has yet to be signed), this caused the suspicion that Khrushchev might want to make some sort of deal with West Germany.

Finland. The anti-Nikita faction actually mustered a majority in the Presidium, voting 7-4 to throw him out.

Always keenly sensitive to the political pulse—in those days at least—Khrushchev winged back to Moscow, called on Marshal Georgy Zhukov, then Defense Minister, who airlifted dozens of supporters into Moscow to back him in the subsequent Central Committee fight. That time he won; this time he didn't. Perhaps the opposition now was too solid; perhaps he could no longer find supporters in the armed forces; perhaps he was too weary to make the effort.

Whatever the reason, his failure in last week's struggle for power was not against neo-Stalinists—at least it did not appear that way—but against his own boys. Both Brezhnev and Kosygin were hand-picked by Nikita to buttress his domain, and consequently in the past they represented many of his own



ideas and methods. On the face of it, they now stand for "Khrushchevism" without Khrushchev—the same show run more smartly, more carefully, with the old irritant out of the way. But somehow things never stay that simple for long in Soviet Russia.

**Hammer & Sickle.** The Kremlin's two new rulers are well-traveled, well-educated professional men—Brezhnev a metallurgical engineer, Kosygin an economist. Both have given what to all appearances is their wholehearted support to the two fundamental policies that slowly were making Russia a less revolutionary place to live in: Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence" with the West, and his ever greater emphasis on consumer production at the expense of heavy industry and armaments. They are members of the generation that has been labeled "Communists in grey flannel suits."

But neither man fits any past Kremlin mold for power. As technocrats, both are colorless politicians. And, unlike Stalin, Malenkov and Khrushchev—each of whom had to claw his way to the seat of power—both Brezhnev and Kosygin were the logical heirs to their new posts. They had been put in line by the fallen Khrushchev.

Brezhnev (pronounced Brezh-nyoff) is a suave, energetic Ukrainian who collects antique watches and rare songbirds, has high blood pressure, is rumored to have suffered two heart attacks. His daughter Galina, 20, is one of the prettiest—and best-dressed—girls in Moscow. Regarded by Kremlinologists as intelligent, potentially more flexible than Khrushchev, he nonetheless seems to lack the touch, originality and sense of purpose which the job of First Secretary demands.

But Brezhnev can hardly be accused of dogmatism. He rose to power by playing hammer to Khrushchev's sickle: whatever Khrushchev cut down, Brezhnev managed to drive in. Son of a steelworker, he first caught Khrushchev's eye in 1938 as an effective local boss in Nikita's Ukrainian party organization. In the Red Army during the war, they worked closely together as high-ranking political commissars. Only after Khrushchev became Premier did Brezhnev really show his worth.

In 1954, struggling for power with a faction led by Georgy Malenkov, Khrushchev staked his reputation on a project which Malenkov scoffed at as impossible, then detailed loyal Teammate Brezhnev to make it come true. The project: to make the shallow, wind-blown topsoil of Kazakhstan's vast virgin lands grow wheat. Brezhnev, on the strength of hordes of imported farm laborers and unusually heavy rains, produced bumper harvests—until 1959, when Malenkov's prophecies came true and the land turned into a dust bowl.

**"Down with Protocol."** Brezhnev moved on to seats on both the party's Central Committee and the powerful

Presidium. And, instead of being blamed for the Kazakhstan disaster, he headed the investigating committee that made his successor the goat. In May 1960, he replaced the 79-year-old Kliment E. Voroshilov as President of the Soviet Union, remained in that largely ceremonial role until last July, when Khrushchev installed him as his fulltime deputy on the Central Committee.

Brezhnev converted the presidency into a portable platform, made official state visits to 14 nations as Khrushchev's traveling salesman. He was a meticulous visitor, careful to learn the names, dates and statistics dearest to the hearts of his hosts, and always friendly to the precise degree demanded by the occasion. He slipped only once. Well



KOSYGIN & BREZHNEV"

Two's a crowd.

warmed by too many toasts of friendship during a state banquet in Iran last year, he rose, waved his glass high, roared triumphantly: "Down with protocol, long live freedom!"

**Official Shadow.** Aleksei Nikolaevich Kosygin, at 60, has been Khrushchev's economic czar since 1959. Pale, thin, and usually dressed in a baggy dark suit, he always seemed to be a kind of official shadow who was expected to mind the store for the ebullient proprietor. "He sits there and looks at you, and you can almost hear the wheels grinding," says one acquaintance. "Let's say he doesn't seem to have the greatest sense of humor. He isn't a funny fellow like Nikita."

■ In 1963, at the Moscow monument to the conquest of the cosmos.

But Kosygin (pronounced Koh-seegain) is full of surprises. For one, he is probably the most pro-Western of all Kremlin leaders, often shows up at U.S. embassy cocktail parties to chat amiably in German or Russian; he was the first member of the Council of Ministers to defend Khrushchev's great backdown in the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. For another, he has been working openly to discard the production quotas and controls so sacred to his Communist predecessors, replace them with decentralized controls and added incentives to both worker and manager.

On his numerous trade missions to potential Soviet customers abroad, Kosygin heads straight for the business community, where he feels at home. He ignores the local Communist Party, where he does not. One Italian capitalist who knows him well says he is "more like a glorified businessman than a politician." Adds another: "I consider Kosygin a first-class businessman. He drives a hard bargain, but once he has reached agreement, he honors that agreement."

**Cold Sober.** Like Brezhnev, he rose through the ranks of Communist organization men, but faster. In 1948, he became Stalin's Finance Minister and the "baby" of the Politburo (the was 44), only to fall from favor shortly before the dictator died in 1953. Justifiably wary, Kosygin since his reinstatement on the Central Committee has steered so far from party politics that Khrushchev once chided him publicly for being a "bureaucrat."

His capacity for work amazes everyone who knows him. "He kills himself working," says a Western acquaintance. "All at the same time, he was Finance Minister, chief of the central bank and head of the chamber of commerce. It was a superhuman job." Adds former West German Ambassador Hans Kroll: "He always struck me as extremely competent. He is no phraser, but one can talk with him. He is not cold, but he is sober. He is the very opposite of a fanatic and adventurer. To my mind, it would be quite wrong to underestimate him."

**Bragging & Commandism.** Actually, nobody was underestimating either Brezhnev or Kosygin. Sudden successions in Communist regimes usually result in tough leaders—witness Stalin and Khrushchev. But sudden successions also raise questions, and the first to come up was: How long will they last? As soon as correspondents noticed that Brezhnev had been missing from two official Kremlin luncheons, everyone wondered inevitably whether he, too, had been ousted. No, he was merely busy, was the word. But the rumors and doubts would continue.

The new regime was quick to promise a better, more efficient form of Khrushchevism to both the Russian people and the world at large. In so doing, it

outlined a few of the sins attributable to Nikita without actually naming him. Said a Pravda editorial: "Harebrained schemes, immature conclusions, hasty decisions, bragging and phrasemongering, commandism, unwillingness to take into account the achievements of science and practical experience are alien to the Leninist party." That was phrasemongering worthy of Khrushchev himself and, indeed, some of the phrases might well have been included in Nikita's earlier blasts against Stalin.

No sooner had Khrushchev been demoted than heads began falling all around him. First to hit the tumbrel was Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei, 40, the pudgy, sneering, widely resented husband of Nikita's daughter Rada. Adzhubei had feathered his nepotistic nest with sports cars for his kids, and fouled it by betraying his trusting comrades in the Soviet Writers Union. Also canned were six of Khrushchev's closest aides, from private secretary to agricultural expert.

At the same time, Moscow's new leaders were busily reassuring the West that Khrushchev's basic policies were still in effect. Soviet ambassadors from Ankara to Tokyo proclaimed a continuance of "peaceful coexistence" and *détente*; and in Washington, Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin spent 45 minutes with President Johnson reaffirming Russia's desire for relaxation of international tensions, increased disarmament and support for the United Nations. Johnson, for his part, was willing to give the new regime a chance to prove itself, but would brook no sudden belligerence on the Soviet Union's part.

**Warm Greetings.** Such belligerence seemed unlikely—at least for the time being. Just as the triumvirate of Malenkov, Molotov and Beria bided their time during the transitional year after

Stalin's death, Brezhnev and Kosygin are not likely to rush in new directions until their feet are firmly planted. But every indication was that the new B. & K. team—trying for better relations with Red China, would move to paper over the rift. The first step would probably be a postponement of the Dec. 15 summit (an immediate cancellation might result in too serious a loss of Russian face). Another area for appeasement could lie in taking a tougher line with the West, perhaps in Berlin, maybe in Laos, where stalemate can always be unbalanced with little repercussion. At the outset at least, Brezhnev and Kosygin were playing it for continuity. At week's end they issued a relatively mild "resolution," condemning Red China for its venomous behavior toward the Soviet Union. Halfheartedly, they asked Mao to be the first to apologize.

Mao had already weighed in with hopeful-sounding praise for Russia's



**BREZHNEV & WIFE IN IRAN**  
A portable platform.

over. That is, of course, still possible. But if Khrushchev talked or practiced peaceful coexistence, it was largely because he was forced to—by his own economic troubles at home and by the nuclear "balance of terror." Both factors will continue to apply to Russia's new regime.

Says one top Washington policymaker: "I have never subscribed to the view that anyone who comes after Khrushchev would be worse. Although Khrushchev at 70 was portrayed as the benevolent grandfather, at the age of 68! he put missiles into Cuba." While the new rulers may very well have slowed down the disintegration of the Communist world, they may also have weakened Russian Communism even further—if only because of the continued power struggles that are likely to follow.

Thus last week's transition was largely on the surface. It has yet to be effected on the level that counts—with people and with policies. No one could predict whether Brezhnev and Kosygin could achieve such a change. The long history of changes within the Soviet leadership suggests that they will first have to fight it out for sole control of Russia with each other—or with some third contender who is still lurking in the woodwork. Such speculation was rife. It happened that way with Stalin, and again with Khrushchev. And meanwhile, the man who had set up the whole problem, Nikita himself, was out of sight, his whereabouts unknown. According to one rumor, he was still free, writing a rebuttal to the Central Committee's charges against him. But his chances of ever being heard were slim. Even in the liberalized Russia he had created, there was still no forum for the fallen.



**GALINA BREZHNEV & RADA ADZHUBEI**  
A cult of personality.

new leaders: "May the Chinese and Soviet peoples win one victory after another in their common struggle against imperialism headed by the United States and for the defense of world peace!" It was entirely possible that Khrushchev had been sacrificed in order to bring about a *détente* with Mao. But even if that were so, Chinese and Russian interests would continue to clash in the long run. With the detonation of its first nuclear bomb, Red China may feel more impelled than ever to push for leadership of the Communist world.

**Forum for the Fallen?** One side effect of the Russo-Chinese split has been the widely heard argument in the West that if it were not for Khrushchev in the Kremlin, a tough, pro-Chinese, belligerently anti-Western faction might take



**KOSYGIN & DAUGHTER IN VENICE**  
A glorified businessman.

Also used for Bulganin and Khrushchev, before Khrushchev kicked Bulganin out in 1958.

Inspecting crown jewels at Bank Mellé.



WINNER HAROLD WILSON & WIFE  
The computer grew folksy.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Taxicab Majority

[See Cover]

The election was a squeaker—and the government it produced would have to hang on for dear life. Labor won the election, but it did not win the country, and it only barely won control of the House of Commons. The outcome almost too neatly balanced growing dissatisfaction and boredom with the Tories against lingering distrust of the socialists.

All through election night, Labor's jubilation mounted as its margin seemed to rise. When counting ended for the night, Harold Wilson's party was 67 seats ahead. But next day, as the delayed rural results came in, Labor's lead began to dwindle sharply. By noon it was down to 37. An hour later it was only 19. In the end, with 630 seats at stake, Labor had won 317, or a majority of only four. The Tories carried 304 constituencies, down 56. The minuscule Liberal Party had nine, up two from the last Parliament, and Liberal Leader Jo Grimond promised, "under certain conditions," to support a Labor government. In the popular vote, Labor captured 44.2% of the ballots, Conservatives 43.4%, Liberals 11.2%, Communists 2%, others 1.0%.

Trying to run the government and pass legislation with that slim a margin will prove an immense strain—and, before too long, probably impossible. In 1950 Clement Attlee's Labor government won a majority of six, and Attlee was forced to call another election within 18 months, which Labor lost, starting the long Tory reign. During those 18 months, politicians used to crack: "Suppose there's an important vote in the Commons and a taxi carrying a full load of Labor M.P.s breaks down—out goes the government." As things

are now, the taxi need not even carry a full load.

**Personalities.** The Tories suffered particularly painful embarrassment in the defeat of several of their Cabinet members: ex-Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's son Maurice, who was Economic Secretary to the Treasury, lost in Halifax; Postmaster-General Reginald Bevins was beaten in Liverpool; Health Minister Anthony Barber fell at Doncaster; and Geoffrey Rippon, Minister of Works, was defeated at Norwich. But Labor had a bad local setback too. Patrick Gordon Walker, slated to be Foreign Secretary, was beaten in his constituency of Smethwick, a part of Birmingham where the race issue is raging because of heavy immigration by West Indians, Pakistanis and Sikhs from India, turning whole neighborhoods into slums. Because the Laborites originally opposed Tory-sponsored curbs on Commonwealth immigration (actually, they have since changed their stand), and because the party platform blames conditions on "landlordism" rather than on the immigrants themselves, a devastating local slogan arose: "If you want a nigger neighbor, vote Labor."

On balance, Tory Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home fought a remarkable fight. A year ago, as an aristocratic amateur, he had inherited a party shattered by the Profumo scandal and enervated by a dozen years in power. They laughed when he sat down on the government front bench—but when he started to play politics, he very nearly led his party to victory. To a large extent, of course, it was a contest of personalities.

Wilson emphasized this again when he drove to the palace last week to "kiss hands" and formally accept the Queen's commission to head a new gov-

ernment. He turned that routine ceremony into a symbolic occasion by taking along not only his handsome wife Mary, but his two sons, Robin, 21, and Giles, 16, and his father Herbert, a retired industrial chemist who, a vigorous 81, had campaigned tirelessly for his son, Wilson was, in effect, proudly displaying his lower-middle-class origins. He is the first Prime Minister in British history who is a "grammar-school boy"—meaning he did not attend one of the country's select private schools.

While many Britons obviously still love a lord, many others saw Home as the only recently unhelmed earl, millionaire, landowner, and symbol of everything old-fashioned and privileged in the Tory Party. Despite Britain's gradually fading class lines, class feeling is still strong—and perhaps at the bottom more so than at the top. Wilson told foot-stomping, cheering crowds that "we must get rid of established privilege" and ridiculed the "old-boy network." And he enjoyed the cut-and-thrust of argument with hecklers as much as Old Etonian Home abhorred it. When Wilson referred one Midlands heckler to a printed pamphlet, a Laborite cried, "He can't read!" Wilson rejoined, "Oh, yes he can. He went to a Yorkshire school, not to Eton."

Wilson also carefully set out to build a new Wilson—a warmer, folksier character than the arrogant and computerized type he has always appeared to be. How long the new image will last remained to be seen. Shortly after the election, the new Prime Minister snapped at photographers on a train: "I must tell you once and for all, I'm not a performing seal. I will not be photographed eating or drinking."

**The Economy.** Beyond personality, the central issue was—and remains—prosperity, its care and feeding. The Tories claimed credit for full employment and fat pay packets. British workers were vacationing in Spain and on the Balearic Islands; clerks and stevedores were moving into houses in developments and erasing bad old memories of the dole and Depression. Douglas-Home urged voters not to risk their jobs and their living standard by opting for the "officialdom run riot and red tape" of a Labor government.

Wilson countered that the British economy, while seemingly flush, is dangerously stagnant. There is much truth in this, so that yesterday's campaign issue is tomorrow's chief problem for the new government. The growth rate of British industry is one of the lowest in Western Europe and the balance-of-payments deficit rose alarmingly from \$266 million to \$310 million between August and September. Wilson insisted that "Britain will have just as much influence in the world as we can earn and deserve"—and that only Labor has the efficiency and the ideas that will make Britain earn and deserve more. The argument was somewhat dimmed by the fact that while no one



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doubted Wilson's own brilliance, his team is composed either of old-line party socialists or of promising but untried intellectuals with little or no administrative experience (see box).

At the same time, while even Communism is admitting the need for capitalist-style incentives, many suspect that, as the *London Times* put it: "At the heart of much Labor thinking there is still the idea of an egalitarian society. There has been some move away from the old rigidity when £2,000 a year was envisaged as a maximum for anyone. But the old Adam is not dead."

**Socialism.** Just how socialist is Britain's new government likely to be? While Wilson indulges in some ritualistic patter about Wall Street operators and Ruhr barons, he stresses science more than socialism, efficiency as much as welfare. Besides, a great deal of Britain's socialism for keeps, no matter who is in power. Coal mines, railroads and a segment of steel are nationalized already; the gas and electric industries are run by public corporations, as are airlines, broadcasting, canals and atomic energy.

Labor is committed to nationalizing the rest of the steel industry and possibly the trucking business. Wilson has also promised to modify the private ownership of land so as to prevent speculation—and of course he has vast housing and pension schemes. To accomplish all this he intends to set up a super-ministry of planning, which will overshadow the established economic departments (Treasury, Board of Trade). But it is highly unlikely that Wilson will be able to accomplish much of this in the near future. Quite apart from his precarious parliamentary position, he has urgent problems to take care of, notably the balance-of-payments crisis and the weakening pound.

**Foreign Affairs.** In foreign and defense matters, Wilson creates some uneasiness in Washington. He wants to abandon Britain's independent nuclear deterrent, wants to renegotiate the Nassau agreement, which originally promised Britain Polaris missiles. This switch might not trouble Washington. But Wilson is also known to be cool, if not downright hostile, to joining M.I.F., the multilateral nuclear force that the U.S. is pushing hard, and he is sometimes regarded as a little too eager for a *détente* with Communism and for various disarmament schemes. But despite the lingering left wing, Harold Wilson's Labor Party is basically pro-Western and pro-NATO.

The worrisome part for Britain and its allies is not that the Conservatives lost—for their own good, they could use some time in opposition—but that Labor won by so narrow a margin. In Europe, in Anglo-U.S. relations, in defense and the cold war, Britain ought to make its influence felt through a strong and stable government. Instead, Britain is saddled with a regime that lacks authority and that will be con-

stantly hampered by close votes and surrounded by controversy.

Much of the controversy will be provided by Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who left No. 10 Downing Street within 24 hours after the polls closed and got ready to lead Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition—a job he says "will be comparatively easy." He added, with a characteristic mixture of élan and cliché: "I enjoyed being Prime Minister, but

one must take the rough with the smooth." Harold Wilson appeared equally determined to enjoy his sojourn as Prime Minister. Despite the narrowness of his victory, Wilson insisted that Labor has a mandate to make "many changes." He added: "We intend to fulfill that mandate, and we are concerned to ensure that there should be a true partnership between the government and the people."

## DONS & BROTHERS

THE new Labor Cabinet is divided between party veterans who still call each other "brother" and are belligerently proud of not being university men, and a group of donnish types with dazzling academic credits. The dons seem to predominate. Like Harold Wilson himself, five top Cabinet members took firsts at Oxford, and several of them have had teaching experience. Leading appointments so far:

**George Brown**, 50, Minister of Economic Affairs. The son of a truck driver, he began his political career at the age of eight by distributing Labor leaflets, put in a few years as a clerk and fur salesman before he turned to a career in trade unions and the Labor Party. He served as deputy leader under Wilson, his former rival for the top job. Easily emotional, Brown has been known to embarrass his colleagues and the public: Britons have not forgotten his display on television after the murder of John F. Kennedy, when tearfully he kept calling the dead President "Jack." But Brown has a marked instinct for survival, plus vision, drive and authority.

**James Callaghan**, 52, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is the son of a chief petty officer in the Royal Navy, entered it himself as an ordinary seaman in the war, rose to lieutenant. He joined the civil service in 1929 as a tax collector. Next to Wilson, "Stoker Jim" Callaghan is the party's most skilled parliamentary debater, and though virtually self-taught in economics, he has a sound grasp of world finance. He has shown he can work well in tandem with Wilson, who plainly expects to be pretty much his own Chancellor.

**Patrick Gordon Walker**, 57, Foreign Secretary. One of the original staunch supporters of the late Labor Party chief Hugh Gaitskell, he has since loyally followed Wilson. The son of a judge, Gordon Walker was a history tutor at Christ Church, Oxford, for nine years, and, in the opinion of one observer, "could be mistaken for a Tory." The only member of Wilson's Cabinet to have held senior rank in the last Labor government, Gordon Walker is regarded as a bridge-figure between the academic and union sides of the Labor Party. He was the first Secretary of State to visit all Commonwealth countries.

**Dennis Healey**, 47, Defense Minister. Regarded as "an intellectual first and a politician second," he went to Oxford on a scholarship, was briefly involved with the extreme left, but is now considered notably pro-U.S. "Anti-Americanism," he says, "is a disgrace to Socialism and a danger to peace." Healey is thought by some of his colleagues to be too theoretical, but he has made a strong impression abroad with his deft performances at international conferences.

**Lord Gardiner**, 64, Lord Chancellor. Respected even by Tories as "the Prince of Lawyers," and noted for ruthless cross-examination in court, Gardiner has successfully defended such diverse cases as D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (obscenity) and Randolph Churchill (libel). He is a dedicated crusader against capital punishment. Son of a British shipping magnate and a German baroness, he is an unlikely Laborite who served for a time in the Coldstream Guards. As a young man he was so elegant and ennobled that his friends organized a group known as S.R.G.G.H. (Society for the Ruffling of Gerald Gardiner's Hair).



BROWN



CALLAGHAN



GORDON WALKER



HEALEY



GARDINER

## RED CHINA

### Fateful Firecracker

It was probably the most thoroughly anticipated explosion in history. For years Western experts had been predicting that the Chinese would perform the feat before long. Two weeks ago, Secretary of State Dean Rusk said so again. Last week, with consummate timing, less than a day after Nikita Khrushchev's downfall was announced, the Chinese finally did it. From a steel tower in the desert of western Sinkiang, north of the Himalayas, they exploded a crude nuclear device.

It had taken them 14 years, cost them more than \$200 million and the talents of 1,800 scientists and engineers—all of which were badly needed elsewhere in China's near-starvation economy. Western experts believe the blast was fueled by plutonium and was slightly smaller than that of the 20-kiloton bombs that the U.S. dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki 19 years ago.

The Red Chinese were triumphant. Peking Radio immediately began transmitting the news in all major languages, including English, Quechua and Swahili, that it had become the world's fifth atomic "power," demanded an immediate worldwide summit conference to "discuss the complete prohibition and thorough destruction of nuclear weapons." Added Peking smugly: "The mastering of the nuclear weapon by China is a great encouragement to the revolutionary peoples of the world."

**Years & Efforts.** The U.S. did not quite enter into that spirit. Said President Johnson: "This explosion has been fully taken into account in planning our own defense program and nuclear capability. Its military significance should not be overestimated." Most experts also believe that Peking shot its wad for a while, may not be ready to test another one for more than two years. But as a result, at least in part, of the defection of Western-trained scientists from such atomic centers as Caltech and France's Curie Institute, the Chinese have the scientific know-how to continue. Because of Russian aid from 1950 to 1959 (when the Moscow-Peking split first fissured), they also have a network of operating uranium mines, at least four nuclear reactors, a raft of Soviet-trained technicians, and a rudimentary basic industrial plant that can furnish most of the products needed to maintain a small atomic-bomb program. But China is woefully lacking in chromium and nickel, two elements basic to the operation of an atomic reactor.

According to top China experts, Peking can afford to spend a maximum of \$500 million a year on all phases of its nuclear program—unless drought or floods force it to spend hard currency to buy food. At this rate, it might take China between five and ten years to produce 30 bombs small enough to be lifted by an airplane or missile. But China has no long-range bombers or mis-

siles, and to create the air fleet that would deliver the bombs would take \$10 billion to \$20 billion and between 15 and 20 years—unless outside help comes along.

**Anxiety & Distrust.** Throughout the world, the China bomb was greeted with anxiety and distrust. Japan fired off an official protest—and it was refreshing for once to see Communist students demonstrate not in front of the U.S. but the Red Chinese headquarters. At the United Nations, the Indian ambassador said China's explosion of "this golf ball" was "in defiance of world opinion," dismissed its demand for a nuclear summit meeting as "a propaganda gesture."

In both Washington and Paris, diplomats feared that the most likely immediate result would be greater activity by

AP FROM EASTGATE



MAO TSE-TUNG  
Reason for triumph.

Southeast Asia's Communist guerrilla armies, in the mistaken belief that Peking can now stand up to Washington with an atomic punch.

But far off as it may seem, the day when Red China can stand up to Washington—and to Moscow as well—has now drawn much, much closer. It was Mao Tse-tung, last of the oldtime Communists and master of Red China's 750 million, who had the clearest reason for triumph last week. It was far too early to conclude that Mao had won the struggle with Russia, which reaches beyond ideology into economic and national rivalry and beyond that into the whole question of Communism's future. But as the radiation glow faded in the Sinkiang wastelands, Mao Tse-tung could afford to gloat over his bomb—and over the sudden departure of his hated fraternal enemy Nikita Khrushchev, whom he had once scorned as the "laughingstock of the world."

Both the U.S. and Russia share one dilemma: sooner or later they must do something about the China problem.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Suggestions, Anyone?

Saigon last week wore the strained smile of a city denying reality. In the sensual half-light of the busy Tu Do nightclub, a chanteuse belted out "*Non, je ne regrette rien*," while in the harsh countryside the casualties totaled over 1,000 Vietnamese and a score of Americans in one of the worst weeks of the long war against the Viet Cong. Tall bottles of Krug champagne stood at attention next to Long John Scotch in the windows of shops filled with luxury goods, and the cafés and milk bars were jammed with clothes-conscious students oblivious to the squawk of loudspeakers in planes flying overhead commanding all males between 20 and 25 not yet under arms to register for the draft.

In the Eden Palace movie theater, *Judgment at Nuremberg* played to a packed house, while Saigon's 1,000-bed Cong Hoa military hospital overflowed with 3,000 war victims. The fashionable French high schools are desperate for teachers to satisfy the demands of wealthy Saigonese who want to enroll their children, and "curfew parties" start at midnight and end at dawn. Saigon is suffering from *Weltuntergangstimmung* (an end-of-the-world mood), a local psychiatrist told TIME Correspondent James Wilde. "There's something of the feeling here that existed in the Middle Ages when the plague struck," he added. "You have big feasts and orgies."

**Brief Reprieve.** There was even a festive air at the trial of 13 officers and seven civilians charged with attempting to unseat General Khanh last month. The five-man military tribunal wore dress white and medals. As the accused entered the prisoners' box, they turned and smiled to their waving and applauding wives and children in the packed gallery. Although the defendants are all former friends or classmates of his, Khanh has insisted on the trial to discourage further coups and to satisfy Vietnamese Buddhists, who felt the "coupette" that failed was essentially anti-Buddhist. On the other hand—such are the balancing acts required in Vietnamese politics—if the accused were to draw overly severe sentences, much of the army would be antagonized.

For Viet Cong Terrorist Nguyen Van Troi, however, there was no tempering of justice. Troi, convicted of trying to kill Defense Secretary McNamara last spring had got a brief, bizarre reprieve when Venezuela's Castroite F.A.L.N. kidnaped U.S. Air Force Lieut. Colonel Michael Smolen and announced that it was Troi's life or Smolen's (TIME, Oct. 16). But last week Smolen was released unharmed in Caracas, while in Saigon, Troi was tied to a post in the garden of Saigon's Chi Hoa prison and executed by a Khanh firing squad.

**Northern Threat.** Meanwhile, Khanh and the High National Council of civilians, set up to give South Viet Nam a



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**LOCKHEED**



TROI RECEIVING COUP DE GRÂCE  
Curfew parties end at dawn.

new constitution, were at loggerheads. Though the constitution had been due for unveiling last week, with popular elections to follow, Khanh was insisting on virtually autonomous control by the military in exchange for turning over the reins of power to a civilian government—a notably self-contradictory plan even by South Viet Nam standards. At any rate, the Council wisely announced, popular elections were ruled out, since they might well result in a Communist victory, given the extent of Viet Cong control of the countryside in the provinces.

Indeed, the Viet Cong for the second straight week seemed to be stepping up the tempo of the war. They now have virtual control of four of the six northern coastal provinces of South Viet Nam and thus the potential to cut the country in two.

The northern provinces had been largely free of Viet Cong until the Vietnamese 25th Division was pulled back to help clear the infested provinces immediately around Saigon three weeks ago. The move is paying off: at week's end, in a series of battles largely around Saigon, the Vietnamese inflicted heavy losses—300 casualties in one day—on the Viet Cong. But meanwhile the Viet Cong have come down from the mountains in battalion strength to fill the vacuum left by the 25th's departure, are now forcing peasants in the undefended area to collect and carry the rice harvest north to feed Communist troops.

**Feasibility Six.** Under the circumstances, all suggestions were welcome to harassed officials in Viet Nam, and in fact the U.S. military command in Saigon disclosed that since last January it has been running a suggestion box to elicit ideas on how to win the war in Viet Nam. It has received more than 500 ideas from all over the world, ranging from the terse "Go north" of a sergeant in Texas to four detailed pages containing 15 suggestions from an officer based in a Vietnamese jungle camp. A nine-man committee screens

the entries, rates them from one to six in terms of feasibility.

Some advocate impractical schemes such as population transfers and scorched-earth zones to weed out the Viet Cong. Other suggestions are already in use, such as a kind of Trojan-horse proposal to send Vietnamese troops in mufti by bus into isolated Viet Cong areas. Most-applauded contribution so far: design for a new nylon jungle hammock, both lighter and cheaper than the bulky standard issue it has now replaced. Unfortunately, the war in Viet Nam will not be won from better hammocks.

## FRANCE

### Home with Trumpet & Spurs

His myopic eyes squinting in the glare of Orly lights, President Charles de Gaulle emerged, majestic and tanned, from the jet that had brought him home after his four-week, ten-nation tour of South America. The general bore an odd assortment of presents: an Argentine pony (asked De Gaulle when the presentation was made: "What does it eat?"), a Bolivian trumpet, Chilean spurs, a Colombian gold cigar box encrusted with emeralds (he does not smoke), and a Uruguayan whip appropriately inscribed, "Strike hard against the enemies of France."

The return received dutiful top coverage by the state-owned television network, although the French had long since become bored with the general's marathon Latin solo. By now they were far more preoccupied with the Chinese bomb and the change in the Kremlin's management. In the dailies, the news of De Gaulle's return was even being crowded by Labor's victory in Britain.

**Special Alliance.** In Brazil, the last and greatest nation on his tour, De Gaulle had waxed loftier and more Delphic than ever. He spoke of the traditional bonds between the two countries, and then, alluding to some dark and distant Armageddon, cried: "I greet the Brazilian army as the ally, if need be, of the French forces, whatever may befall us. There will always be between us, I am sure, a special alliance."

There were more immediate matters to discuss. The Brazilians having promised to compensate the former French owners of the São Paulo-Rio Grande railroad nationalized in 1940, De Gaulle and President Castello Branco issued a communiqué expressing the hope that "the two governments will reach fully satisfactory results as rapidly as possible regarding the other questions still pending between France and Brazil." The most outstanding of these problems is the Brazilian claim that once Brazilian, no matter how far he strays on the continental shelf, and that French fishermen who capture them are pirates.

**Friendly Aloofness.** Apart from a possible lobster truce, the tangible results of De Gaulle's peregrinations were

far from impressive. The general gave vague promises of technical aid and increased trade. He flattered South American self-esteem with lofty references to Bolivar, San Martin and Sucre, and in turn was feted with speeches filled with mentions of Pascal, Racine, Montesquieu, Rousseau and Jeanne d'Arc. He entertained the rich and well-born at receptions, and nodded and waved with friendly but aloof dignity to the huge crowds that jammed the streets and the squares to see him and hail him.

Clearly, millions of illiterate Latin Americans had become aware of the existence of France. The memory of De Gaulle may linger, and in the future it may contribute to this or that Latin American leader's independent stance toward the U.S. But for the present, most of De Gaulle's hosts had, if anything, made a special point of their hemispheric solidarity with the U.S.

**Dauphin Declared.** The most remarkable single result of the trip probably was the demonstration of De Gaulle's physical stamina. At 73, and only recently recovered from an operation, he endured the grueling pace of the journey, the speeches and endless receptions, the mob scenes in all kinds of weather. All this reinforced the conviction in France that he will stand for re-election for another seven-year presidential term in 1965, even if he does not expect to serve it out. In the President's absence, Premier Georges Pompidou had another chance to stand in for him, showing once again that De Gaulle evidently leans to him as his chosen dauphin. Not that the able Pompidou had much latitude: he received his instructions by phone from far-off South America as carefully and regularly as he does when De Gaulle is in residence at the Elysée Palace.



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# THE HEMISPHERE

## BRAZIL

### The Great Whirligig

After Leftist João Goulart was deposed last March, Brazil's new government declared all-out war on three items that had become Goulart's trademark: Communism, corruption and inflation. By last week, President Humberto Castello Branco and his revolutionaries had dealt forcibly with the first two. Inflation is proving far more difficult. Nowhere in Latin America is inflation so deeply and strongly rooted—until it has become as much a part of Brazil as carnival and the inky *café-zinho* Brazilians sip at corner coffee bars.

**Papered with Money.** Many economists argue that a little inflation is healthy in a young nation, stimulating investment, production and growth. In Brazil, where everything is larger than life, the theory got out of hand. Ever since World War II, successive governments have felt a compulsion to build by spending wildly—and to pay their bills by printing more money. As President in 1956-61, Juscelino Kubitschek performed prodigies of development: a new inland capital of Brasília, a vast network of roads, thriving new steel and auto industries, all at a cost of giddy inflation and staggering debt. His successor, Jânio Quadros, recognized the dangers, but quit after seven months, leaving the economy at the mercy of Goulart. In a 31-month spending spree, Goulart literally papered the country with money, tripling the amount of currency and raising the cost of living 340%. When the military finally toppled Goulart, the cost of living was on its way to a 144% increase for 1964.

Castello Branco is determined to slow the whirligig. His new Minister of Economic Planning, Roberto de Oliveira Campos, 57, onetime Ambassador to the U.S. and a brilliant economist, has eliminated \$200 million a year worth of subsidies for wheat, oil and newsprint, has raised taxes and tightened collections. One of his first moves was to end the 75% to 100% salary increases of the Goulart days; he set up credit bureaus to expand farm production and lower food prices. To encourage more investment, the government is also liberalizing profit-remittance laws. This month the Brazilian Congress finally set aside \$188 million to purchase the assets of American & Foreign Power Co., part of which were expropriated under Goulart.

Campos' goal is to hold inflation to 70% this year and reduce it to a "normal" 10% by 1966. The program already shows some progress. Brazil's monthly rate of inflation is down from a prerevolution 7% to an average 4%.

**Nothing to Save.** For Brazilian consumers, however, a few percentage points do not a revolution make.

"Prices still rise practically every day," says one Rio householder, noting that salt went from 90 to 128 cruzeiros a kilo in August alone. Some Brazilians hold two and sometimes three jobs to make ends meet. Hardly anyone has money to save. Every extra cruzeiro is socked into time payments for autos, refrigerators, TV sets and other non-perishable inflation hedges that hold their value.

At one Rio department store, a customer can have anything on the floor for 50¢ down—and the crush makes Macy's basement seem deserted by



BRAZIL'S BRANCO & CAMPOS  
A house is always a house.

comparison. Another store gives twelve months to make the first payment. "A house is always a house," bugles a full-page ad in Rio's Sunday papers, urging people to buy not one, but two or three houses as "investments." "Your holidays free for the rest of your life," teases another come-on for resort-hotel investors. In a switch on air travel, some Brazilians pay now and fly later.

In the meantime, the hard-goods business thrives with activity. Brazil's infant auto industry went from scratch in 1958 to more than 200,000 cars last year. But the gains are often more apparent than real. Costs still climb so fast that businessmen find their capital and profits eaten alive by inflation.

There is no guarantee that Brazil will win its war on inflation. Indeed, one recent survey by Rio's Getúlio Vargas Foundation finds "an almost fatalistic acceptance" of inflation among many Brazilians. Yet Castello Branco's campaign has made some important gains, and it certainly distinguishes itself by its persistence.

## CANADA

### The Morning After

As Britain's Queen Elizabeth II flew homeward across the Atlantic last week, rumors blazed through Canada that she would never return. London quickly and flatly denied such talk. "She is Queen in Canada and of Canada," said one official, "and she will share her country's trials and tribulations as well as its joys."

Yet there was no blinking the fact that the Queen's visit had been, as London's Daily Mirror put it, "a wholly wretched mission." Liberal Prime Minister Lester Pearson had hoped that her presence would somehow draw French and English Canadians closer together. While her welcome was warm and cheerful in Ottawa and Prince Edward Island, French Canadians virtually ignored her, and among those who did turn out in Quebec City were the separatists, who shouted rude obscenities, chanted *Québec Libre*, and fought with billy-swinging policemen.

**"Ignorant Pigs."** Across Canada, English Canadians reacted with shock, revulsion and anger. The Toronto Daily Star called the Quebec reception a "national disaster," and an Ontario businessman spoke for millions when he muttered: "I'm a hell of a lot less sympathetic toward Quebec this week than I was last week." Added a Newfoundland: "I think the people of Quebec are a crowd of ignorant pigs."

The danger, of course, is that the two sides may have been driven so far apart that Pearson will find it infinitely more difficult to push through the things that French Canadians clamor for: more provincial autonomy and a stronger voice in federal affairs. Yet, if nothing else, the Queen's unpleasant reception brought all of Canada face to face with a problem that many English Canadians had never bothered to think about before. "This came as a real shock in Ontario," said Eleanor Berry, a Toronto secretary.

**A Time for Work.** In Quebec, too, there seemed to be the realization, at least among its leaders, that now was the time for work and conciliation. Last week, after Elizabeth returned to Britain, Quebec's Premier Jean Lesage turned up in Ottawa for a meeting with Pearson and Canada's nine other provincial premiers. The subject was a request that Britain give up its formal, though purely ceremonial, right to approve all amendments to Canada's constitution. The request itself was certain to be approved, but in earlier meetings, Lesage had quibbled over the new formula for amending the constitution, and sought to use it as a lever to win more concessions from Pearson. Last week there was no bickering. "I am proud to agree," Lesage announced with emphasis.

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**A southern hospital** uses DATA-PHONE data sets to link various departments to a central data center within the building. The system has eliminated tedious clerical functions and makes it possible to give patients complete bills at discharge time, avoiding the annoyance of follow-up billing.

**A national recording company** now handles distributors' orders from DATA-PHONE-equipped sales offices linked directly to new, centrally located inventory centers. The firm is handling orders many times faster—and savings in warehousing and inventory handling are running better than \$80,000 a month.

**A drug wholesaler** uses DATA-PHONE service to link its two supply locations together, thus offering pharmacies the equivalent of two full-line wholesale sources. The firm is now achieving a 99.5 percent level of order fulfillment, with no increase in dollar investment for inventories. Sales volume is up \$100,000.

**A major oil company** makes use of DATA-PHONE service to transmit credit-card payments from its New York headquarters to a midwestern data center. Processing time between the two points has been reduced from several days to just a few hours—and the cost of air-mailing the data has been eliminated.

**An appliance manufacturer** has used DATA-PHONE service to tie more than 40 independent supply centers into an automated network for ordering and supplying replacement parts. The time required to receive and deliver orders has been reduced from 14 days to 1½ days, with substantial savings resulting.



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## PEOPLE

Harry Truman, 80, fractured two ribs and cut his forehead when he slipped in the bathtub of his Independence, Mo., home. He was rushed to Research Hospital in Kansas City, where he received a dozen red carnations from Visiting Speechmaker Barry Goldwater, with a get-well card that added, "No campaign is worth the name without you." Old H.S.T., however, had already welcomed Goldwater to Missouri with a radio-blast taped before the accident and broadcast afterward. Caught with his timing somewhat out of joint, Harry could only mutter, "That's one for the books."

He looked dreamy enough caressing the strings. But **Harpo Marx**, who died Sept. 28 at the age of 75, left his widow, Susan Fleming Marx, a down-to-earth estate, worth between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000, in stocks, royalties, a \$200,000 home and a \$200,000 ranch, both near Palm Springs. Pending settlement of the estate, she and her four children were granted a \$4,000-a-month allowance by the court.

Vassar College formally inaugurated its seventh president, Oxford-educated **Alan Simpson**, 52, in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., following the 18-year reign of Sarah Gibson Blanding. One of his first tasks will be to take part in a reading of George Bernard Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell* at a Vassar dormitory. He will play the devil.

In Geneva, Indonesia's peripatetic President **Sukarno**, 63, took in *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, and after a look-see at the nonaligned nations' conference in Cairo, he could hardly wait to get a line on Rome itself. There he wined a lovely **Gina Lollobrigida**, 35, at lunch, and she, in turn, dined and danced with him to the *Volare* of Do-

menico Modugno at a cool little do she threw for 70 friends and countrymen. She even took him to a private showing of her latest flick, *Woman of Straw*, and her company to Sukarno, as the legions of *paparazzi* recorded, was clearly a triumph of imperialism.

"My opuscula," Ian Fleming once said, "are written for warm-blooded heterosexuals in trains, airplanes and beds." But as bedtime tales for small boys, they were not quite right. So the late novelist created a magical car in stories he told his son Caspar, now 12, and some of them will be published under the title, *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang*. The car's owner, **Commander Caractacus Pott**, fortyish, is rather like Commander James Bond, except that he has a family, and the car, a supercharged Paragon Panther, is a near cousin to 007's Bentley. "You see those knobs and levers and lights on the dashboard?" asks Pott. "We'll find out what they're for in time." But of course.

When she was a girl, **Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit**, 64, younger sister of Jawaharlal Nehru, awoke from a nap outdoors one day to find a cobra looming over her, its great hood spread. Soothsayers promptly foretold a remarkable career for her—and that she has had, as India's Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. (1947-49), the U.S. (1949-52), and first and only woman President of the U.N. General Assembly (1953-54). Now eight times a grandmother, and Governor of Maharashtra state, Mme. Pandit has been chosen by the Congress Party as their candidate in next month's by-election to fill the parliamentary seat of her late brother. When elected, she is expected to join her niece, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, in the Cabinet.

A real jigsaw-puzzle addict doesn't want to be helped. He doesn't care whether he's got a smidgen of ear, nose or throat, never happier than when assembling a blue pond mirroring blue barns and sky. Now he ought to be ecstatic, for someone has produced the ultimate: a puzzle made from a canvas by the late Abstractionist **Jackson Pollock**. *Convergence*, it's called, being squiggles of red, white, yellow, blue, black and—well, the critics admired the original's "burgeoning sensitivity." Says Pollock's widow, artist Lee Krasner, "At first, I thought oo-la-la, that's not for me. Then I realized it was a very good reproduction."

At the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner in Manhattan, **Happy Rockefeller**, 38, looked serene. And she grew even cheerier before the week was out. She and her ex-husband, Dr. James Murphy, who won custody of their four children a month ago, had not agreed on visiting rights, but the judge assigned



HAPPY ROCKEFELLER  
Getting the children home.

to settle the question produced a generous arrangement. Happy gets James, 13, Margaretta, 11, Carol, 8, and Malinda, 4, every other weekend, two summer months, at Thanksgiving, and for half of Christmas and Easter vacations. On Christmas and Easter Sunday, both parents may spend some time with the children.

Every literatus helps. So thought Manhattan Hostess **Jean vanden Heuvel**, 30, daughter of the man who founded M.C.A., as she marshaled a playbill of talent in her West Side apartment to rally the "intellectual vote" to Bobby Kennedy. Speakers were Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Economist John K. Galbraith, while the audience included Indiana John Gunther, Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, Conductor Leonard Bernstein, Actress Lauren Bacall, and Sculptress Gloria Vanderbilt. Upstart Playwright **Arthur Kopit**, 24, author of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad*, however, demonstrated still more vividly Bobby's kinship with the highbrows by getting bounced over a dinner by a friendly tap from *Paris Review* Editor George Plimpton during a literary discussion. "You see, the swimming-pool syndrome is still with us," quipped Kopit, as he stuffed his cigar into Plimpton's drink.

The hoods crashed her Park Avenue triplex, tied her up, and tried to force her to open the safe. Seat! she said. "You can kill me, but I'm not going to let you rob me." Whereupon they vanished. The teaching sisters of Malineknodt Convent in Mendham, N.J., read about it, wrote her congratulating her on her courage, and asked her to "keep us in your prayers." Nonagenarian Beauty Queen **Helena Rubinstein** did more than that. She directed the Helena Rubinstein Foundation, an organization usually devoted to Israeli causes, to award the convent \$10,000 for the "education of future teachers."



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"Never wear a shirt that looks like this!" says Hathaway.



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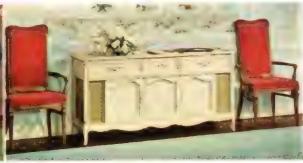
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# SCIENCE

## SPACE

### Sunrise with Troika

The spaceship *Sunrise* that circled the earth for 24 hours last week was the first manned Russian satellite to be orbited in 16 months. But the long, launchless period had been a busy one; the *Sunrise* flight was eloquent technical testimony to the accomplishments of Soviet space scientists. Items:

- ▶ The capsule was first to carry more than one passenger. Its three-man crew was a sure promise of multiman space stations.
- ▶ The crew contained the first trained scientists ever to venture into space.
- ▶ The space suits of earlier astronauts were conspicuous by their absence. The *Sunrise* crew members were protected only by their pressurized cabin.
- ▶ The capsule, with its passengers still inside, made a soft landing on solid ground with the help of retrorockets.

None of these feats have yet been accomplished by the lagging U.S. space program. Yet for all the novelty the flight involved, from the moment the tall, silver-sided rocket with its oversized new space capsule left the launching pad in Kazakhstan, all seemed to go well. The commander radioed that all three passengers were in good shape, that all equipment was working normally. Soon the smiling faces of two of the cosmonauts appeared on live TV. While orbiting over the U.S., where their craft was tracked by U.S. radars, they radioed good wishes "to the industrious American people."

It Pays to Believe. U.S. space scientists had nothing but congratulations for the Russian feat. But a definitive judgment cannot be made with confidence because the Russians have so far concealed most of the facts on which scientific assessment could be based. And as a result of that secrecy, a few sour



SOVIET SPACEMEN ALOFT IN CAPSULE

A classroom for the moon.

notes were inevitable. From Switzerland, West Germany and Britain came reports that the Russians had intended a much longer flight; that communications difficulties, the illness of a passenger, or the malfunctioning of a second-stage rocket had forced the *Sunrise* down prematurely. Senator Clinton Anderson, chairman of the Senate Space and Aeronautics Committee, said he knew the shot was coming and had expected the orbiting to last a week.

Soviet reporters who got a look at the *Sunrise* were heavy on its interior decoration and light on its technology. The ship is lined, they said, with "a snow-white, soft, spongelike synthetic fabric." The three seats are close together in a row. The single instrument panel has a clock, a globe showing the spaceship's position, a radio, a telegraph key and many switches and buttons.

Improved Vostok. All of which is little help in deciding whether the *Sunrise* was entirely new or merely an improved version of the standard one-man Vostok-type spaceships. These are believed to weigh 10,000 lbs., which is more than three times as much as the Mercury capsule (3,000 lbs.) that orbited U.S. Astronaut Leroy Gordon Cooper for 34 hours and 20 minutes; they could surely be modified to hold three men for a 24-hour flight. Senator Anderson suspects that the *Sunrise* weighed 15,000 lbs., but even at that weight, it could be orbited by launching rockets little different from those that the Russians have been using for years.

If Russian commentators are to be believed—and U.S. space authorities have found that it pays to believe them—the *Sunrise* is almost certain to have collected valuable information by orbiting a crew made up of three men of different skills. All U.S. astronauts have been test pilots with quick reactions and proven ability to cope with mechanical emergencies; since there were few emergencies, they found little that was useful to do. They did not observe much, and neither did their Russian opposite numbers.

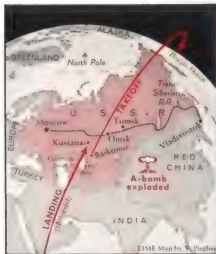
The crew of the *Sunrise* probably did better. Only the commander, Colonel

Vladimir M. Komarov, 37, of the Red Air Force, is a pilot and trained astronaut. He was in control of the ship, and his control seat was handiest to the instruments. Presumably he knew what to do in the unlikely event that the ship needed manual "flying" because of some malfunction of its automatic controls. Colonel Komarov has a slightly suspect heart condition, which is an indication that the Russians do not think that astronauting is a physically strenuous profession.

Beside Komarov sat Konstantin Petrovich Feoktistov, 38, who is an engineer-scientist with long experience in designing spacecraft. The Russians have not described his duties, but he was surely free to observe critically and with scientific insight the behavior of the capsule and its equipment. The third crew member was Dr. Boris B. Yegorov, 27, a research physician specializing in aviation and space medicine. He is an authority on the vestibular apparatus, the delicate mechanism in the inner ear that gives humans their sense of balance and is disturbed by weightlessness. Dr. Yegorov was obviously sent along to watch with a skilled eye his own and his companions' reactions to space.

To Turn the Trick. Dr. Edward C. Welsh of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration suspects that last week's *Sunrise* was not the first of its type to fly. About ten days earlier the Russians orbited a satellite, *Cosmos 47*, that they did not describe. But U.S. observers watched it by radar and concluded that "something big" was in the offing. Dr. Welsh thinks *Cosmos 47* was probably a *Sunrise* spaceship sent up without a crew to test its dependability.

Ships of the *Sunrise* class will presum-



COSMONAUTS KOMAROV, YEGOROV, FEOKTISTOV  
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ably make many more trips into space. They could be used as forerunners of long-lived satellite stations, or as orbital launching platforms for shots at the moon or the planets. If fitted with the necessary control and propulsive equipment, they can be used to practice the difficult orbital-rendezvous maneuver that the U.S. Gemini Project is not expected to be ready to attempt until sometime next year. No *Sunrise* could carry a man all the way to the moon, says NASA, but the big spaceships are probably the best classrooms yet built in which scientists can learn to turn the trick.

### AERODYNAMICS

#### A Fighter for All Speeds

Part of the hoopla last week at the General Dynamics plant in Fort Worth may have been political, and the roll-out date of the TFX fighter may indeed have been advanced a bit to have an effect on the presidential campaign. But the TFX (or F-111, as it is now called) is nonetheless a phenomenal airplane. Said General Bernard Schriever, head of the Air Force Systems Command: "The F-111 represents a quantum step forward in the development of tactical air weapon systems."

Despite all the claims that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara made an expensive mistake when he insisted on a single basic plane for both Air Force and Navy, the General Dynamics-Grumman partnership that was chosen for the job has managed to match both versions of their fighter to an astonishing degree. The F-111 construction program is not only meeting a tight schedule that was set when the contract was signed two years ago, it is also running below its estimated cost.

**Variable Sweep.** The trouble with conventional supersonic jet fighters is that they must sacrifice too much to gain high speed. They cannot carry much load, cruise any great distance, or land slowly on small or rough runways. The F-111 avoids these failings by using variable sweep wings, a difficult design concept that has been tried experimentally but never used in an operational airplane. When the wings are fully extended, they have hardly any sweepback, and the airplane looks oddly old-fashioned. In this condition it will fly with old-fashioned slowness. Then, as speed increases, the wings are swept backward, reducing lift and drag, and permitting speed to increase still more. At top speed, the wings will angle backward at 72.5°, turning the airplane into a sharp, pointed arrowhead. The problem of moving the wings quickly and surely under the enormous air pressures of high speed was not easy, but it seems to have been licked.

The F-111's actual speed and range were not released, partly because they are legitimate military secrets, partly because the airplane has flown so far only in wind tunnels, and its true per-



HARRY CAROLLA



VARIABLE-WING F-111

**Closed for speed, open for distance.**

formance can only be estimated. But the Government claims it will be faster (about Mach 2.5, or 1,650 m.p.h.) than any operational plane. It will fly twice the distance and carry twice the payload of the best current U.S. fighter. By cruising at moderate speed with wings extended, it will have "transoceanic range without refueling"; if permitted to refuel, it can fly to any part of the earth in one day. It can land much more slowly than other jet fighters, which will permit it to operate from small, poorly surfaced fields. Its Navy version, the F-111B, which is being built by Grumman, should encounter no trouble in landing and taking-off from present-day carriers.

For power, the F-111 uses two radical TF-30 engines built by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft. At slow cruising speeds, they are turbofans similar to the engines on up-to-date jetliners, very sparing of fuel. At Mach 1 and above, the fan action is cut down or eliminated. When full power is called for, the engine uses an afterburner. Aerodynamicists credit the versatile engines as well as the wings for the varied talents of the F-111.

**Out with the Cockpit.** Unlike most jet fighters, the F-111 will have a crew of two sitting side by side in a lifesaving cockpit that is something of an aircraft in itself. If anything goes wrong and a bail-out is called for at high speed, the crewmen will not risk getting clawed to shreds by racing air. Ejected by powerful rockets, the whole cockpit will separate from the ship. It has fins that will keep it from tumbling, and when its speed has slowed enough, a parachute will open to wald it down to a landing on water or soft ground. If it hits water, it will float indefinitely. If the whole plane should dive under the surface, the cockpit will detach itself and bob to the surface.

## This winter get a suntan where you never got one before.

Maybe you never thought of going to Israel to get tan. But you can. Bask on the beach at Eilat; Red Sea, pink mountains, and a nightclub called The End of the World.

After you've tanned your hide, slip into something that won't hide your tan and explore the rest of the country.

There's the newness of modern cities with air-conditioned hotels. And outside of town, another kind of newness: pioneers wrenching farms from the desert.

Then you see a signpost that says

"Beersheba" and "Jerusalem." And suddenly the place is over 4,000 years old.

The names here mean what they say. King Solomon's Mines isn't a book or a movie. It's the mines. Mt. Zion isn't a hospital. It's the traditional site of the Last Supper and the Tomb of King David. And the Queen of Sheba Hotel stands where the lady did.

In Israel, you can fish for St. Peter's fish, bargain-hunt at the Bed-

ouin Market, and have tea while you float on the Dead Sea.

The cost?

EL AL Sunseeing Tour rates can give you a winter vacation in Israel for just about what you paid on your last vacation in the same old place.

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# THE LAW

## CRIMINAL JUSTICE

### How to Beat a Murder Rap

Late one August night in Miami, Mrs. Charles Worthington, 67, heard a call from her stepson Richard. She hurried to his room and was slugged to the floor by Richard's pal, Joel Gebhardt, 20. As Joel smothered her screams, Richard beat Mrs. Worthington to death with an iron bar. For three hours the youths sat around discussing how to split the Worthingtons' \$40,000 estate. Then they crept into the bedroom of Richard's father, Charles Worthington, where Joel killed the sleeping contractor by firing a .22 rifle bullet into his brain. Next day the youths wrapped the bodies in

defendant is more than willing to plead guilty, to settle for a judge's quick sentence rather than insist upon his constitutional right to trial by jury. To spur the cop-out, prosecutors may offer a variety of guilty pleas to lesser charges.

In New York, for example, a stick-up artist may be charged with assault, robbery, grand larceny and possession of a weapon. If tried and convicted of robbery, he faces 20 years (40 for a second offender). But if he pleads guilty to grand larceny, he can cop out for only five to ten years. For first-degree murder, the choice is equally persuasive: jury trial and possible execution, or coping out for a mandatory life sentence that may be commuted to 40

Soon after the Worthingtons' bodies surfaced, Gebhardt and young Worthington were arrested as prime suspects, but the evidence was all circumstantial and neither man would confess anything. Then Gebhardt's lawyer, who under Florida law had no way of learning the strength, or weakness, of the case against his client, offered the deal that had the police's work for them. "It was half a loaf or nothing," insisted Prosecutor Richard Gerstein. "In addition, the one who initiated the murder was killing his own parents and would inherit their estate if not convicted of murder." Unless Worthington now cops out, Gerstein must, of course, still persuade a jury that he is guilty. As for Confessed Murderer Gebhardt, he says with all due solemnity: "I know that my conscience will never be clear, and I will dedicate the rest of my life to God and helping society."

RAY FISHER—MIAMI HERALD

JOEL GERSTEIN—MIAMI NEWS



PROSECUTOR GERSTEIN



GEBHARDT



WORTHINGTON

Pay the squalor's price.

stone-weighted canvas, loaded them in the family station wagon, and dumped them in a canal 18 miles away, where a fisherman found them four days later.

Spelled out in all its grim detail in Joel Gebhardt's confession to the Dade County (Miami) grand jury, the Worthington slaying seemed to promise that the two young men would soon be facing trial on two counts of first-degree murder. Not so: the grand jury has indicted only Richard Worthington—leaving "Witness" Gebhardt to go completely free as soon as his friend's trial is over.

**Bargain Justice.** Gebhardt's amazing escape from prosecution has shocked Miami and roused a hot debate over the uses of "copping a plea," that familiar bargaining system between accused criminal and District Attorney that governs so much of U.S. criminal justice. Never declared illegal or unconstitutional, it is often the D.A.'s only means of solving crime or showing mercy, yet it has been abused by D.A.'s more interested in convictions than justice.

One goal is to do away with the need for a lengthy trial by producing a fast guilty plea—a "cop-out." And, after weeks in a county jail, many a criminal

years, and, with good behavior, he cut to about 26 years.

Unhappily for defendants, coping out is not binding on judges, who sometimes hit the prisoner with a tougher rap than the D.A. promised. In cases like Gebhardt's, however, the D.A. may be so strapped for evidence that his only chance of conviction is to get one criminal to testify against his accomplice. The squalor's price may be complete immunity from prosecution.

**Half a Loaf or Nothing.** Florida's most famous precedent for such deals in capital cases arose from the baffling disappearance of respected Palm Beach Judge Curtis E. Chillingworth and his wife in 1955. When Prosecutor Philip O'Connell finally cracked the case six years later, still with not even a body as evidence, he did so by granting immunity to a thug named Bobby Lincoln, who brazenly testified that he had bludgeoned the Chillingworths and drowned them in the Atlantic. He had been hired by Judge Joseph A. Peel, said Lincoln, because Peel feared that Chillingworth was about to expose the protection he was selling to moonshiners and numbers men. Peel went to prison for life.

## CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

### India Follows the U.S.

Unlike compact little England that once ruled them, India and the U.S. are each vast, multiracial, federal democracies that boast supreme courts and written constitutions. Until this month, however, India differed from the U.S. in one vital respect: its constitution was thought to give its legislatures the same freewheeling power as that of Britain's House of Commons—a power to jail critics for contempt with no judicial review whatever.

Now the Indian Supreme Court has changed all that with an historic decision, laying down clear guidelines of court power in a manner reminiscent of the pioneering U.S. Supreme Court under Chief Justice John Marshall in the early 1800s.

As usual, it all started with a prickly rebel. He is Keshav Singh, 40, socialist author of a pamphlet that flatly charged an Uttar Pradesh state legislator with being a crook. Haled before the indignant legislature, Singh proudly turned his back and refused even to give his name. Indignant at such irreverence, the legislature ordered Singh locked up in the Lucknow jail for seven days. He countered by getting two judges of Uttar Pradesh's highest court to spring him on bail pending his petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The legislature countered by rearresting Singh—and holding the two judges in contempt. When the full state court issued a stay on the contempt warrants for their colleagues, the legislature issued warrants for their arrest. By that time, things were getting so hot that India's President could only buck the case to India's Supreme Court. The basic issue: Are India's elected legislatures the sole judges of their own powers, privileges and immunities?

In a 6-1 majority opinion, the Supreme Court ruled that British-style legislative omnipotence cannot be per-



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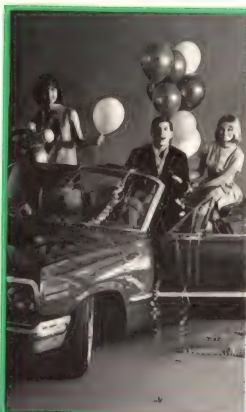
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mitted in a federal nation governed by a written constitution, where "it is the constitution which is supreme and sovereign." Not only does the Indian constitution provide "rigid separation of powers," ruled the court, but "there is no doubt that the constitution has entrusted the judicature in this country with the task of construing the provisions of the constitution and of safeguarding the fundamental rights of the citizens." To such rights, which include the right of free speech, the court found no exceptions "by reference to any powers or privileges vesting in the legislatures of this country." In short, an Indian has just as much right to criticize legislators as does an American, even if he has to fight up to the Supreme Court to exercise it.

### **COURTS**

#### **U.S. Marshals' 175th**

The television image of the U.S. marshal is still the tall, lean figure of Wyatt Earp tossing hot lead in Dodge City.

In the real world the civil rights revolution has changed everything. Though he cannot ride a horse, rarely packs his .38 pistol and admits to raising petunias, broken-nosed ("I got it in the amateurs") Chief U.S. Marshal James Joseph Patrick McShane, 55, has out-Earped Earp while leading his 821 men to war in Birmingham, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Oxford. Never before has the nation's senior law-enforcement agency—just 175 years old—looked less like a refuge for political grifters and more like the strong right arm of the nation's 393 federal courts.

**Slaves & Skin Lotion.** The origin of U.S. marshals goes back to medieval England, where the Old French word *mareschal* (groom) came to mean a sort of royal sheriff in charge of collaring witnesses for the King. In the U.S., when the 1789 Judiciary Act created the 13 original federal district courts, it also provided for 13 marshals to carry out court orders. Appointed by the President, those marshals were at first responsible for everything from census taking to courts-martial and taking custody of prize vessels. In the 1850s they chased fugitive slaves all over the North, much as they personally loathed that part of their job. Put under the Attorney General in 1861, they took such risks in taming the wild West that the Justice Department was soon fretting that "no other occupation is so dangerous as a faithful performance of duty by U.S. marshals."

The rise of other federal agencies, such as the FBI (founded in 1908), has lightened the load, but U.S. marshals are far from underemployed. They keep order in all federal courts, disburse U.S. judicial funds, including the pay of all federal judges and Government lawyers. They transport federal prisoners (79,000 last year), serve all federal court papers, from jury notices to Supreme Court orders—a chore that often

takes wit and wife. To slap a desegregation injunction on Alabama's well-guarded George Wallace, for example, one deputy marshal stowed away in the men's room aboard the Governor's plane. Marshals have been called upon to seize entire businesses, not to mention stolen art works and such other oddments as a shipment of "Helene Curtis Magic Secret Wrinkle-Smoothing Skin Lotion."

**Zest for Battle.** Political patronage is still a problem. The country's 92 U.S. marshals (pay: up to \$17,000 a year) serve only by favor of the party in power, go out when a new party comes in. Even so, they leave behind their own increasingly career-minded appointees: the 729 deputy and chief deputy marshals, nearly all seasoned ex-

AP/WIDE WORLD



CHIEF MARSHAL McSHANE  
*Petunias, pistols and extra Earp.*

policemen, who stay on the job under civil service regulations. Training has sharply improved ever since the Little Rock crisis of 1957 moved the service to learn a great deal more about riot tactics and weapons. And in Chief Marshal McShane, a Kennedy appointee in 1961, the service got a much-decorated (Medal of Honor, 13 citations) New York City detective with all the raw courage and all the Irish zest that was needed to lead his deputies through bullets and tear gas at the University of Mississippi in 1962.

Nothing made McShane prouder of his men in that crisis than the fact that though many of them were pro-segregationist Southerners, not a single one failed to live up to his oath and 100 were injured. As for McShane himself, Acting Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach calls him "typecast" for the job. "I have never seen him falter under any kind of fire," says Katzenbach. "I always have the feeling about Jim that he takes his oath of office all over every morning."

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SAN FRANCISCO'S COVE

## THE APARTMENT

### All This & Country Too

Once an apartment was a place that people lived in because they could not afford anything else. Its major advantage was that it was usually near the middle of things. But the notion of what an apartment is has gradually changed. The change began with the garden apartments, which offered a house and garden for those who could not afford a garden of their own—or at least, did not want to have one to take care of. Garden apartments ringed cities across the land, from Dallas and Houston in the Southwest, and St. Louis and Detroit in the Midwest, to Atlanta and Washington in the East.

Now the apartment has taken on a new elegance and a new appeal that is a far cry from the cramped, pavement-bound image of its original version. The new apartment offers not only an air space of one's own, without the nuisance of home keeping, but throws in most of the facilities of country living: swimming pools, sauna baths, tennis courts, golf courses, marinas, landscaped acres for postprandial strolling, and playgrounds for the young. And usually closer to town.

**View from the Terrace.** Just across the Hudson River from Manhattan, for instance, perched on the brink of the craggy Palisades, are the four 15-story buildings of Horizon House spaced over 32 acres of wooded grounds. Most living rooms and terraces face out across the Hudson, with views of the Manhattan skyline and the George Washington Bridge.

A studio apartment with terrace rents for \$195 a month; a three-bedroom, split-level goes for \$450; penthouses on the 15th floor with three bedrooms, three baths, a maid's room and bath, an atrium open to the sky, and a sunken living room are \$1,000 a month. In addition to the view, other attractions are available at relatively modest extra cost to all tenants: access to the free-form swimming pool carved out of the cliff is \$100 a year per family; garage parking is \$25 a month, limousine service from Horizon House to Manhattan executive suites is \$15 a week and Hori-

## MODERN LIVING

zon House's own school bus takes kids to nearby schools for \$2.50 a week.

**Fish from Balcony.** The Horizon House idea has its enthusiasts in other parts of the U.S. In Lisle, Ill., 25 miles outside Chicago, Four Lakes Village is made up of apartments clustered around an abandoned rock quarry that has been transformed into a trout- and bass-stocked lake; each apartment has a 24-ft. balcony jutting over the water, and at-home fishing is popular with tenants. During the winter there is ice skating. A one-bedroom apartment rents for \$150 a month; two-bedrooms are \$175.

Water-side living also appeals to the tenants of The Cove, located at Tiburon on San Francisco Bay, eight miles from the city. Here the Japanese two-story buildings are bordered by deck and dock, with private craft tied up at the door. Most tenants work in San Francisco and commute by car and—in some instances—boat. Rents at The Cove range from \$185 for a one-bedroom apartment, to \$525 for three bedrooms. On the outskirts of Los Angeles, the Penthouse apartments hover over the Pacific shore line, offer tenants a beach, a Gay Nineties-style billiard room, and an acre of terraced gardens with olive, orange and lemon trees.

Beyond questions of convenience, the underlying idea was articulated 40 years ago by Le Corbusier as an answer to the ever increasing density of population around major cities. Corbusier proposed to stack people vertically in high-rise towers so that the surrounding land could be freed for parks and playgrounds. The idea lay dormant while the cheap land within easy commuting distance sprouted a crop of postwar homes sold on easy terms.

As the suburbs filled up, land prices soared, and the idea took on a new practicality as a real estate venture. It is based on a principle, even older than Corbusier's, that a community can afford what an individual cannot.

## YOUTH

### More in Sorrow

After ten days of hearings, including last-minute testimony from a girl friend of 17-year-old Nancy Hitchings that Nancy did not seem to be drunk when she saw her a couple of hours before she drove off into the night with Michael Smith to her death, Judge Rodney Eielson found Michael guilty of reckless driving and negligent homicide. The judge concluded that Michael, not Nancy, was driving, on such simple physical evidence as the discovery of Nancy's blood on the right side of the car roof. He sentenced him to six months in jail on the homicide charge, to be suspended after 60 days.

Then it was the parents' turn. The four couples who had given the two parties attended by Michael and Nancy turned up at Stamford circuit court to stand trial for serving liquor to minors. Francis Dutcher, a vice president of Johns-Manville Corp., and his wife Nancy pleaded *nolo contendere*; he explained that he and his wife had given a small dinner before the dance for his teen-age daughter, who had been away at school for two years. "We thought long and hard before we held the party because we had never served alcoholic beverages in our home to young people before. Had we known it was against the Connecticut law, we would never have done so." He ordered extra-large glasses, told the bartender to make sure that the drinks were very light. Soft drinks were available, and the highballs were served only before dinner. Concluded Dutcher: "I am particularly concerned about the bad publicity that has been given our town. I have lived in many parts of the country, and I can assure you that the residents of Darien are among the finest people that I have ever known."

Judge Alfred Toscano, seemingly more in sorrow than in anger, then imposed a fine of \$250 each. Dr. George Hughes, on whose lawn the main party had been held, chose to fight, along with the two co-hosting couples. Their lawyers filed various demurrers and motion for dismissal, and the judge set hearings for next week.





HAYES WINNING 100 METERS (FIGUEROLA, SECOND RIGHT)

Revival in 10 foot.

## THE OLYMPICS

### Lieut. Pinkerton's Week

It almost seemed unfair. Time after time last week, the Japanese Self Defense Forces Band blared *The Star-Spangled Banner* to signal yet another U.S. victory in the 1964 Olympic Games—so often that foreign spectators and athletes caught themselves whistling its familiar strains. "But it's not *The Star-Spangled Banner*," an Italian insisted defensively. "It's from the first act of *Madame Butterfly*." At that, it did seem a little reminiscent of Lieut. Pinkerton's visit to Japan. Over the first seven days of the XVIII Olympiad, smashing 10 world and 18 Olympic records in the process, the greatest group of athletes ever assembled under any flag achieved one of the most amazing conquests in the gaudy history of sport.

**A Shot for Theology.** Altogether, the U.S. won 52 medals—almost twice as many as the Russians, who carted away the lion's share at both the 1956 and 1960 Olympics. The Russians were not all that bad; the Americans were just that good. Track and swimming came close to being monopolies (see following stories).

Where the rest of the world thought it had caught up, the U.S. pulled ahead once again—as in the 100-meter dash, won by a German in 1960, this time back in U.S. hands when Florida A. & M.'s Bob Hayes ripped off a fantastical (but wind-aided) 9.9 sec. in the semifinal and tied the world record with a 10-sec.-flat clocking in the final. After one astonishing U.S. victory in track and field, a Japanese spectator turned to an American in the stands and said simply: "I congratulate you"—as if the entire U.S. were responsible.

And so it was, A.U.S. team won the silver medal in the curiously militaristic modern pentathlon (riding, fencing, shooting, swimming, cross-country running), edging out Hungary's defending Olympic champions, Nebraska's Gary Anderson, a theology student, shot his way to the 300-meter three-position free rifle title, with a world-record score of 1,153 points; two other marksmen gave the U.S. second and third in small-

bore-rifle prone-position competition. In 1960, the best Yankee yachtsmen could manage was one gold medal, one bronze. Last week, with four out of seven races completed, the U.S. was leading in one class, second in three others, third in the fifth.

The most startling surge came in rowing, a sport once dominated by Americans, since revolutionized by European advances in technique and equipment. Washington's Ed Ferry teamed up with California's Conn Findlay and Kent Mitchell to win a gold medal for pairs with coxswain; the U.S. picked up a silver medal in the double sculls, a bronze in the coxless fours. Darkness had already fallen over the Tada rowing course by the time the big race for eight-oared shells got under way, and flares burst overhead as crews from six nations stroked their way down the 2,000-meter course. The odds-on favorite: Germany's Ratzburg eight, back to defend the Olympic title they won in 1960. Coxed by Robert Zimonyi, at 46 the oldest man on the U.S. Olympic team, the Vesper Boat Club crew was rated no better than third. They had lost a preliminary heat to Ratzburg, had to survive a repechage to get into the finals at all. This time, the U.S. crew nailed the Germans at the 800-meter mark, drew away steadily to win by 11 boat lengths. Overjoyed, the Americans started to pitch Coxswain Zimonyi into the drink, changed their minds when he pleaded: "Tomorrow, please, fellas. Tonight I could get a heart attack."

**A Medal for Kenya.** There was still enough glory to go around. No fewer than 28 nations had something shiny to be proud of. "I couldn't go home without a medal," panted Cuba's Enrique Figuerola, who ran the race of his life to finish second behind Bob Hayes in the 100-meter dash. Japan swept three gold medals in Western-style wrestling. Rumania's leggy Iolanda Balas broke her own Olympic high-jumps record by 21 in., soaring 6 ft. 21 in., and Kenya's Wilson Kiprugut won his new country's first Olympic medal when he placed third in the 800-meter run.

Other nations, too, would have their

days this week, and the laggardly Russians were hoping for a bumper harvest in such events as canoeing and gymnastics. But so far, at least, in sport's biggest show, the spotlight shone brightest on the U.S.

### Lieut. Mills's Day

Of all the U.S. trackmen at Tokyo, the one rated least likely to succeed was Billy Mills, 26, a Marine lieutenant entered in the 10,000-meter run. No American had ever won the Olympic 10,000 (or even placed better than sixth), and the experts wondered why Mills even bothered to show up. A half Sioux Indian from South Dakota, he was only a so-so runner at the University of Kansas, failed to make the U.S. team in the 5,000 meters, won a trip to Tokyo when he finished a distant second behind Gerry Lindgren in the 10,000. But he could do one thing: he could sprint pretty well in the final lap. "I'm going to win this thing if I have anything left at the end," he told his wife after clipping off a 23.8-sec. 200 meters in practice.

**"I Never Heard of Him."** Anybody else would have laughed. Mills's best time for 10,000 meters was 29 min. 10.4 sec., nearly a minute slower than Australian Ron Clarke's world record. And for half the race, there was Clarke striding rhythmically, effortlessly around the track, burning out his challengers. With a badly twisted ankle, Gerry Lindgren was struggling just to finish, and the crowd in National Stadium waited patiently for Clarke to shake the other also-rans: Tunisia's little Mohamed Gamoudi, Ethiopia's Mamo Wolde—and Billy Mills. But on and on they went, matching stride for stride, lapping stragglers, jockeying for position. Clarke was in front going into the final lap. Incredibly, Mills was right behind, and so were the other two unknowns.

Suddenly, as an astonished roar erupted from 75,000 throats, Mills turned on his finishing kick, tried to pass—and got a dig in the ribs that knocked him off stride. Once more, he came on, and now Tunisia's Gamoudi blasted past, stiff-arming the American to one side in a tangle of flailing arms



MILLS WINNING 10,000 METERS

Shock by four yards.

and legs. Mills stumbled, recovered, and dashed forward again. Arms pumping, legs churning, his face an agony of effort, he raced past Clarke, past Gamoudi, past the finish line—to win by four yards, set a new Olympic record of 28 min. 24.4 sec. and score the biggest upset of the 1964 games.

Olympic President Avery Brundage had tears in his eyes when he draped the gold medal around Mills's neck. And then someone asked Lower Clarke: "In your pre-race planning did you worry about Mills?" "Worry about him?" said Clarke. "I never heard of him."



DIVER BUSH

Somersaults from 10 meters.

"You Die for Them." For a time last week, it seemed that this was to be an Olympics of upsets—most of them happening to the Russians. Britain's Kenneth Matthews easily outdistanced Russia's Vladimir Golubnichy, the 1960 Olympic champ, in the herky-jerky 20,000-kilometer walk; Tatyana Schelkanova saw her world record broken by Britain's Mary Rand in the women's broad jump; and Elena Gorchakova, who set a new world mark in the qualifying round of the women's javelin, never came close again, finished third behind Rumania's Mihaela Penes. But then there were the unbeatables, like New Zealand's Peter Snell, who loafed to an Olympic record in the 80-meter run, and the Americans who were mining gold as if it were coal:

► New York's Al Oerter, 28, a gold medal winner in both 1956 and 1960, was working out with the discs when he suddenly collapsed with a severely torn rib cartilage and internal hemorrhages. For a week doctors gave him heat treatments, ultrasonic massage, muscle relaxers and enzymes to clear up the dead internal blood. Then they taped him from chest to buttocks, shot him full of painkillers, and he went out to compete. Unable to pivot his hips, he flung the 4-lb. 7-oz. discs with his arms alone—and still unceremoniously

of 200 ft. 14 in. to beat Czechoslovakia's Ludvik Daneš. Any other time he would have been hospitalized. "But these are the Olympics," said Oerter. "You die for them."

► Tennessee State's Wyomia Tyus, just turned 19, picked up where Wilma Rudolph left off in 1960—beating Teammate Edith McGuire in the women's 100-meter dash, after tying Wilma's world record of 11.2 sec. in a heat.

► California's massive Dallas Long, 24, was having all sorts of trouble getting himself keyed up for the shotput—until precocious Texan Randy Matson, 19, unloaded the longest throw of his brief career: 66 ft. 3 1/2 in. "A thing like that can really juice you up," said Long, who promptly set an Olympic record with a toss of 66 ft. 8 1/2 in. and announced that he was retiring to concentrate on dentistry: "It's time to stop putting and start pulling."

At week's end the U.S., which won only nine gold medals in men's track and field at the 1960 Olympics, already had seven in the bank—with perhaps half a dozen more to go. Head Coach Bob Giegegack, for the first time in his life, could be accused of understatement when he said: "This is a magnificent bunch of kids."

### "Somebody's Gonna Break a Record"

The question in swimming was not how many medals the U.S. would win but how many it would lose. In Tokyo's Olympic pool, the dreams of other aquatic nations dissolved in the foam churned up by 49 crew-cut boys and pink-cheeked girls who averaged 18 years of age, fretted like all adolescents about acne and freckles—and swam as if sharks were snapping at their toes.

The very first American in the pool, California's Gary Ilman, shattered the Olympic record for 100 meters; before he could even write home about it, all sorts of people were beating the mark, too—and Gary found himself just the fourth-best 100-meter man in the world. "Somebody's gonna break the world record in the 200-meter backstroke," predicted Princeton's Jed Graef, 22. Who might that be? "Me," said Graef, and hit the electronic touchboard in 2 min. 10.3 sec., barely edging Teammate Gary Dille.

Three days before he was due to swim in the 400-meter individual medley (butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke and freestyle), California's Dick Roth, 17, was stricken with an appendicitis attack. Rushed to a hospital, he was fed intravenously, packed in ice. Roth refused medication: "If it has to come out, O.K.," he said, "but if it doesn't, I don't want to be punchy for the race." Then he went out and chopped 3.1 sec. off his own world record.

One-Two-Three. There was talk that the U.S. might take every gold medal in the men's events. Three Australians—Ian O'Brien in the 200-meter breast-

stroke, Bob Windle in the 1,500-meter freestyle and Kevin Berry in the 200-meter butterfly—ended that discussion. So the U.S. settled for eight of the first eleven.

And those U.S. girls? Nobody was more shocked than New Jersey's Lesley Bush, 17, when she somersaulted to a gold medal from the 10-meter platform—except maybe Germany's Ingrid Kramer, who won the high dive in 1960 and was supposed to repeat. California's Donna de Varona, 17, led a one-two-three sweep of the women's 400-meter individual medley, and Cathy Ferguson, 16, set a new world record in the 100-meter backstroke. Of course, there was nothing anyone could do to stop Australia's ageless Dawn Fraser, 27, from winning the 100-meter freestyle in a record 59.4 sec. But Sharon Stouder, only 15, came within .4 sec. (becoming the first U.S. girl ever to crack 1 min.), then won the 100-meter butterfly and helped her teammates beat the world's record for the 400-meter freestyle relay.

The Real Thrill, Nobody demonstrated U.S. superiority better than Oregon's Don Schollander, who has been training for the Olympics five hours a day every day for eight of his 18 years. "The greatest sensation in swimming," he says, "is the pain you have to swim through. But the real thrill is winning—and winning big." Last week Don was looking for all the thrills he could find. In the 100-meter freestyle he left France's World Record Holder Alain Gottvalles far behind to set a 53.4-sec. Olympic record. "I had nothing left at the finish," he confided afterward. "Not a drop, not a single breath."

That must have been gamesmanship—because Schollander had lots left. Three days later he won the 400-meter freestyle in world-record time: 4 min.



SWIMMER SCHOLLANDER  
A cinch for four medals.



GIBSON LEAPING THROWN BAT

12.2 sec. He anchored the U.S. 400-meter freestyle relay team to still another world record, and by week's end, only a tidal wave was going to keep him from winning his fourth gold medal of the Games, in the 800-meter relay. That ought to be enough to satisfy anybody. But when a newsmen showed up for his appointment with the No. 1 star of the 1964 Olympics, Schollander refused to talk and closeted himself in a room. Why? He was so disappointed that he was practically in tears. He wanted to win five gold medals—something nobody had ever done in the 68-year history of the Games. He probably would have, too, if Teammate Steve Clark hadn't beaten him right out of a spot on the U.S. 400-meter medley relay team. Explained Schollander's coach, George Haines: "You have to understand, Don has been working eight years for this."

## BASEBALL

### The Sweet Taste of Revenge

"The Cards in seven!" read the postcard tacked to the wall of the St. Louis locker room. "Hell," said Cardinal First Baseman Bill White. "I wanted to win this thing in six games." But White knew better than to argue with Fifi LaTour and her Oriental advisers. "Fifi," he said solemnly, "is always right."

Well, almost. Old Stripper Fifi, the Cardinals' favorite fortune-teller, did predict that St. Louis would win the National League pennant—on the last day of the 1964 season. Of course, she also predicted that the Cards would need only five games to demolish the New York Yankees. But no baseball player is going to knock a .500 batting average—let alone .750. And last week Fifi made it three-for-four, as the gritty Cardinals humbled the heavily favored Yankees in the World Series, four games to three.

**The Dirtiest Trick.** The humiliation was total—because the Yanks had no excuse. They outscored the Cardinals 33 to 32, outslugged them ten home runs to five. Outfielder Mickey Mantle clouted three homers to run his Series



McCARVER STEALING HOME  
Guts, guile and footwork.

record to 18 (the old muck: 15, set by Babe Ruth); Bobby Richardson clicked out 13 hits to break a 39-year-old mark. Cardinal pitchers had an earned-run average of 4.29 (v. 3.77 for the Yanks), and Star Reliever Barney Schultz staggered through the Series with an ERA of 18. But St. Louis won—and with the most exciting display of guts, guile and footwork since the old Gashouse Gang of the 1930s.

"The way those guys round first," grouned Mantle, "you'd think they were all trying out for the Olympics." Bewildered by the Cards' blazing base running, the usually gilt-gloved Yankees committed nine official errors—plus a dozen more that sympathetic scorers overlooked. Second Baseman Richardson nervously bobbled two easy double-play grounders; Catcher Elston Howard let three passed balls sail by and wailed: "I never did anything like that before." And poor Mickey Mantle—four times he threw wildly to the infield. Twice in one game he was caught off base. "The dirtiest trick I've ever seen in baseball," Mickey grouned, after Cardinal Shortstop Dick Groat felled him off second with a joke, then zipped around, took a throw and tagged him out. Naughty, indeed, but it saved a run—and the Cardinals in the fourth game. Trailing 3-0 at the time, the Cards quickly added injury to insult on Ken Boyer's grand-slam homer, won 4-3, and evened the Series at two games apiece. "I felt terrible about the whole thing," grinned Groat.

**Now! Sorry.** It was like that down to the end—the Yanks grim and seething with pressure, the Cards loose, enjoying it all, and ever so apologetic for the liberties they took. In the fifth game, the Yankees got nothing from Cardinal Speedballer Bob Gibson but Ks (12) and goose eggs (8) until Tom Tresh tied the score with a two-run homer in the ninth inning. Now! cried Yankee fans. Sorry, said Cardinal Catcher Tim McCarver, powdering a three-run homer that put it away 5-2 in the tenth. "I was just trying to hit a sacrifice fly," he explained.

Back to St. Louis went the Cardinals, to a tumultuous welcome at the airport, a sellout crowd at Busch Stadium ("Spell that Bush," growled one Yankee)—and the biggest collection of

noisemakers and freon horns ever assembled west of the Mississippi. But the Yankees still had to be shown, jumped on five Cardinal pitchers for ten hits and an 8-3 victory. Once again the Series was all even, and now everything—\$8,400 for the winners, \$5,200 for the losers—was riding on the seventh game.

**Practically in the Pink.** Cards Manager Johnny Keane had just the pitcher: Righthander Gibson, 28, a tall, handsome Negro who had 1) a bruised hip, 2) a swollen ankle, 3) a sore arm, and 4) only two days of rest. In other words, Gibson was practically in the pink. "He was born sick," recalls his mother, "and he got sicker. He had rickets, hay fever, asthma, pneumonia and a rheumatic heart. I hardly let him out of the house until he was four years old."

Yogi Berra's pitcher, Rookie Sensation Mel Stottlemyre, had nothing wrong with him that a good defense could not have cured. In the fourth inning, the roof fell in. A single, a walk, a nifty double steal, had throws by Shortstop Phil Linz, Second Baseman Richardson and Outfielder Mantle, and the score was 3-0, Cardinals. Out went Stottlemyre; in came Reliever Al Downing, who threw four pitches, one of them a ball. The others: a homer, a single, a double. Out went Downing; in came Rollie Sheldon, etc., etc.

With a 6-0 lead, Gibson was unbeatable. He fired practically nothing but fastballs ("If they hit it, they hit it. If they don't, they don't") at the frenziedly swinging Yanks who tried everything—even throwing bats his way. Striking out nine, Gibson kept things barely interesting by feeding gopher balls to Mantle, Linz and Cleve Boyer. Then with an eye for irony, he persuaded Bobby Richardson, the Yankees' leading hitter, to pop up for the last out. By a score of 7-5, the St. Louis Cardinals had their first world championship in 18 years. Pitcher Gibson had a new series record of 31 strikeouts, his second complete-game victory in four days, and the Corvette sports car that goes to the Most Valuable Player in the World Series.

There was only one postscript to be added. Into Owner Gussie Busch's office next day walked Johnny Keane, the Redbirds' manager, a veteran of 35 years in the Cardinal organization, and the man who as much as anyone made it all possible. For Keane, victory had a special flavor—the taste of revenge. A month before, the Cards were six games back of first place, and he was merely running out his time; Busch had already lined up Leo Durocher for the job. Now Keane could write his own ticket. He did. Handing Owner Busch an envelope, he said: "Please don't offer me a contract. I have decided to resign."

Keane might not have to look very far for work. Back in Manhattan, the Yankees announced that Yogi Berra has been fired as manager. Who was the frontrunner for Yogi's job? Johnny Keane.

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## THE THEATER

### Guilt Collectors

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window, by Lorraine Hansberry, has too many minds of its own. It is overloaded, overwritten and overwrought. It is about guilt and guilt collectors, venting their oral-compulsive laments in a Greenwich Village setting. Through the play troop the Quixotes who venture into political quicksands, the soiled hipsters of success and the purist false priests of failure, self-deceiving bohemians, homosexuals, husbands, wives, artists and whores. Everything overlaps and the play has diversity without direction. It endlessly circles its own conversation pit.

Feeding out the play's entangling plot lines are Sidney Brustein (Gabriel Dell).

THEATRE ARCADE



MORENO & DELL IN "WINDOW"  
Flickers through a smudge fire.

a disabled idealist who still quivers at the drop of a line from Thoreau, and his wife Iris (Rita Moreno), a would-be Duse who is ready to stoop to TV commercials. They would rather bicker and brood than curse and make up. In the intervals between their somewhat tiresome spats, the best scenes and acting of the play occur. Top honors go to Alice Ghostley as Iris' proper older sister, an inflated marshmallow of a woman. In one bravura monologue, she tells of her years-long accommodation to her husband's mistress and his four sons, only three of whom are also hers. Another bitterly eloquent, if slightly self-pitying scene is provided by Ben Aliza as the Negro woe of Iris' younger sister. Shattered to learn that his love has been a high-priced call girl, he recounts a childhood episode in which his porter father once swept the family table bare, vowing never again to live off "the white man's leavings."

While scenes like this flame up, the play as a whole has the hazy look of a smudge fire. Lorraine Hansberry's intel-

ligence is sharp, her writing can be distinctive, and she has X-ray vision when it comes to spotting the steel or the sponge in a character. But she needs to recover the dramatic directness and drive of her prize-winning first play, *A Raisin in the Sun*.

### Swiss Cheese

The Physicists opens with a corpse stretched out on the stage, and the play promptly follows suit. The setting is a sanitarium for the insane, but the chief delusion of the evening is harbored by Swiss Playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt (*The Visit*), who plainly believes that he is a deep thinker. He dispenses fat, fuzzy thoughts on atomic scientists, moral responsibility, and the apocalyptic menace of the bomb as if he were imparting profound revelations rather than portentous bromides.

The initial idea for the play could have been mouthed by a New York cab driver: Those atomic scientists are crazy, man; they belong in a nut house. Mad Scientist No. 1 (Hume Cronyn) believes he is Sir Isaac Newton. Mad Scientist No. 2 (George Voskovec) thinks he is Albert Einstein. Mad Scientist No. 3 (Robert Shaw) hears the voice of King Solomon, and occasionally imagines that he is Solomon.

What seems to keep them unhinged in Act I is the sheer lack of anything to do. Newton fiddles with his curly 18th century wig. Einstein saws at his fiddle, while Solomon keeps listening for those voices in his head. The lady hunchback (Jessica Tandy) who manages this loony bin shuffles around like a witch off a broomstick. Her charges all murder their nurses.

In the second and concluding act, the audience finds out why. The physicists were merely feigning madness, and the nurses were getting wise to their game. In fact Newton and Einstein are secret agents—for the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., respectively—with orders to abduct King Solomon, a peerless physicist from an unnamed third country who has solved "the problem of gravitation." This invites some windy word slinging about how a scientist may best preserve his probity. Solomon convinces his colleagues that they should all stay in the madhouse, because "we physicists have to take back our knowledge." However, in an ironic finale that negates their decision, the scientists discover that "anything that is once thought cannot be unthought."

Dürrenmatt's *che sera sera* fatalism is colored by a little wit, less eloquence, and the kind of oracular vision that informs playgoers that the work of atomic scientists might doom the human race. Cronyn, Tandy, Voskovec and, most especially, Robert Shaw, perform with the unerring precision of fine Swiss watches, but they are sealed in an intellectual Swiss cheese.

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## COLLEGES

### Wealthier & Wiser

Though a college thrives on scholarship, it survives on charity. Happily announcing the biggest gifts in their history last week, two of the top schools in the U.S. looked confidently forward to converting the cash into academic achievement.

Smith College, largest of the elite Seven Sisters,\* received \$3,000,000 for a new science center from New Yorker W. Van Alan Clark, honorary board chairman of Avon Products, and his wife, Smith Alumna Edna McConnell Clark, whose father started the door-to-door-sales cosmetics company. Smith was founded in 1871 on the theory that women deserved—and needed—the same intensive education available to men. Though about half the students major in the humanities, the school has traditionally been strong in science; among those receiving honorary degrees from Smith in June were Marion Spencer Fay, president of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and Anna Young Whiting (Smith, Class of 1916), a geneticist at the Oak Ridge, Tenn., atomic laboratory. Smith's early graduates in science included the first woman to be named a full professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins, Florence Rena Sabin, and Dorothy Reed Mendenhall, a noted child welfare specialist and the mother of Smith's current president, Thomas C. Mendenhall. The Clarks' gift, said Mendenhall, would not only expand the flow of women graduates into science but would also improve the "general literacy" of the student body. With the record windfall, Smith in only 15 months has fulfilled its three-year goal of raising \$7,500,000, can now collect a Ford Foundation challenge grant worth \$2,500,000.

Even more munificent was a pledge of \$9,000,000 in stocks to Cornell University, which has embarked on a campaign to raise \$73.2 million to celebrate its centennial this year. Donor: Maxwell

## EDUCATION

M. Upson, 88, retired board chairman of Raymond International, a far-flung heavy-construction company. An 1899 Cornell graduate in mechanical engineering, Upson is a self-made man. He stipulated only that \$500,000 of his gift be used to establish a "professorship in the free-enterprise system."

## CURRICULUM

### Departure at De Paul

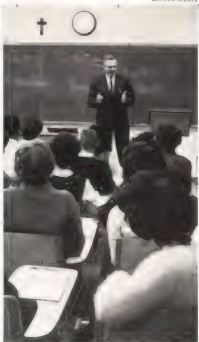
"Serenity may be the fruit of wisdom," allows Gerald F. Kreyche, chairman of De Paul University's philosophy department. "But it can also be the symptom of sleep."

Since its founding 57 years ago, Ro-

man Catholic De Paul taught philosophy with the serenity of somnambulism. Its curriculum rested comfortably on the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas, the 13th century Italian theologian who established Aristotelian philosophy as a rational basis for Christian belief. At Chicago's De Paul, as at most U.S. Catholic colleges, modern thinkers were studied to be refuted rather than understood, as if philosophy were a kind of secular theology. Now the university has adopted a radically different approach. Firmly backed by the president, the Very Rev. John R. Cortelyou, a noted comparative endocrinologist and the first natural scientist to head the school, Kreyche's department has just introduced four new philosophy courses that study Aquinas as a man to be boldly challenged, not a saint to be blindly followed.

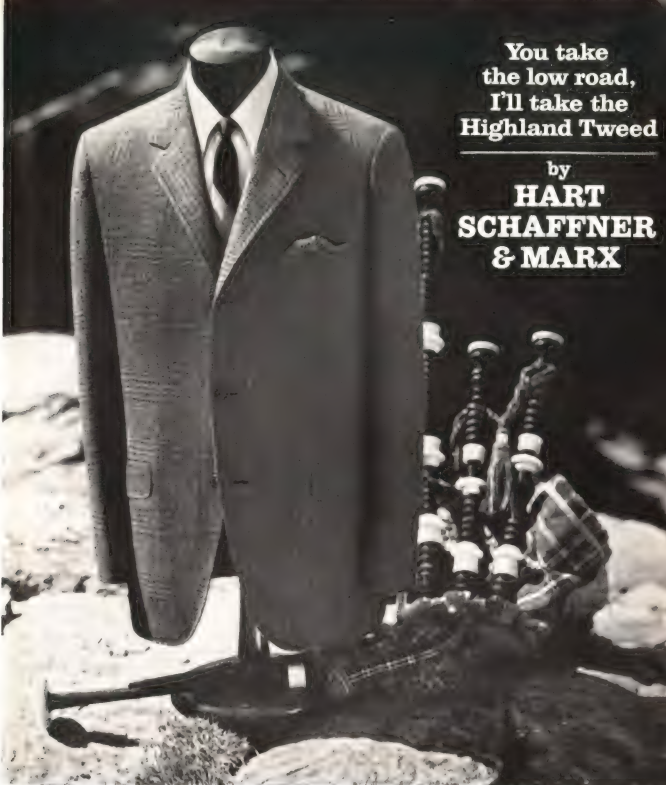
**Straw Men.** De Paul's innovation is probably the most significant attempt to overhaul Catholic philosophy teaching in the U.S. since 1789, when Georgetown, the nation's first Catholic university, opened its doors. Kreyche, 37, bravely prepared the change last year. In three hard-hitting speeches to Catholic educators, he derided "closed-system Thomists who still shadowbox the ghosts of the 13th century," insisted that new times demand a new approach to philosophical problems. Reasoned Kreyche: "St. Thomas himself, many of whose views were condemned after his death, would be appalled at the blind way we shamble in his huge footsteps. The magnificent company of non-Catholic thinkers—Spinoza, Kant, Kierkegaard, Sartre—are too often presented in our texts as straw men to be knocked down with a pat phrase and a smirk for the stupidity of those who don't agree with us." Kreyche's goal was "a classroom in which professor and student can move easily from Socrates to Sartre, from Plato to Planck, from Aristotle to Ayer."

Such notions violently divided the university's 17-member philosophy faculty. "It is selling your philosophical birthright for a mess of existential portage," protested the Rev. Joseph Della



PHILOSOPHER KREYCHE  
Aquinas was challenged.

\* The others: Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Vassar, Wellesley.



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Penta, one of seven Dominicans who teach philosophy and who have a special interest in St. Thomas as a patron saint of their order. Warned another of De Paul's Dominicans: "We are skirting canon law." However, the five laymen in the department, joined by some other priests, backed Kreyche's experimental curriculum.

**Aggiornamento.** On a voluntary basis, and with a minimum of formal lectures, De Paul students can now enroll in four courses that explore "man's encounter" with man, God, the world, and morality. The readings are intensive and far-ranging, include Materialist Ludwig Feuerbach, Existentialist Paul Tillich, as well as the *doctor angelicus*, St. Thomas.

Kreyche has received dozens of inquiries and letters of congratulation from Catholic educators across the U.S., praising De Paul's new philosophy program. The response, he hopes, signifies an *aggiornamento*, or updating, in U.S. Catholic philosophy, to match the *aggiornamento* in theology. Otherwise, Kreyche says, "we would soon beget the nonprofessing professor, the nonintellectual intellectual, the non-Christian Christian. Without academic freedom, neither the student, professor, nor the college could fulfill their respective natures within the church."

### FACULTY

#### Transient Loyalty

In an unusually candid annual report, John W. Nason, president of Carleton College, discusses the long-term side effects of the "teachers' market," the shortage of topflight faculty that has increasingly bedeviled his excellent liberal arts school in Northfield, Minn., as well as other colleges and universities throughout the U.S.

Carleton's president welcomes the greater rewards of cash and kudos that have accrued to the profession. "What disturbs me," he says, "is that with colleges, universities, government and industry all competing for the services of faculty, there has developed a pattern of relatively rapid turnover." As a result, Nason finds, "one's personal loyalty centers on one's profession, not on the college, which becomes a way station on the road to professional success. Faculty members are less inclined to identify themselves with their present institution. After all, it is only human nature and common sense not to become too involved in a community in which one is only a transient rather than a permanent member."

Former Rhodes Scholar Nason, 59, has himself had only three employers since he finished college. In 1953 he was lured away from Swarthmore after 22 years there (13 as president) to head Manhattan's Foreign Policy Association. Nine years later, in 1962, he became Carleton's first alumnus to head the school. He calls it "my last major job."



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## NEWSPAPERS

## The Week the Dam Broke

"Up to just lately," said Editor William Calhoun Baggs of the Miami News, "it's been lean times for our front page. Our lead story one day last week was something like *THA FORECLOSURES AT NEW HIGH*. Well, that was the way it was. Then, all of a sudden, the dam broke." Into the Miami News, and into newsrooms all over the U.S., spilled one of the heaviest torrents of big stories ever to tax the resources of the press.

Three major events broke with an abruptness that gave editors little time for orderly planning: the Walter Jenkins scandal, the deposing of Soviet Premier Khrushchev, the detonation of Communist China's first A-bomb. Along with these came another flurry of fast-breaking news, including the new Nobel prize winners and the unveiling of the U.S.'s controversial TFX fighter-bomber. And, as if that were not enough, newspapers had to cope with such predictable front-page stuff as the wind-up of the World Series, the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo, and the British elections.

**News Deluge.** "I wish to hell these things would happen one at a time," said Editor Baggs. "We had special problems down here. We had a local boy over at the Olympics, [U.S. Sprinter] Bob Hayes, and we also had Hurricane Isabel on our hands. All you can do when it comes at you from all sides is throw it at the reader. As for Khrushchev—we just put all the rumors together to see if they spelled mother." The News approached the spelling job with utmost care. Its first headline, *KREMLIN RUMBLING WITH NIK RUMORS*, gave way to *NIKIKA QUIT*.

Here and there, the news deluge elevated a few newsroom temperatures to fever degree. "For a while," said Atlanta Constitution Managing Editor Bill Field, "it looked like the whole world was going to hell." And there were, of course, inevitable dislocations. The Denver Post, which had treated Recent Visitor Lyndon Johnson to a Page One portrait in color, decided to do the same for Barry Goldwater, and planned on having an appropriate banner headline. Only Barry's picture survived. The banner went to another sort of politician altogether: *RUSS "RETIRE" KHRUSHCHEV*.

**Paddling Sedately.** But daily crisis is, after all, a journalistic way of life, and most editors managed to hang onto their hats. "It was a hell of a dose of news," said Larry Fanning, executive editor of the Chicago Daily News, "so we printed it as it came along." The Boston Globe, which would feel naked without at least one Page One local story, managed to stay properly dressed all week. On a front page already jammed with developments in the Jen-



MIAMI NEWS'S BAGGS

*Altogether they spelled mother.*

kins case and the latest word from Moscow, the Globe still found room to report that the wife of the new Massachusetts Registrar of Motor Vehicles did not have a driver's license.

The New York Times, which sets great store on self-composure, paddled sedately through the flood of news. "We consciously try not to get excited," said Assistant Managing Editor Theodore M. Bernstein, whose sleeves are rolled above the elbows every minute he is on the job. Besides, the Times commands a news force of 850 hands, most of whom, said Bernstein, know what to do without being told.

To corner the Khrushchev story, the Times mustered all three of its house Kremlinologists—Harry Schwartz, who knows Soviet economics, Harrison E. Salisbury, who can read Pravda and Izvestia without a pony, and Max Frankel, who taps Russian experts in the State Department. Foreign News Editor Emanuel Freedman calmly placed a phone call to Moscow 955477, three



NEW YORK TIMES'S BERNSTEIN  
*Self-composure in a flood.*

hours later was talking to the Times's Moscow Bureau Chief Henry Tanner. In the meantime, other messages had been relayed to Tanner through the Times's London and Paris bureaus.

**"Damned Near a Record."** About the only real concession that the Times made to last week's events was to charter planes two nights in a row. Normally, 17,000 copies of the Times's first edition—on the presses at 9:30—go by night train to Washington. But last week, to take advantage of interest in last-minute developments, the Times decided to fly copies of its midnight edition to the capital.

"Nothing got tossed out to make room for the big stories," Bernstein said. "We just increased the news hole. On the night that the Khrushchev story broke, we carried 239 columns. That's well over our norm—195—and it wasn't a record, it was damned near it."

## MAGAZINES

## Billion-Dollar Year?

Despite some troubled spots here and there, U.S. magazines have never enjoyed better collective health. All signs, reported the Magazine Publishers Association, point to the first billion-dollar advertising year in magazine history. Ad revenue for the first nine months of 1964, said the M.P.A., which represents some 300 magazines (combined circ. 160 million), set a new high at \$698 million—up 7.2% over the same period in 1963.

Time Inc. magazines alone produced 26% of the nine-month ad-revenue figure: \$181 million, an increase of 11.8% over last year. Both *LIFE* and *TIME* logged sizable gains. *LIFE*'s three-quarter advertising income was \$110 million. With record ad revenues of \$47 million, *TIME* is in third place, ahead of *Reader's Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post*, behind *LIFE* and *Look* (\$52 million).

Advertising gains have been matched by a steady increase in magazine circulation, much of it attributable, says M.P.A. Executive Vice President Robert E. Kenyon Jr., to an impressive increase in the number of high school and college graduates—whose ranks supply most magazine readers. "Our surveys, using 1940 as a base year," said Kenyon, "project a 174% increase in high school graduates by 1970—and a 163% increase in magazine circulation."

U.S. magazines have also weathered the period of adjustment after television became a new competitive communications medium. Today, said Kenyon, TV time comes so high that one-sponsor shows are rare; some programs bristle with such a host of sponsors—and sponsor commercials—that *Advertising Age* magazine recently took note of a growing consumer hostility toward the products. "The nation," said Kenyon, "is discovering that, by and large, TV is an entertainment medium. There's a definite trend back to print."



B-29 Superfortress bomber



Stratofortress jetliner



KC-97 and C-97 tanker transport

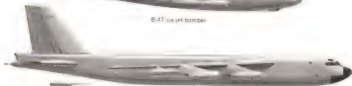


B-50 bomber

**Boeing has built  
twice as many airplanes  
weighing over 100,000 pounds  
as all other  
U.S. manufacturers combined.**



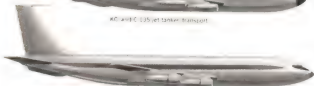
B-47 jet bomber



B-52 jet missile platform



KC-135 jet tanker transport



707 series jetliner



727 short medium range jetliner



**Beginning with the famous B-29 Superforts and continuing through today's giant 707 Intercontinental jetliners, Boeing has built 7,494 aircraft in the 100,000 pounds-and-over class.**

This is a background of heavy-aircraft experience unparalleled in the country.

It includes hundreds of high-performance B-52s, weighing nearly 500,000 pounds and capable of sustained speeds in excess of 600 miles an hour. It includes more than 700 U.S. Air Force C-135 and KC-135 jet tankers and transports. It includes the Boeing 707 Intercontinental, the largest, fastest jetliner in the world.

But even more important, Boeing's background includes the superior design capability that has enabled the company to pioneer many of the significant advances in flight technology as they apply to large, high-performance aircraft.

Today, all the cumulative benefits of Boeing's long and distinguished big-airplane experience are being applied toward the development of a giant cargo aircraft that could greatly increase the mobility of the nation's armed forces and their equipment.



Boeing jet prototype

These new cargo jets would be big enough to accommodate all divisional equipment. A modest fleet could rapidly deploy a large fighting force—together with a complete complement of equipment and resupply—to any trouble spot in the world.

Such heavy logistics jets could deliver their massive payloads to austere landing fields. Thus almost any airstrip in the world would be a potential landing area with little or no additional preparation.

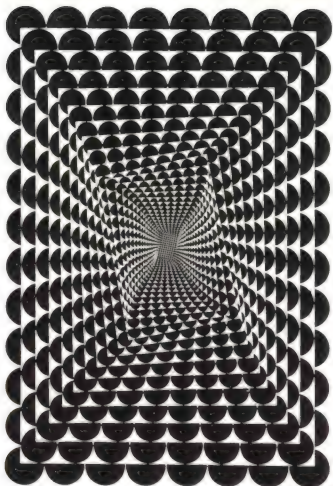
Boeing has already spent several years and has invested millions of dollars in the study of such new heavy logistics aircraft, and in the development of advanced logistics concepts.

A unique Boeing research advantage in this work is the Boeing jet prototype, now in its eleventh year of flight test and research. This prototype—out of which were developed the KC-135 and 707 series of jets—is the most useful engineering tool available for pioneering advances applicable to logistics aircraft. With its help, Boeing has developed lift and control systems that permit incredibly slow landing speeds—a capability essential to landing huge aircraft on short, unsurfaced fields. It is now flight testing a revolutionary Boeing high-flotation landing gear—essential to soft field landings.

Intensive research, backed by two decades of unparalleled big-airplane experience, is today providing the design and conceptual advances needed to produce a truly superior heavy logistics aircraft.

**BOEING**

## ART



JEFFREY STEELE  
*Harlequinade*

CONTEMPORARY GALLERY, LONDON

## OP ART: PICTURES THAT ATTACK THE EYE

MAN'S eyes are not windows, although he has long regarded them as such. They can be baffled, boggled and balked. They often see things that are not there and fail to see things that are. In the eyes resides man's first sense, and it is fallible.

Preying and playing on the fallibility in vision is the new movement of "optical art" that has sprung up across the Western world. No less a break from abstract expressionism than pop art, op art is made tantalizing, eye-teasing, even eye-smarting by visual researchers using all the ingredients of an optometrist's nightmare. Manhattan's commercial galleries are beginning to find space on their walls for it, and the Museum of Modern Art is planning an op show titled "The Responsive Eye" early next year. Says the show's organizer, Curator William Seitz: "These works exist less as objects than as generators of perceptual responses."

**Pleasure in Precision.** "Optical art is this year's dress length," says Carl J. Weinhardt Jr., director of Manhattan's

Gallery of Modern Art, which will not show any. Some critics already are throwing their weight behind op in dubious battle with pop. Actually, they both share an everyman's land. If anything, they are opposite sides of the same coin, gambled on what art can become.

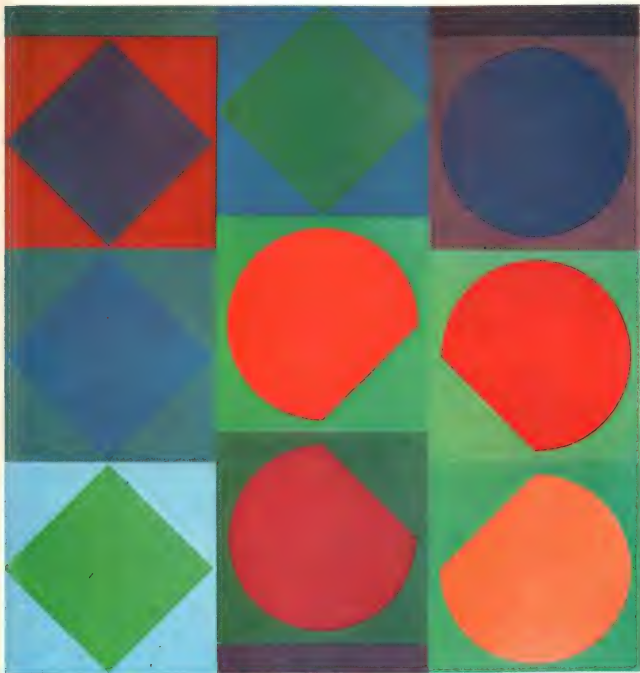
Scornful of the emotionalism and accident in abstract expressionism, op artists know where they stand. Precision is their pleasure. Their art instantly engages the beholder, yet does not demand his involvement or insist that he relate it to the world of objects, emotions or experiences. Op fascinates the way a kaleidoscope does a child. Its pitfall is that fascination often turns, by repetition, to boredom.

Op art has a legitimate ancestry. Cézanne, Seurat and Monet seized upon newly proposed theories of optics when they painted. In this century, such constructivists as Mondrian and Malevich were the forebears of op art's dry, highly controlled use of color, which sometimes—as in the work of Britain's labyrinth-making Jeffrey Steele, 33 (*above*)

—amounts to rejecting color. When they do use color, however, it is to stimulate the first sense directly rather than to enhance forms.

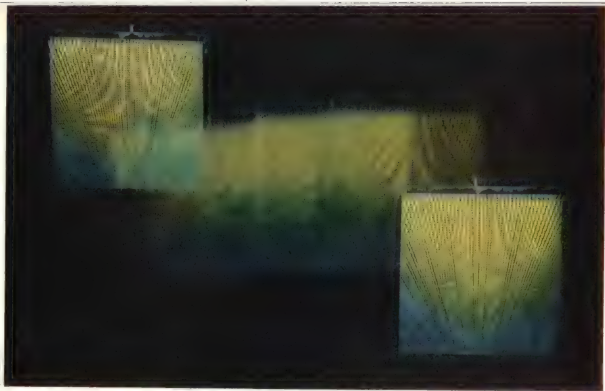
**Sleights of Art.** The immediate father figures of op art are Josef Albers, 76, that pioneer in the perception of color, and Victor Vasarely, 56 (*see opposite page*), a Hungarian who lives in Paris. Albers paints only colored squares. Vasarely dons the craftsman's lab coat instead of the smock and refers to his work as visual research. Their influence has given birth to optical artists in a dozen countries, from Israel's Yaacov Agam to remote Iceland's poet-painter Dier Rot. Last summer the pavilions at the Venice Biennale and the attics of Germany's Documenta III dickered and chattered with electrically driven, and even electronically musical, kinetic op.

At the square root of op art are the essentially static visual phenomena that enslave and enthrall the eye. The op artist's job is to turn those illusions into sleights of art. Some examine the way a single color looks darker than it



VICTOR VASARELY  
*Beryll*





GRUPPO N's *Geometric Transformation*, 1960 was photographed in three-exposure swinging shot.

EQUIPO 57's *Development C12* is a cooperative effort, involving five artists.



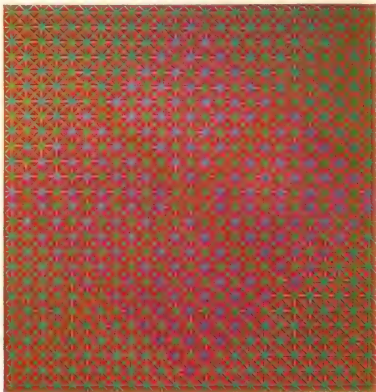
is against a lighter background. Some, like Steele, place contrasting shapes together, which cause the eye to perceive them alternately as figure and ground; the theory is that such shifts move between stimulation and repose, possibly to relieve eyestrain. Richard Anuszkiewicz, 34, plays with afterimages, or the way one color engenders the false sensation of its complement on the retina. In his *Union of the Four* (at right), the red pigment throughout the painting is the same hue, despite what the eye sees.

Another optical effect often exploited by op is the moiré pattern, familiar in the shimmer of watered silk fabrics. Fundamentally, these flashes of apparent reflection are created whenever two or more grids of parallel or periodic rulings—window screens, for example—are overlapped. When misaligned slightly, they produce ripples and curves not actually inherent in the grids. The smallest angle of change yields the greatest, most disturbed pattern displacements.

**AEC & Ph.D.** Op artists often work in teams. Vasarely's son, yclept Yvaral, has helped him start the *Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel* in Paris—six researchers who resemble the Atomic Energy Commission more than café-sitting artists. Germany boasts a group called Zero, begun in 1959 by three artists who hold Ph.D. degrees; they call for "new idealism" as opposed to the "new realism" of pop. The Italians have two op groups, the *Gruppo N* in Padua and the *Gruppo T* in Milan, which hopes to "codify visual phenomena, just as music was codified into notes."

Dating from 1959, *Gruppo N* numbers five young artists more adept with pliers and power drills than brushes who meet for seminars once a week. Says N-Man Manfredo Massironi, 27, "We consider ourselves technicians, in the medieval sense, rather than artists." Going to the Nth degree, they use prisms and grids, often machine-driven, whose rippling moiré patterns look more vibrant through spotlighted darkness (at left, top). A similar splinter group is Spain's *Equipo 57*, who like others sign their work collectively (lower left). Their theory starts with "interactivity," in which any two planes in a painting are separated by an S-curve, and end up as mathematically interlocked—and complicated—as a Bucky Fuller dome.

One loner living in Germany, a tall Brazilian, Almir de Silva Mavignier, 39, is the prototype op artist (lower right). He works slowly, sells for little, and does not care for fame. "Think about the anonymous craftsmen who built that," he said recently, peering from behind gold-rimmed spectacles at the Ulm cathedral. "They have been depersonalized, yet might have died with satisfaction that they helped create something



RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ' *Union of the Four*

ALMIR MAVIGNIER'S untitled "permutation"





JÉSUS RAPHAEL SOTO  
*The Ox Eye*

still pulsating 500 years later." His works, dotted with neat cones of oil, are uniformly produced in permutations of the spectrum: a painstaking topography that seems to prick the retina.

**British Coolth.** An unusual number of op artists come from Latin America. One is a Venezuelan named JÉSUS Raphael Soto, 41, now working in Paris, who calls his work "vibrations" (*left*), though he states that he has never read a physics book. His colored aluminum bars, suspended from fine nylon threads in shadow boxes, sway in front of lined backgrounds and dematerialize. "See how the stiff bars become fluid and luminous," says Soto. Like conductors' batons summoning music from strings, they do assume a sonorous life.

The British have already scored with Bridget Riley, 32 (*TIME*, May 1), whose stark black-and-white patterns have made viewers physically sick. She generally lets craftsmen execute her designs, has a standoffishness and coolth matched by her countryman, Steele. "These pictures are not necessarily meant to be looked at," says Steele. Another Englishman is Cambridge-educated Michael Kidner (*below*), at 46 one of the oldest of the flicker boys. Years ago he bashed away at abstract expressionism, but, says he, "never con-



MICHAEL KIDNER  
*Yellow, Green and Pink*

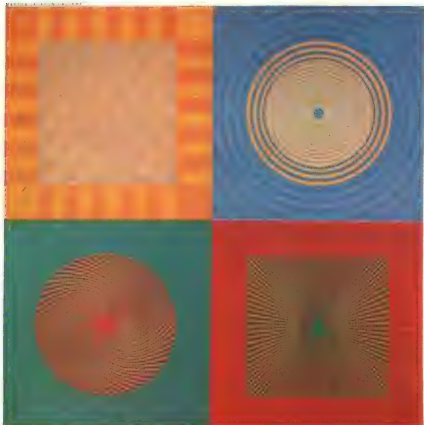
vinced myself that the gesture I was making had much significance." Then he learned that he could make people see colors that, in fact, he did not paint. "I use optics," says he, "as a means to an end that is bigger—in short, a good painting. Optics is a tool, as perspective once was."

**American Impersonality.** The Americans, such as Julian Stanczak, 35, who roomed with Anuszkiewicz while studying under Albers at Yale, try not to imitate nature. "I use visual activities," says Stanczak, "to run parallel to it" (right). There is even a U.S. group, impersonally called Anonima. Composed of three young men, Francis Hewitt (below), Edwin Mieczkowski (*next page*) and Ernst Benkert, who met at the Carnegie Institute of Technology and Oberlin College in 1958 and '59, they believe that the rule and the compass are proper artist's tools. Like other op artists, they dislike artistic preciousness, the expression of the prima donna personality on canvas, and psychic plumbing into the meaning of art. They also hold, says Hewitt, that "if people find our art dull, that doesn't really bother us that much. The quality and depth of the experience depend on the willingness to perceive and persistence to overcome certain levels of frustration. We don't

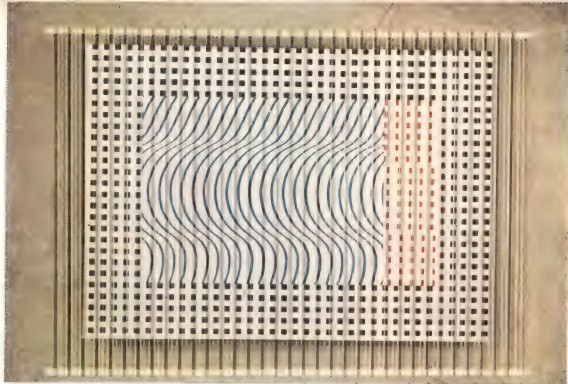


WARTON JACKSON GALLERY

JULIAN STANCAK  
Localized Sound



FRANCIS HEWITT  
Four One-Eyed Sandwiches



JOHN GOODYEAR  
*Shifting Reds*

ERIC NEWARK

want to make our paintings popular."

Much op art is removed from the artist's subjective discovery. It is the result of a mechanical muse, and the artist becomes a computer programmer churning out visual experiences. Some, like moiré patterns, suddenly reveal new sensations that man never knew were within his visible province. But is it therefore science and not art?

Perhaps. By analyzing wave lengths of visible light, scientists might well make the paintings on these pages. But they have not bothered, and if they had tried, the man-hours would have far outnumbered the time spent by artists using intuition. Still, what makes the end product not the same as waves on an oscilloscope? One artist has an answer. He is John Goodyear, 34, an associate professor of art at Rutgers University, whose work consists of gently moving colored lattices (*above*). Not as chilly an artist as most oppers, he lets his eight-year-old daughter pick his colors. Says Goodyear: "I want to include real space in my paintings, to squeeze it, negate it, play in it." From all that caprice, come surprises, and there is always the possibility of more. Says he, "These realities in some sense not conceived by man give us insight into a world which was certainly not conceived by man."

EDWIN MIECZKOWSKI  
*Adele's Class Ring*

MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY





## THE BIBLE

## A Book for All Creeds

Of making translations there is no end, at least where the Bible is concerned. This week appeared the first two volumes—*Genesis* and *The Epistles of James, Peter and Jude*—of a new version in English that is something of an ecclesiastical milestone. It is Doubleday's Anchor Bible, the first translation in history to combine the labors of Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish scholars. Edited by William Foxwell Albright of Johns Hopkins, a Methodist, and Presbyterian David Noel Freedman of San Francisco Theological Seminary, the Anchor Bible is intended for the scholar as well as for the general reader; each Anchor volume will include an elaborate introduction and commentary.

By assigning individual scholars to one or two books apiece, the editors hope to avoid some of the pitfalls that plague other modern versions. Bibles done by committee, such as the still unfinished New English Bible, often muffle their textual accuracy in tinned, corporate prose: one-man translations—Monsignor Ronald Knox's Roman Catholic version, for example—are often pleasing to read, but their eccentricities and errors make scholars wince. The credentials of the Anchor translators, who include seven Catholics, 15 Protestants and five Jews, are beyond dispute. Sweden's Bo Reicke, 50, who did *The Epistles*, was one of the first New Testament scholars to use the Dead Sea Scrolls in his research. The translator of *Genesis*, Ephraim Avigdor Speiser, 62, of the University of Pennsylvania, is one of the world's ranking Assyriologists and an editor of the recent Jewish Publication Society translation of the Torah.

**Sacred Texts.** For many people, any modern translation seems like an impiety. Orthodox Jews regard as sacred the Masoretic text of the Old Testament, which was established by rabbinical scholars between the 6th and 9th centuries after Christ. Many conservative Protestants feel the same way about the majestic prose of the King James Version—which also took many years to win acceptance among tradition-minded 17th century Christians.

In defense of the Anchor Bible, Editor Albright points out: "We have learned more about the Bible in the past 150 years than in all the previous centuries since its composition." The King James translators, for example, had only 16th century copies of New Testament manuscripts to work from; scholars today can consult papyrus fragments that date from within 60 years of Jesus' crucifixion.

The Anchor scholars have had to abandon some of the King James Version's most striking images, which often stemmed from misreadings of a corrupt

text. Gone from Speiser's *Genesis*, for example, is Joseph's coat of many colors. "It's a wonderful technicolored effect," says Speiser. "But we had to put it in mothballs. In those days everybody wore a coat of many colors. Besides, the Hebrew clearly states that he wore an ornamented tunic."

**Ready for Astronauts.** Editor Albright denies that it is intended to serve as a common Bible for Christians and Jews. Nonetheless, it does prove that there are no longer any denominational boundaries in Scriptural scholarship, and that at least a few of today's translators would not have been out of place on King James's team. Biblical experts of all faiths have particularly high praise for the crisp, idiomatic rendering of *Genesis* (see box) by Oriental-

ist Speiser, a Polish-born Jew who knew not a word of English until he was 18.

The publishers plan to issue the Anchor Bible in 38 volumes (price: between \$5 and \$7 each) at the rate of six a year, until 1970. Says Editor Freedman: "We want to have a set ready for our astronauts to take with them to the moon."

## EPISCOPALIANS

## An Ecclesiastical Lightning Rod

After the celebration of Holy Communion, the 180 bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church last week closed the doors of St. Louis' Christ Church Cathedral for a solemn secret ballot to elect one of their number as Presiding Bishop. They took less than an hour to make the choice: the Rt. Rev. John Elbridge Hines, 54, fourth bishop of the Diocese of Texas, with headquar-

## Genesis

## KING JAMES

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

Behold, thy dwelling shall be the firmness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above:

And by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.

Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall:

The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him.

The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.

And Jacob said to Rebekah his mother, Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man:

My father peradventure will feel me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiver; and I shall bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing.

And I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed;

Because that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws.

## ANCHOR

When God set about to create heaven and earth—the world being then a formless waste, with darkness over the seas and only an awesome wind sweeping over the water—God said, "Let there be light." And there was light.

[1: 1-3]

"Your home shall be far from the earth's riches  
And the dew of heaven above,  
By your sword you shall live,  
And your brother you shall serve.  
But as you grow restless,  
You shall throw off his yoke from your neck."

[27: 39-40]

Joseph is a wild colt,  
A wild colt by a spring,  
Wild asses on a hillside.  
Archers in their hostility  
Harried and attacked him.

[49: 22-23]

Blessings of grain-stalk and blossom  
Blessings of mountains eternal.  
The delights of hills everlasting,  
May they rest upon the head of Joseph,  
The crown of one set apart from his brothers!

[49: 26]

"But my brother Esau," Jacob said to his mother, "is a hairy man, and I am smooth-skinned! Suppose my father feels me? He will think me frivolous, and I shall bring on myself a curse instead of a blessing."

[27: 11-12]

And I will make your descendants as numerous as the stars in the sky, and give all these lands to your offspring, so that all the nations of the earth shall bless themselves by your offspring—all because Abraham heeded my call and kept my mandate: my commandments, my laws and my teachings.

[26: 4-5]

ters in Houston. Hines succeeds Bishop Arthur Lichtenberger, 64, now so wasted by Parkinson's disease that his farewell address, a stirring summons to renewal, had to be read for him.

**Ecumenism & Civil Rights.** Missouri's Bishop Lichtenberger was a forceful advocate of church engagement in ecumenism and civil rights. His views are shared by witty, athletic Bishop Hines, a native of South Carolina who was elevated to his see in 1955 after ten years as its coadjutor. The new chief spokesman for the nation's 3,500,000 Episcopalians is known to Texans as a "layman's bishop." Although his diocese is largely conservative in both politics and theology, Hines outspokenly supported racial integration in public schools; he has also angered many laymen by denouncing the John Birch Society and other groups on "the radical right." In 1961, after defending the right of California's maverick Bishop James A. Pike to describe the virgin birth as a myth, Hines withstood criticism with his usual equanimity. "A bishop," he shrugs, "is the lightning rod of the ecclesiastical heavens and sometimes must be prepared for shocks."

Until Hines's election, the major order of business at the Episcopalians' triennial general convention, most of the excitement in St. Louis had been generated by Bishop Pike. A onetime lawyer with a well-tested flair for infuriating conventional Episcopalians with his unconventional views, Pike declared in a sermon in St. Louis that to accept "historically conditioned" doctrines as eternal truths is nothing but "well-intentioned idolatry." One such doctrine is the Trinity, said Pike, since the meaning of the terms used to express it—three persons in one nature—has changed so much over the centuries that Christians now seem to be defending tritheism instead of the one God proclaimed by the Bible. The apostles had no doctrine of the Trinity, he reasoned, so why should it be necessary for the modern church? Urged Pike: "Let us attribute to God all that has heretofore been attributed to the three persons."

**A Martyr's Trial?** Put that way, Pike's proposal made a measure of sense—although the sermon probably confirmed the belief of his critics that Pike is a secret Unitarian. Snapped Bishop Edward Welles of West Missouri: "When Bishop Pike presumes unilaterally to declare the dogma of the Trinity to be nonessential, one wonders if he is not surrendering to a deep-rooted psychological compulsion to become a martyr. Perhaps he yearns to be tried for heresy?"

The chances of so formal a rebuke were small: the Episcopalians have not held a heresy trial since 1925. Nonetheless, some bishops felt that Pike should be urged to keep his controversial theological views to himself. Meanwhile, the convention delegates were occupied with the crowded agenda of their



BISHOPS HINES & LICHTENBERGER  
The ayes were for Texas.

meeting. Among other first-week resolutions, they:

► Condemned anti-Semitism as "a direct contradiction of Christian doctrine."

► Rejected a conservative move to withdraw the church from membership in the National Council of Churches.

## ROMAN CATHOLICS

### Cum Magno Dolore

Time and again throughout the Second Vatican Council, a few conservative officials of the Roman Curia have tried to block the bishops' ambitious efforts to reform and renew the Catholic Church. Time and again, the progressive-minded majority has suffered these tactics in silence and indecision. Last week, goaded by the most serious curial threat so far to the spirit of Vatican II, the bishops openly rebelled.

The latest curial maneuver came to light in a letter that Augustin Cardinal Bea gloomily read out to the bishops and theologians who serve on the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. Signed by Archbishop Pericle Felici, the council's secretary, the letter proposed that the somewhat lackluster declaration on anti-Semitism (TIM, Oct. 9), which a majority of bishops wishes to strengthen, should be reduced to a short chapter in the schema, *De Ecclesia* (On the Church). Felici also urged that a declaration on religious liberty be rewritten by a special committee of four bishops—three of them conservatives who had already spoken out against the declaration at the council.

**Ominous Title.** Felici's ambiguously phrased letter implied that these directions had come directly from Pope Paul VI himself. Actually, as Bea and his

secretariat soon discovered, the letter did not have papal approval. The suggestions had come from Amleto Cardinal Cignoni, who had no authority of his own to give the orders, despite his important roles as Vatican Secretary of State and president of the Council's Coordinating Commission.

When this became known, seven progressive cardinals, among them Albert Meyer of Chicago and Joseph Ritter of St. Louis, met at the Roman residence of Cologne's Joseph Cardinal Frings to draft a memo to the Pope ominously entitled *Cum Magno Dolore* (With Great Sorrow). It protested Felici's directives on the two declarations, as well as two other recent and repressive curial moves: a threat to end the council at the end of the current third session and an attempt to water down the passage in *De Ecclesia* defining the authority of the bishops over the church.

Cardinal Frings himself saw to it that the Pope got the memo, which was signed by 15 prelates. "You can be sure that it didn't go through the Secretary of State," said one priest. "There are other ways to get to the Pope—not many, but a few." One way that the cardinals had not counted on was a press leak. Acting on his own, Chilean Journalist Gaston Cruzat, head of the Latin American bishops' press panel, released the memo's contents to Rome reporters.

The bishops' letter apparently proved effective. In interviews with Bea and Frings, Paul VI agreed that the Christian Unity office would hear the major responsibility for revising the two declarations, said also that the bishops themselves could decide whether a fourth session was necessary. Nonetheless, some Roman observers feared that there might be further attempts to render the declarations ineffective.

**Common Prayer.** On the floor of St. Peters, meanwhile, the bishops continued to approve aspects of reform unforeseeable a decade ago—and to demand still more. Modifying the church's centuries-old stand against *communio in sacris*, they agreed that Catholics under certain circumstances could receive the sacraments from Orthodox priests and participate in some common prayer services with Protestants. A majority of speakers also demanded drastic revision of two schemata that council officials hoped would skate by with a minimum of debate. A timid document on the laity was denounced for emphasizing a narrowly churchly brand of Catholic action under episcopal control. Bishops also attacked a schema on the priesthood that woefully emphasized obedience and duty rather than clerical rights.

As for the proposed fourth session—which may be called next spring—the will of the council was expressed when Brazil's Archbishop Fernando Gomes dos Santos argued that it was absolutely necessary. The response was a round of applause that the session's moderator had to gavel down.



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## BROADWAY

## Man of Two Worlds

One reason he was so inimitable is that few songwriters have ever traveled in the places and circles that Cole Porter made his natural world. He was born rich. He was educated to his manicured fingertips. He spent his best years lounging in wing collars against exotic backgrounds with the sleekest peacocks of two worlds.

Porter found his songs wherever he went. Once in Samoa, on a round-the-world cruise, he saw a native dance that had a rhythm too insistent to be forgotten. Back aboard ship, he turned it into *Begin the Beguine*. A few morn-



COLE PORTER IN 1954

*Splendid, terrific and delimit.*

ings later, Monty Woolley, who was traveling in Porter's party, stepped out on deck in his pajamas and greeted the day, saying: "It's delovely." Porter thought the line was delightful. Delicious, in fact. Delirious. Delimit.

**Bow-Wow-Wow.** Material came from home too. When Ethel Merman sang the funny patter song *By the Mississippine* in 1943's *Something for the Boys*, she was singing about the river that flowed through the 750-acre property in rural Indiana, where Cole Porter was raised. His father was an Indiana fruitgrower, and his grandfather was a coal and timber baron worth \$50 million. As a boy, Porter was a prodigy who was writing songs before he was ten. When he got to Yale (class of 1913), he immortalized the college mascot: Yalemen will remember him forever as the chap who wrote "Bulldog, bulldog, bow, wow, wow, Eli Yale."

He went on to Harvard Law School, playing the piano for anyone who would listen. In World War I, he joined the French Foreign Legion, emerged in 1919 to marry a sparkling debutante, Linda Lee Thomas, whose wealth

matched his own. In the next two decades, he skimmed along in the clear blue, living his international life often at a pace of seven parties per night, residing now at his retreat in the Berkshires, now in his Paris town house, now in his glass palacette in Los Angeles, now in his palazzo in Venice, now in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers, where he kept two suites, one for work and one for play.

**You're the Top.** Despite the distractions, smash musical after smash musical kept materializing on the quires of composition paper he kept in his luggage. By 1937, he had done 15 of them.



SCENE FROM "KISS ME, KATE"

including *Paris*, *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, *Red, Hot and Blue*, and *Anything Goes*, the show which contained a lyric whose rhymes and similes transfigured the art and cast the moon-June school into lasting shade:

*You're the Nile, you're the Tower of Pisa,  
You're the smile of the Mona Lisa  
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck,  
a flop.  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top!*

Then one day, in the fall of 1937, he was riding with a couple of titled Europeans on the bridge paths of Long Island's Piping Rock Club. His horse reared, threw him, fell on him, and smashed his legs so badly that bone protruded through the skin. For the rest of his life he was in pain. He lived much of the time in a wheelchair and on crutches.

Many people had thought he was made of the same gossamer he had written about in *Just One of Those*

With Patricia Morison & Alfred Drake

*Things*. But the tragedy of his legs revealed the considerable man he was. He put his piano on blocks so that he could work from his wheelchair, and went on writing. With music and language intermingling in his mind at the time of writing, he melded rather than matched his words to the rhythm and tone of his tunes. He innovated. While everyone else was writing 16-bar verses and 32-bar choruses, Porter became noted for the long song, sometimes going over 100 bars. *Begin the Beguine* and *Night and Day* are structured as artfully as a classical sonata, the theme elaborated and subtly expanded each time it returns, developed until it finally crests and crashes in soul-satisfying splendor.

**Stuff for Stars.** To supply his mercurial lyrics, he kept rhyming dictionaries beside him, but he was even more attentive to the individual equipment of his performing stars. It was his belief, for example, that Ethel Merman could sing the word *terrible* like no other creature. So he let her sing it:

*Some get a kick from cocaine.*

*I'm sure that if*

*I had even one sniff*

*It would bore me terrifically, too.*

*Yn I get a kick out of you.*

He knew a saucy siren when one came along: so for Mary Martin in 1938's *Leave It to Me*, he wrote:

*While tearin' off a game of golf*

*I may make a play for the caddy.*

*But when I do, I don't follow through*

*'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy.*

His masterpiece was 1948's *Kiss Me, Kate*. It was an intricately structured play within a play about an acting company doing *The Taming of the Shrew*. Its brilliant polish, erudite humor, unbuttoned bawdiness and elevated style were sum and summary of Porter's professional posture. He was, when he wanted to be, Rabelais in a cutaway, rippling with educated crudities:

*Better mention The Merchant of Venice*

*When her sweet pound o' flesh you would menace.*

*When your baby is pleading for pleasure*

*Let her sample your Measure for Measure.*

But *Kate* was not a one- or two-song show. Its score was memorable from beginning to end, and its lyrics never flagged, from *Why Can't You Behave?* and *Always True to You in My Fashion* to *Wonderbar* and *Where Is the Life That Late I Led?*

Porter shelled out about \$1,000 and took 97 people to see his show on opening night. He returned more than a dozen times, always with big parties of friends. When he wrote something, he knew it was great, and no one enjoyed a Cole Porter show more than he did.

Last week, at 71, Cole Porter died in Santa Monica. There was no reasonable sadness in his death. For the last ten years, since the death of his wife, he had lived alone and away from people.

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But his life is permanent in melody. "The man was a school in himself," said a young Broadway lyricist when he heard the news last week. "A school with no students. Other songwriters can be imitated, but not Cole Porter."

### OPERA

#### Behind the Nervous Curtain

To open its 80th season, the Metropolitan Opera last week mounted a lavish new production of an old operatic warhorse, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Designer Attilio Colonello created massive settings of gnarled, Sequoia-size trees and great Scottish castles. Costumes were dazzlingly extravagant. The male leads, swathed in layer upon layer of brocades, silks and laces, looked like overweight peacocks, but dashingly so. The staging was stodgy, consisting mainly of pose-striking.

But no matter. Opening-night audiences at the Met are notorious for their detachment from the proceedings on-stage. Milling in the corridors, crowding the bars, they wish everyone "Happy season, darling" and skip out early. But then came Joan Sutherland singing the title role, and the detachment turned to enchantment.

**Commuters of Rush Hour.** With strong backing from Baritone Robert Merrill, beginning his 21st season with the Met in fine vocal fettle, and Tenor Sandor Konya, the flame-haired coloratura's performance was a masterpiece of bel canto. In the climactic Mad Scene, in which she sings a duologue with a fluttering solo flute, her glittering coloratura runs, leaps and trills won a standing ovation and 14 curtain calls. "I love all those demented old dames of the old operas," she says. "They're loony, but the music's wonderful."

The following evening offered Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, 49, making her belated debut at the Met singing the demanding role of the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*. Blondly radiant, and in sure control of her pure soprano, grown a shade harder over the years, Schwarzkopf proved that her Marschallin is still the most memorable since Lotte Lehmann's in the 1930s.

**Ominous Cloud.** In addition to *Lucia*, the Met is mounting new productions of *Samson et Delila* and *Salome*. In January, Leontyne Price will sing *Cosi fan Tutte* for the first time, followed by the conducting debut of William Steinberg (TSM, Sept. 11) two months later. In March, after an absence of seven years, Maria Callas will make her long-awaited return to the Met to sing *Lucia*.

With *Lucia* and *Rosenkavalier*, the Metropolitan was off to a good start. But one ominous cloud remained. There is a threat that the musician's union will call a strike on Nov. 1 if contract demands are not met. With no easy solution in sight, there is a very real possibility that the curtain may ring down on the Met before it is really up.

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## BIOCHEMISTRY

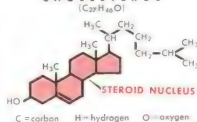
### The Secrets of Cholesterol

First, incomplete medical research suggested that a mysterious substance called cholesterol was a root cause of much artery disease and many heart attacks. Then, after more complicated studies, the researchers said no, maybe cholesterol itself was not very important. The one conclusion that the public could safely draw was that medical science needed to learn a great deal more about what cholesterol does, where it comes from and how and where it goes. For taking innumerable small but important steps toward that vital goal, two biochemists, an American and a German, last week shared the 1964 Nobel Prize (worth \$53,000) in physiology and medicine.

**Four-Ring Cluster.** The American is Harvard's Konrad Emil Bloch, 52, who came to biochemistry via chemical engineering. Early in his research Dr. Bloch learned that most of the cholesterol in the bodies of both animals and men comes not from cholesterol in food (though butterfat, egg yolks and meat fats contain much of it) but from built-in cholesterol factories. These factories are mainly in the liver, but many of the body's other cells can make some cholesterol. To discover how they do it, Dr. Bloch had to go back to the biochemical beginning.

Cholesterol is a steroid, one of a huge and diverse class of chemicals—including many fatty substances and most adrenal and sex hormones—having one thing in common: a four-ring cluster of carbon atoms, known as "the steroid nucleus." Other attached atoms give each steroid its distinctive character (see diagram). By growing rat-liver cells in the test tube, Dr. Bloch learned that they make cholesterol from the much simpler acetate ion (acetic acid minus a hydrogen ion). "My work since then," he says, "has been on the

## CHOLESTEROL



processes that the cell uses to manufacture the cholesterol molecule. This is a fantastically complex sequence of approximately 36 biochemical reactions." Bloch adds with a grin: "It was a great temptation to call it 'The 39 Steps,' and it may turn out that there are 39, but we were afraid this might be lost on the younger generation."

Born a German in Neisse (now in Poland), Bloch graduated from Munich's Technische Hochschule in 1934. Because he was a Jew, he was not al-

lowed to continue his studies. He spent two years in Switzerland, came to the U.S. in 1936, got his Ph.D. at Columbia in 1939, was naturalized in 1944. After an eight-year stint at the University of Chicago, he became Harvard's Higgins professor of biochemistry.

**Firm Foundation.** Feodor Lynen, 53, head of biochemistry at the University of Munich and director of the Max-Planck-Institut für Zellchemie, is the son of a chemistry professor and married to the daughter of another, Heinrich Wieland, who won a Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1927. For years, until after World War II, Lynen's cholesterol work paralleled Bloch's without either man's knowing what the other was doing. When they began to publish results, it became clear that the two labs were working toward the same goal, but their approaches were different, and Dr. Lynen's Nobel citation singled out an aspect of his work that definitely does not overlap Bloch's: "His recent discovery of the biochemistry by which the vitamin biotin acts, which is fundamental in lipid [fat] metabolism, is in itself a discovery with the most far-reaching implications."

Sweden's Royal Caroline Institute, the medical school that is responsible for selecting Nobel winners in physiology and medicine, was understandably careful not to go out on a limb because of the raging controversies over cholesterol and cooking fats. But it declared: "Circulatory diseases are the foremost cause of death in many areas of the world. The great majority of these cases have a gravely disturbed lipid metabolism. The prerequisite for correcting a faulty function is to know the intimate details of the mechanisms involved. The therapy against these circulatory diseases and related disturbances in steroid hormone metabolism will in the future rest upon the firm foundation laid by Bloch and Lynen."

## OPHTHALMOLOGY

### Sight from Dog and Dogfish

The cornea of the eye is one part of the body that can be transplanted from one human being to another without touching off the immune reaction or rejection mechanism which dooms most skin and organ grafts. Because of this cornea capability, "eye banks" have helped surgeons restore vision to tens of thousands. But at best the banks have difficulty matching supply with demand, and in many parts of the world, where religious scruples intervene, eye banks cannot even get started. Why not use animal corneas?

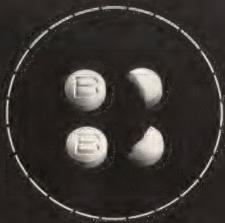
Professor Paul Payrau of Paris has been doing just that, he told a World Congress on the Cornea in Washington. First, of course, he tried grafting corneas from animal to animal. He got mixed results, but enough encouragement to try the technique on human patients. Pig corneas were no good because after transplantation they became



NOBEL WINNER LYNEN  
... may turn out to be 39.



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utes two Bufferin deliver twice as much pure pain reliever as two aspirin. That's why two Bufferin and two aspirin look alike in your hand... not to your headache. Take Bufferin.





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A small shark will also serve.

opaque. But corneas from a large variety of dogs have remained transparent in 50% of Dr. Payrau's cases. Size is unimportant since only a segment of the human cornea is replaced. Dogs' eyes even have an advantage over humans': the dog never suffers from inflammation and scarring of the cornea due to infection with the herpes simplex (fever blister) virus. Human corneas are vulnerable to this virus.

Dr. Payrau has also had some success with calf corneas, though they usually do not retain so much transparency as those of dogs. But his most exotic source of supply is a species of small shark, the lesser spotted dogfish (*Scyllorhinus caniculus*). Its cornea has the advantage of not swelling in water, which made it attractive to Dr. Payrau for patients whose eyes leak fluid, though it is thin and fragile and retains only moderate transparency.

More work is needed before fish-eye transplants become routine, said Dr. Payrau, but he believes that dog corneas should now be used in emergencies when human corneas are not available.

## CLINICS

### The Court of Last Resort

Ever since the early years of the 20th century, the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., has enjoyed a reputation as "the court of last resort" for the sick from all parts of the world. When their own doctors despaired of them, or when they despaired of their doctors, patients traveled to the little prairie town and there awaited the word of Mayo's medical sages with the same faith and assurance that the ancients carried to the shrine of the oracle at Delphi. Even today, when the U.S. has at least a dozen similar medical centers capable of giving equally competent care, the mystique of "Mayo's" persists.

Ready for an idea. This year, the clinic has a centennial to celebrate: its fame traces back to 1864, when English-

born General Practitioner William Worrall Mayo began practicing in Rochester. After Dr. Mayo went into partnership with his two surgeon sons, William James and Charles Horace, the Episcopalian Mayos formed a close working relationship with Roman Catholic St. Mary's Hospital. Soon, other physicians joined the Mayos in what would now be called group practice. They offered the patient complete medical care for practically any condition—an idea for which the U.S. was apparently ready.

In 1914 the Mayos opened the first building that was formally designated the Mayo Clinic. They were then treating 30,000 patients a year. Now the clinic handles 220,000. It is the place where Lou Gehrig went when other doctors had given up. (Mayo's confirmed the hopeless diagnosis.) It is the place where Lyndon Baines Johnson had one kidney stone removed by manipulation and another by surgery. It is the place to which Clara Bow, the "It" girl of the '20s, went when she was failing in the '40s, and to which Prince Feisal, now Premier of Saudi Arabia, went for an ulcer checkup.

**Willing to Listen.** Whoever he is, wherever he comes from, the Mayo patient is made to feel that he is someone special. Long, impersonal lines may wind through the corridors as patients wait their turn for X ray or blood test, but once that turn comes, the individual is all-important. Each patient, no matter whether he arrived on his own or was sent by his doctor, is assigned a single "personal physician" out of the 120 internists at the clinic. The internist sees his patient briefly at first; then a medical history is taken by a "fellow"—a young M.D. who has finished his internship and is serving a residency at Mayo's.

Next, the internist does his own thor-

ough physical examination, and adds more data to the history. He confers with the fellow and checks his findings before reporting to the patient. He is never hurried. Countless Mayo patients report gratefully: "This is the first time I've seen a doctor who was willing to listen, and then talk and explain things." Although Mayo's uses the most modern business-machine methods for handling data, it succeeds, far better than most big-city hospitals, better even than many private physicians, in maintaining a warm and intensely personal patient-doctor relationship.

**A Bonus for Trust.** The clinic is sometimes criticized on the grounds that it practices only what is already known in medicine and adds little to the sum of knowledge through research. This is partly true, because Mayo's formerly saw its primary function as the application of research to practice. Today it is making a concerted effort to step up research. There are complaints, too, that fees are high. But the truth is that they run about the same as in any good medical center for the same services. All the doctors are on salary, and they would not gain a penny by piling extras on the patient's bill.

With its 374 staff physicians and 654 resident fellows, Mayo's is the biggest medical plant of its kind in the world, though it still has no hospital of its own and wants none—its surgeons are satisfied to treat patients in the available nearby hospitals. It has not only survived the death of its founders (the brothers Mayo both died in 1939), but has grown far beyond their rosiest expectations. There is still an almost magical healing power in the Mayo name, but this is a bonus for the trusting patient. The treatment he gets is solidly grounded in the best of medical knowledge and practice.

OPPOSITE PAGE—WINNEPESKA HUNTER; THIS PAGE



AERIAL VIEW OF THE MAYO COMPLEX

Where to go after the doctor despairs.



THE LATE DR. WILL MAYO



# Texaco's New Havoline has Reserve Lubrication: more lubrication than the other 6 top premium motor oils



## Who needs it?

You do. Because lubrication fails in more cars' engines than drivers realize. When it does, actual spot welding occurs. You never know it happens, though, because the power of the engine breaks the weld immediately. Jagged metal can be left to rip and gouge precision parts. Soon your car is burning more oil, guzzling more gasoline than it should.

## Here's proof!



1. In a regular industry test of motor oil, four steel balls are protected with the oil to be tested.



2. New Havoline is used on the right... a top competitive premium oil on the left.



3. The same extreme pressure is applied to both in these machines. Pressure that's actually designed to break the limits of lubrication.



4. Friction causes the balls to actually weld together with the competitive oil. The same thing happened when the 5 other leading competitive oils were used.



5. Under the same conditions Texaco's New Havoline, now with Reserve Lubrication, keeps right on lubricating. That's lubrication you can trust.



6. Trust your car to the man who wears the star... get Texaco's New All-Temperature Havoline Motor Oil. (Exceeds all car manufacturers' requirements.)



## Kansas Trucker Gets \$2,710.96 Extra Profit Per Rig With General Dual Super G's

The straight facts are these: Lee Roundy Feed & Grain, Inc., (Anthony, Kansas) had been rolling 20 ton tractor trailer payloads to the West Coast. The original tires were giving 90,000 to 100,000 miles of good service. No problems. Fleet owner Lee Roundy was happy.

Then, we introduced the Dual Super G belted, radial cord Truck Tire. Roundy saw it, figured it was worth the price, and put the Super G on four of their rigs. Now, here comes the most important part: Those Super G's rolled 242,000 original tread

miles! And, they're still in service! Keep reading... there's more. Super G's cut Roundy's fuel cost by 15%. (On the mileage they ran, they saved 8,600 gallons of fuel... worth \$2,216!)

Now, there are more savings to this story... 40% fewer flats and easier riding loads are only a few of them. But, we figure any tire that can add \$2,710.96 extra profit per rig per year to a fleet owner's books is worth looking at personally, don't you? Check your General Tire Dealer now. General Super G Truck Tires build your profits, where ever you roll!

**Only your General Tire Specialist has this steel-belted, radial ply profit maker... General Dual Super G. See him now!**



# U.S. BUSINESS

## WALL STREET

### Strength in the Clutch

The stock market usually plunges on news of ominous or unsettling events—as it did for the Korean War, the Eisenhower heart attack, the Cuban missile crisis, the Kennedy assassination—and it usually takes days or even weeks to regain its equilibrium. Last week certainly produced enough news to unsettle Wall Street, but this time the market's reaction was different. Despite the Jenkins scandal, the Kremlin overthrow, the Chinese bomb and Labor's victory in Britain, the market dipped for only a few hours, quickly reversed direction, and by week's end had made up practically all its losses.

**Dropped Napkins.** The market historically drops on bad news because bad news means uncertainty about the future—and uncertainty raises the investor's fears and deprives him of a sound basis for making decisions. Usually it is the small investors who give in to instinct and drive the market down, though the normally calm professionals had a major part in the sell-off after Kennedy's assassination. Last week Wall Street blamed the public for selling again on bad news, but the public also deserved some credit for being a lot more sensible than usual in its appraisal of the situation.

Just as brokers were debating the effects of the Jenkins scandal, the news of the Kremlin upheaval came over the public-address system at the New York Stock Exchange's private luncheon club. Brokers dropped their napkins and scurried to telephone their offices, where orders to sell were already piling

up. In the next two hours the Dow-Jones industrial average plunged more than 11 points, to 861, and the high-speed ticker ran up to 27 minutes late. Professionals and the big institutions quickly moved in to shop for bargains, helped the market recoup half its loss by day's end. Next day, despite the news from Peking and London, the small investors came back in and bought so heavily that the market gained 5 points. At week's end the Dow-Jones closed at 873, only 5 points short of the alltime record set the previous week.

**Reinforcement.** The U.S. investor's refusal to be shaken for long by unforeseen events reflected both his growing sophistication and his broad confidence in the future of the economy. Despite the continuance of local strikes at General Motors and a walkout by workers at American Motors, that optimism was reinforced last week by reports of rising profits, record dividend payments, and the Commerce Department's announcement that the gross national product rose by \$8.9 billion in the third quarter to a record annual rate of \$627.5 billion.

The increasing talk about inflation also tends to buoy the market, of course. Last week Robert V. Roosa, Under Secretary of the Treasury, told a meeting of the Business Council that he believed the labor settlements in the auto industry had "probably been too big." Most important, the Federal Reserve Board's announcement that industrial production in September rose to 133.9% of the 1957-59 average meant that the U.S. economy had expanded for the 43rd consecutive month.



MOVING ORDERS AT WEEDEN  
Selling at bargain rates.

### That Third Market

When Keith Funston goes to Washington, he is usually seeking less regulation of the nation's securities markets, not more. Last week, testifying before the Securities and Exchange Commission, the president of the New York Stock Exchange urged tighter rules for a controversial sector of the business. He was aiming at the "third market" (the other two: the exchanges and the over-the-counter market, which deals in unlisted stocks), a sort of discount house that handles off-the-floor trading in stocks listed on the New York or American exchanges. Its more than \$2 billion volume is still small compared with the regular exchanges (about 3% of the Big Board's), but the third market is growing steadily—and has so far escaped nearly all the regulations imposed on the exchanges. Funston wants the SEC, which has been holding hearings on the third market, to compel it to play by roughly the same rules as the others.

**Moving Large Blocks.** The third market got started some years ago when such institutional investors as pension funds, insurance companies, mutual funds and banks were permitted by law to expand their holdings into common stocks. The bond houses that had been serving them gradually broadened their services to meet their customers' new needs, thus forming the core of the new market. It is now dominated by seven firms, but the Big Three are Blyth & Co., First Boston Corp. and Weedon & Co., all in Manhattan. Actually, the exchanges and the third market are quite different. While they are public auction places for company shares, it operates through a series of private, negotiating transactions, publishes no price quotations and has no central authority.

The third market's steadiest customers are still institutions and stockbrokers



MANHATTAN BROKERAGE HOUSE AFTER KREMLIN SHAKEUP  
Getting more sophisticated.

who are not members of an exchange. Because institutions usually buy and sell large blocks of stock, they use the third market to bypass the exchanges and thus move the big blocks without upsetting the market price. They also like the bargain rates. Most third market firms keep on hand an inventory of widely traded stocks (Weeden's inventory of 210 listed stocks amounts to about \$12 million), which they offer to customers at a flat price based on the exchanges' last quotation plus a small fraction of a point—which nearly always amounts to less than a regular commission.

**Closer Scrutiny.** The New York Stock Exchange complains that such backdoor operations are unduly secretive and siphon off stocks that otherwise would be available to the general public. Unlike floor specialists, third market dealers are also under no restrictions against dumping inventories when the market is falling. The exchange is even more upset over the commissions its member firms are losing to the third market. If the exchange wanted to, however, it could check the third's growth in one stroke: by offering commission discounts on large-volume transactions. Under the pressure of competition, the exchange has begun to review the possibility of doing just that.

Third market dealers insist that the competition they give the exchanges is healthy, and the SEC seems to agree. In its Special Stock Market Study Report last year, the SEC found that "the third market has been, on balance, beneficial to investors and the public interest." Nonetheless, the Government has plans to bring the market under closer scrutiny—though not as close as the exchange would like. By year's end, the SEC is expected to impose new rules requiring that third market firms identify the stocks in which they deal and make quarterly reports on all their off-board trading.

## MANAGEMENT

### Fasten Executive Belts

Chairman C. R. Smith had picked a man for the presidency of American Airlines, which became vacant fortnight ago when Marion Sadler quit in frustration and took off on a hunting trip in New England. And who was Sadler's successor? Why, it was Marion Sadler himself. No explanations were offered, no pronouncements delivered. Smith simply flashed one of his familiar, terse memos, known to insiders as "Smithgrams," to puzzled employees: "Good news! Mr. Marion Sadler is back at his desk this morning with the usual duties."

The return of the intense, volatile Sadler, 53, came after long talks with Smith, American's real boss, whose pride was hurt when Sadler walked out. Sadler became president of American last January as Smith's heir apparent, quit after repeated run-ins with rival



AMERICAN'S SADLER & SMITHGRAM  
How to succeed yourself.

executives. Before he would return, he apparently obtained from Smith reassurances of his authority as president, including clear command of flight operations, personnel, marketing and advertising; his \$70,000 salary may also have been sweetened.

The third man in this triangle was off vacationing in Europe. He is William J. Hogan, executive vice president and, as financial chief, Sadler's main antagonist. Up till now, Hogan has been, in effect, co-president with Sadler. In the weeks ahead all seat belts at American will be fastened tight for more heavy executive weather.

### The Lost Founder

California's Litton Industries has grown into an \$860 million electronics-based business since it was started in 1953 by three refugees from the Howard Hughes empire. Its stock has zoomed from 10¢ a share to \$75 (value after splits: \$300), making millions for its founders: Charles ("Tex") Thornton, board chairman; Roy Ash, president; and Hugh W. Jamieson, who left in 1958 to found his own company. This year Litton has enjoyed its most substantial growth to date, ceaselessly acquiring new companies to add to its list. One thing Litton does not want to acquire is a fourth founder—and last week it was fighting off that possibility in a court case that is being watched with fascination by California industry.

The man who claims to be an unrecognized founder is Emmett T. Steele, who is suing Thornton, Ash and Jamieson for about \$20 million in a Los Angeles court on charges that he was defrauded of his rightful share of Litton stock. Steele, 45, left his job at

Hughes Aircraft about the time the others did in 1953, joined Litton as director of military relations. He charges that he helped the group buy the firm's small predecessor company from Charles Litton, and that an agreement was made to split the founders' stock into five parts—two for Thornton and one each for Jamieson, Ash and Steele. As it turned out, Thornton got at least 144,000 shares, Steele only 10,000. According to Litton's lawyers, Steele was fired in 1959 after telling Tex Thornton that he planned to sue for a bigger share.

Litton's defense claims that Steele was just a minor executive "who helped entertain visiting firemen," wryly concedes only that Steele, a onetime manager of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, "was and perhaps is a very proficient tennis player." The jury will hear evidence over the next few months from 59 witnesses, including Charles Litton and contentious Noah Dietrich. Hughes's longtime right-hand man (they broke up): the onetime boss of the four men in the case, Dietrich will testify for Steele. The trial is sure to produce a lot of heat, and has already confirmed one standard of modern corporate life. In seeking to prove that Steele was really not an important executive, Litton's attorneys pointed out what they obviously thought was a clincher: Steele did not have a company car, while Thornton did, and Thornton's office was "much larger, better equipped, had private convenience facilities." Translation: Tex Thornton had an executive washroom.

## RETAILING

### The Ubiquitous Salesman

Few Americans can move very far from home these days without running into a squat, silent (except for a few rumbles) salesman who has become an unbelievable success by indulging its customers' penchant for convenience, impulse buying and gadgetry. The salesman is the ubiquitous vending machine, before which Americans stoop, bow and jingle coins as if it were a roadside shrine. The machines usually come through, too, and with less fist-pounding than ever before. Some 4,500,000 of them—or one for every 43 Americans—now dispense everything from gum to gardenias to greeting cards at the drop of a coin.

The vending machines also dispense a very nice profit, as the industry's owners testified in Chicago this week at a meeting of the National Automatic Merchandising Association. The association's prediction: the industry's 1964 sales will rise 9%, to \$3.5 billion. Some 6,200 companies now blanket the field, but vending is dominated by eleven major manufacturing or operating companies—and each of the eleven expects higher profits this year. Says Universal Match Corp. President Thomas B. Don-



JACK DANIEL'S NEW SAWMILL makes it a little easier for us when we make the charcoal that smooths out our sippin' whiskey.

We always smooth out our whiskey with Charcoal Mellowing just the way Jack Daniel did. And that calls for seeping every drop down through 10 feet of rick-burned, hard maple charcoal. So when our old sawmill gave out, we built this one. We even put in a sawdust burner, and now our sawyers don't have to shovel up sawdust and carry it away. But you can count on their making sure that's the only change.



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TIME, OCTOBER 23, 1964

101





U.C.I.A. STUDENTS LUNCHING FROM VENDING MACHINES  
A symbol of mobility.

ahue, whose company is the leading cigarette- and candy-machine supplier: "Vending is more and more a key part of America's mobile image. The industry has never been in better shape."

**Hoodlums & Hopefuls.** Gum Maker Thomas Adams introduced vending 76 years ago with penny machines on New York City's elevated platforms. The industry blossomed in World War II, with jerry-built soft-drink and snack dispensers in three-shift war plants. But post-war prospects attracted underworld hoodlums and undercapitalized hopefuls. The industry was overbuilt, and fell into such bad repute that long-range credit was difficult to obtain.

Vending as an industry was saved by widespread shakeouts, new directions and new types of machines. Many small operators dropped out, unable to compete for locations or cough up \$2,000 for a single, modern coffee dispenser. In the last five years, 400 mergers have taken place. Meanwhile new mechanical marvels have lured more nickels and dimes. Coffee, the most profitable product (2.8 billion cups last year), percolated higher sales and earnings with the introduction of single-cup, variable-strength mixers. Soft drinks in cups, an impulse purchase, boomed with the introduction of cracked ice to the machines. Cigarettes, the largest sales item (4.2 billion packs last year from 863,000 machines), actually gained from the cancer scare: wishful smokers stopped carton purchases, tried to cut down with one-at-a-time packs from machines.

**150,000 Cows.** Universal Match this week unveiled a machine that deals out 22 brands of cigarettes at chest level, thus eliminating stooping. At Wheaton, Md. last week, the U.S. Post Office opened a vending-machine post office in a shopping center, complete with bill changers and stamp, envelope and postcard dispensers. Vending companies are working to crack the soft-

goods market, which, apart from hosiery and handkerchief machines, has so far resisted broad mechanization.

The biggest trend in vending is toward more involvement with food other than the usual cookies and soft drinks. Convinced that customers will never go for automatic full-course meals, many vendors have recently acquired catering operations, tying in manually served main dishes with vended soup, salad and dessert. The vending industry is making huge strides in the \$20-billion-a-year school-lunch field, where banks of vending machines have replaced hot meals in many high schools and colleges; this year, 107 Southern California schools converted from cafeterias to vending machines. The industry already has a machine that offers milk shakes, and another that serves hot pizza. Vendo Co. of Kansas City, the nation's biggest supplier of machines, figures that its machines take all the daily production in ice cream, dairy products and milk of 150,000 cows.

## GOVERNMENT

### Amended #137.5 (a) Gratuities

With its \$47 billion annual budget, the Pentagon is the world's richest customer—but it is unavailable for lunch. That was the frustrating future faced last week by both military brass and defense-industry businessmen as a result of a new directive (Amended #137.5 (a) Gratuities) by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's command post. The directive, which replaces the individual judgment by which officers have hitherto been allowed to operate, specifically forbids them to accept not only gifts and gratuities but that pillar of modern U.S. society, the expense-account lunch. "This thing is absurd," says Louisiana Congressman F. Edward Hébert. "It means officers can't accept a Coke or a ham sandwich. It says in effect that an admiral can be bribed by

a lunch." Cried an anguished aircraft-company representative: "It's an infringement of my civil rights."

The Pentagon's men usually do somewhat better than sandwiches and Cokes. The capital's swankiest restaurants abound with credit-card-packing contractors wining and dining hungry procurement colonels. During conventions of military officers' associations, it has become standard practice for defense firms to pick up the tab for convention banquets. Companies also maintain "hospitality suites" in convention hotels where tired brass can booze or snooze.

The Pentagon felt that all this had got out of hand when left to individual discretion, but its proscription of expense-account lunches along with gifts made many Washingtonians wonder how defense business would be conducted at all. Few officers want to return permanently to taking lunch at the Pentagon's dreary, stand-up snack bars, and neither they nor the lobbyists are likely to revolutionize their lunching habits until there is a test case of the new rule.

In symbolic irony, the new rule takes effect the day before Thanksgiving. A free load will still be permitted in some cases, of course. An officer may lunch at a defense plant, where it would be impossible for him to pay, or he or a relative may accept a memento advertising a defense product. The penalty for the latter is considerable, however, since it involves a detailed report to the Pentagon within 48 hours, even if the report is only about that model airplane that a manufacturer gave to Junior. Reason: "Favors, gratuities, or entertainment bestowed upon members of the immediate families of DoD personnel are viewed in the same light . . . no matter how innocently tendered or received."



OFFICERS AT PENTAGON SNACKBAR  
A sense of absurdity.

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GENERAL MOTORS CLIMATE CONTROL . . .

IT BRINGS YOU A WONDERFUL  
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AND YOU ENJOY IT EVERY DAY YOU DRIVE!



You're due for an extra big thrill any day you pull away in a new car with Harrison four-season climate control! In the summertime you'll ride cool as a breeze . . . in the wintertime warm as toast. In spring and fall the inside temperature's always just right. And with four-season's conditioned air, dirt, pollen and excess humidity are removed . . . insects, wind and noise stay out. Nervous strain disappears . . . you feel great . . . arrive looking well-groomed, too. What a terrific way to go places every day! Before you buy, try four-season climate control at your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick dealer's—or Comfort Control at your Cadillac dealer's.

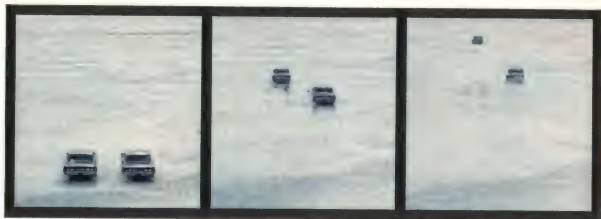
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## USS Special Report: U.S. Steel previews a remarkable ice show

The two cars in the pictures are identical with one exception. The car on the right is equipped with standard snow tires. The car on the left wears the same tires except that hundreds of tiny steel wire fingers are imbedded in the tread. At a signal, drivers try to get them moving on the frozen lake. The car with the steel wire traction tires pulls steadily away.

These experimental high traction tires are the result of a joint development by U.S. Steel and a major tire manufacturer. Tests on glare ice have proved that they

able high traction tires a tryout on ice when they're on the market.

U.S. Steel has been introducing an average of two new or improved products each month, and we regularly suggest innovations in the use of all steel products. Do business with U.S. Steel—where the big idea is innovation. United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.



have at least 100% more traction than the same snow tires without the wire—often even much more with ice temperature in the 28° to 32° range.

The secret is a wire traction unit innovated by U.S. Steel wire specialists. The wire is "braided" with four double barbs to an inch, all pointing outward when imbedded in the tread. The wire unit provides hundreds of tiny steel claws to grip the ice. Traction is doubled, but tire wear and noise are about the same as standard snow tires. Stay off frozen lakes, but don't hesitate to give these remark-



USS United States Steel

# WORLD BUSINESS

## MIDDLE EAST

### Beirut: The Suez of Money

Lying fat and silky beneath the Mediterranean sun, Beirut is an oasis of prosperity in the Arab Middle East. Tiny Lebanon's flamboyant capital sprouts new buildings like palm trees, boasts more Mercedeses than mullahs, lures thousands of tourists and happily shares its year-round sunshine with courtesans in bikinis as well as desert Arabs in burnouses. But Beirut's most beneficent climate is the climate of trade, the heritage of its Phoenician forebears. In the Levantine landscape nothing seems to grow faster or greener than the city's banks.

Beirut is the world's newest and fastest-rising financial center. In the last decade it has expanded its banking business by 1,000%—and it shows no signs of slowing. Climbing above its clangorous, double-parked streets are more than 100 banks, including 41 foreign branches and offices as diverse as Moscow's Narodny Bank and the Bank of America. Since July, Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty and Irving Trust have both leased offices in Beirut. The First National Banks of Boston and Chicago are negotiating to open outlets, and another 13 banks have recently been incorporated. Says Lebanese Banking Association President Pierre Edde, whose growing Beirut Riyad Bank is moving into a new ten-story building: "Beirut handles capital like the Suez Canal handles ships."

**Saud & Hussein.** Because it is both the cosmopolitan gateway to the Middle East and an island of stability in a newly rich but eternally turbulent re-

gion, Beirut has become the prudent banker to nervous kings, African smugglers, such huge U.S. oil companies as Aramco, frightened capitalists from socialist Egypt and Iraq—and no fewer than 600 tycoons from booming little Kuwait. Well over half of Beirut's \$800 million in deposits comes from abroad.

Saudi Arabia's King Saud keeps some \$20 million there, and Jordan's King Hussein has several secret accounts the signs his checks on one account with a pen name, "The Eagle"). Such depositors appreciate the fact that Lebanon has one of the world's freest capital markets and a Swiss-like secrecy law so rigid that any loose-tongued banker can be jailed for two years. Beirut's safety has also impressed some of the usually suspicious sheiks of the Persian Gulf. Sheik Shakhbut of Abu Dhabi, who earns \$1,000,000 a week from his oil, insisted on burying his bank notes in his mud-brick palace—until silverfish began drilling through the bundles.

**Under Mattresses.** As remarkable and diverse as their depositors, Lebanon's wily bankers come from all levels of a highly mobile society in which poor men get rich quick but seldom vice versa. Though they primarily serve the Moslem world, most are Christians, the giant among them, Yusuf Bedas, 51, began as a money-changer operating out of two small rooms in 1948; now his Intra Bank has assets of more than \$1 billion and branches from New York to Nigeria. He is building another branch on Paris' Champs Elysées, last week bought a four-story Rome palazzo that will become Italy's first Lebanese bank, and early next year will move into a 22-story headquarters now going up in Beirut. Another former money-changer, George Jabhour, 37, set up shop next to the telephone at the bar of the Hotel Saint-Georges during Lebanon's 1958 civil war, made so much from currency gyrations that he now heads his own Bank of Lebanon and the Middle East.

Many Beirut bankers start with useful political capital. Pierre Edde, for example, went into banking after four terms as Lebanon's Finance Minister. Others made fortunes overseas and then invested in banking—notably Toufic Assaf, chairman of the Bank of Beirut and The Arab Countries, who earned millions from a wholesale business in Venezuela, and Joseph Saab, who built a bundle in South Asian mining and exporting. Saab's Development Bank has introduced modern banking to Lebanon's peasant villages, opened 35 branches in the past three years. Says he: "In even the smallest village, farmers need credit and have money hidden in the ground or under mattresses."

**Quick Turn.** Beirut's bankers prosper partly because they understand the unique needs and foibles of people for whom banking is a fresh experience. Many lavish spenders tell hoteliers and shopkeepers to send their bills directly to their banks, consider it an insult to have to carry credit cards to prove that they are good risks. The beautiful wife of Kuwaiti Millionaire Bader Almutalla scorns checks, prefers to scribble notes on her calling cards ("Give this person \$5,000"), which her banker is pleased to honor.

A few customers make demands that try the most patient bankers. One sheik withdrew \$6,000,000 overnight because his banker could not procure a belly dancer he had admired. And Kuwait's skeptical Sheik Abdullah al Mubarak, who stored \$25 million in cash and suitcases full of stocks at Yusuf Bedas' bank, once ordered that his stocks be delivered instantly to his mountain mansion: he carefully counted them one by one, then airily waved them back to the bank. But when he tried to tell Bedas how to run his business, the banker ex-



VILLAGE BANK & CUSTOMERS



DEPOSITORS AT INTRA BANK



BEDAS, CLIENT & NEW BANK MODEL

*Safe from silverfish, socialists and loose tongues.*

ploded: "Take your money and get out." Few bankers anywhere can make that statement.

While some sheikhs haggle like bazaar veterans for the extra half-percent interest that is paid for whopping deposits (top: 7%), a few devout Moslems refuse to accept any interest at all on their oil millions. In Beirut's amazingly liquid and fast-moving money market, the bankers quickly pump their funds into short-term loans at up to 12%, finance everything from Pakistani exports and Saudi imports to local ski resorts and new cars. They seek to combine security with the plump profits of quick turnover, shun long-term credits or collateral-free personal loans.

Neither political crises nor financial strains have slowed the hectic advance of Lebanon's biggest business. Although the government enacted its first banking-control code just this year, only one bank has failed—the small Banque Foncière Libanaise, which went down in February. The failure did not faze Beirut's flexible, resilient money men. Since it occurred, total deposits have continued to rise, and the freely convertible Lebanese pound is stronger than ever.

## WESTERN EUROPE

### Looking for Labor

Every Monday morning a Turkish Airlines plane lumbers to a stop at a Belgian military airfield near Charleroi, and out step 50 tanned and slightly bewildered Turks. Clutching yellow envelopes containing their X-ray pictures, they are welcomed with sweet Turkish cigarettes, fruit juices, a round of speeches—and the jobs they had been promised. Labor-short Belgium will roll out the red carpet for some 5,000 airlifted Turkish workers this year, and it is delighted to get them. They sharply illustrate the fact that booming Europe's labor shortage, which has been an enervating problem for some time, is becoming acute. Last week a report by the Common Market warned that the shortage is especially serious in West Germany, Luxembourg and The Netherlands, and is easing only slightly in Belgium and France.

**Women to the Fore.** While the prospering U.S. still has difficulty in bringing its unemployment rate below 5%, thousands of jobs go unmaned in such fast-growing European industries as construction, chemicals, steel and electrical equipment. West Germany has 681,000 vacant jobs for its 103,000 unemployed persons, many of whom are unemployable. Britain has 334,000 jobs going begging. The Netherlands 150,000, France at least 50,000, and Sweden 48,000. In some countries, workers in less critical spots are being shifted to hard-pressed industries; the Dutch recently discharged 6,000 soldiers from military duty to work on construction jobs.

Moonlighting has become common and profitable as a result of the short-

age, and more European women are leaving their homes for offices and factories. Many employers wink at minor pilfering; it is cheaper to lose a few thousand dollars than experienced employees. To fight the squeeze, some big German manufacturers have even bought up smaller firms just to get additional skilled workers. Most European nations go beyond national boundaries to find the laborers they need—to such labor-surplus areas as Spain, Portugal, North Africa, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and lately even the Far East.

Italy alone, despite its own industrial surge, has provided 1,500,000 workers for Germany, France and Switzerland. Some foreigners go job hunting on their own, but most of them are rounded up by teams of recruiters sent out by industrialists and governments. Belgian



GERMANY'S 1,000,000TH IMPORTED WORKER

Also offered: prayer rugs.

payrolls now count 300,000 foreign workers: Switzerland has 690,000 foreigners on the job, one for every three Swiss. France has an annual influx of 100,000, mostly Algerians. Last month Germany greeted its one-millionth guest worker since 1956: Armando Sá Rodrigues, a Portuguese carpenter who went to work for a Stuttgart builder after being presented with a motor bike to mark his arrival.

**Bonus to Sign.** Most of these prized migrants are unskilled and poorly educated, but they are courted and pampered like graduate engineers. As a rule they draw the same wages and fringe benefits as native employees, plus the travel expenses, low-cost housing and bonuses they were promised when they signed up. In Germany, which has the greatest need, factories and charitable organizations set up special canteens featuring workers' native dishes. Ford of Germany has spent \$7,500,000 on housing for its 7,000 foreign workers, and Volkswagen built a small village with two community centers for its

4,500 Italians. The German national railroad has even bought prayer carpets for its many Moslem workers. It does not mind their turning to Mecca so long as they also turn out the work.

## CANADA

### Studebaker Hangs On

The headquarters of the Studebaker Corp. is still in South Bend, Ind., but its best-known operation and at least some of its hopes are in Hamilton, Ont., where Studebaker's auto division moved last year after losing \$50 million since 1959. Studebaker is more of a mite among mammoths than ever, but its Canadian auto plant is a going concern. Last week, addressing a meeting of Studebaker dealers in Boston, Studebaker of Canada President Gordon Grundy announced that the plant's production is sold out through November, added that 1964 sales were near the break-even point.

The dealers also discussed the 1965 models, Studebaker's first produced entirely in Canada. Studebaker has dropped its radically styled Avantis and slow-selling Hawks, now is concentrating on the more conventional Commanders and Daytonas. Like many European auto firms, notably Volkswagen, it has made only "running changes," will not try to compete with Detroit's yearly model changeover. So far this year, Studebaker has sold 27,800 cars in the U.S., v. last year's 65,000, and 5,718 in Canada, a slight rise. Despite U.S. tariffs that average \$62.50 a car, lower Canadian labor costs keep prices within bounds: the 1965s start at \$2,125 in the U.S., a price that is \$70 higher than last year's but includes more standard equipment.

Short of space in its Canadian facility, Studebaker has rented 50,000 sq. ft. in a nearby warehouse. For parts to replace those it no longer makes, the company orders 65% from Canadian suppliers (the 1965 Studebaker engine is made by a General Motors Canadian subsidiary), the rest from the U.S. Its dealers, most of whom also handle other cars, have remained remarkably loyal; though the company feared that it might lose half of its 1,900 U.S. dealers, only 200 have quit.

Next year the auto division hopes to increase sales enough to hit the break-even point. That would be a welcome relief to the corporation's ten other divisions, which make everything from floor sweepers to stoves but whose healthy profits (more than \$11 million in 1963) have offset auto losses. No one expects any major Studebaker comeback (the company now has only one-half of 1% of the U.S. auto market), and Detroit would not be surprised if Studebaker eventually completed its exit from the auto business. But Studebaker is stubbornly hopeful. "We're living hand to mouth," says one executive, "but every day our hand gets to our mouth a little faster."



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## MILESTONES

**Married.** Harvey Gantt, 21, first Negro to crack South Carolina's white state colleges, after a federal court judge overruled his rejection by Clemson College in January 1963; and Lucinda Brawley, 18, first Negro girl at Clemson; in Hopkins, S.C.

**Married.** William G. Mennen Jr., 51, Soap's cousin, second in command (after Older Brother George) of the family's shaving cream-and-lotion company, who is largely credited with giving Mennen its sweet smell of success; and Audrey Holzwarth Wardell, 42, Morristown, N.J., secretary; both for the second time; in San Francisco.

**Divorced.** By Arlene Dahl, 39, Hollywood's ever glowing redhead (*Kisses for My President*): Christian Holmes, 41, wealthy real estate speculator; after four years of marriage, one child; on grounds of mental cruelty (the preferred golf); in Santa Monica, Calif.

**Died.** Mary Pinchot Meyer, 43, Washington abstract artist and niece of Pennsylvania's late Governor Gifford Pinchot; of bullet wounds in the head and chest inflicted by an unsuccessful robber, while she was taking a stroll along the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal towpath near her Georgetown studio.

**Died.** Harry Hart ("Pat") Frank, 57, first of the post-Hiroshima doomsday authors, whose 1946 *Mr. Adam*, describing the plight of the only male on earth to survive sterilization after an accidental nuclear blast (the army has to shield him from hordes of would-be mothers), sold 2,000,000 copies, was soon followed by other atomic potboilers (*Alas, Babylon*, *How to Survive the H-Bomb and Why*); of acute inflammation of the pancreas; in Jacksonville.

**Died.** Games Slayter, 67, inventor of Fiberglas; of a heart attack; in Columbus. A recently retired vice president of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Slayter developed a straw-thick glass fiber for air filters in 1931, after seven, more years of research came up with the fine, flexible "glass wool" now used for everything from draperies to boat hulls, winning his company more than 130 lucrative patents.

**Died.** Cole Porter, 71, America's premier songwriter; of pneumonia; in Santa Monica (see Music).

**Died.** Pascal Covici, 75, John Steinbeck's editor at Viking Press, who helped with such novels as *Of Mice and Men*, *Grapes of Wrath* and *East of Eden*, "demanding of me," Steinbeck said, "more than I had, causing me to be more than I should have been without him"; of complications following intestinal surgery; in Manhattan.

## CINEMA

### Country Matters

Nutty, Naughty-Château is a house divided between Director Roger Vadim and Novelist Françoise Sagan. On the framework of Sagan's first play, *Château in Sweden*, which enjoyed a long run in Paris, Vadim and an associate script carpenter have slapped together a film comedy that deserves to be condemned, and probably will be. It is synthetic, flimsy and obvious. Yet through the cracks in the walls one can still glimpse the work of a wry, precocious playwright who knows how to make decadence amusing.

"I am tired of hiding my Jeep," bellows the lord of the manor, Curt Jurgens. To please his eccentric sister, he dresses in period costume and ban-



BRIALY & VITTI IN "CHÂTEAU"  
Boredom in the boudoir.

ishes all evidence of the 20th century from the family's isolated ancestral estate in the Swedish lake country. Jurgens' second wife is Monica Vitti, a sultry charmer who enjoys a casually incestuous relationship with her brother Sébastien (Jean-Claude Brialy) and soon begins cooing with Cousin Eric (Jean-Louis Trintignant).

When Eric learns that Jurgens' officially deceased first wife Ophélie (Françoise Hardy) is still alive and sequestered in the castle, the family decides to dispose of him forthwith. During one eventful night, Eric survives attempts to poison him, gas him, drug him and freeze him to death.

Clearly, *Château* cannot stand on its plot alone. But Vadim goes farther to bring it to sure ruin by translating high comedy into languid boudoir farce. Time and again he sacrifices wit, worldliness and style to make room for a blonde (Vitti) in a bed sheet—the Vadim trademark—then repeats the oblig-



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atory routine with a brunette (Hardy). What he conveys, at last, is a boyish conviction that these bored, civilized votaries of pleasure might be just the sort for a fun weekend, but no longer. Sagan's sidelong glance at the enigma of women, in Vadim's view, is no enigma at all. It is merely a nutty, naughty peep show.

## Death in Dallas

*Four Days in November.* The story of John F. Kennedy's assassination has been told with impressive amplitude in the words of the Warren Commission's report. But pictures can indeed speak louder than words. This film, the first in which the massive photographic record (more than 2,000,000 ft.) of the tragedy is assembled and analyzed, adduces no new evidence, proposes no exotic theories. Produced by David Wolper, who in 1963 put together a prizewinning TV documentary (*The Making of the President, 1960*) about Kennedy's election, *Four Days* is essentially an extended newsreel, a rough anthology of television tapes, amateur movies and reconstructed scenes. Much of the footage has never been shown before; some of it is striking.

The first 24 hours of the Texas tour are roses all the way, a gay and triumphal procession. There they stand on top of the world as though it were their wedding cake: Jack and Jackie, the glass of feminine fashion and the mild, of masculine form, the prince and princess of a political fairy tale that surely was not meant to have an unhappy ending. "Stop!" the spectator cries silently. "Stop before it's too late!" Impossible. They are in the car, and already it is turning into Elm Street, into the sunlit circle of Oswald's telescopic sight.

The climax, so magnificently prepared, is inexplicably permitted to become an anticlimax. The death of the President was recorded in several still photographs and on three film strips—though only one of the strips, owned by LIFE, shows the episode in full detail. Nevertheless, the moment of tragedy is represented here in a single frozen frame that shows Kennedy as an overblown blur.

The assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald is also depicted ineptly. The spectator is plunged into the episode without warning of what is about to happen, and the deed is done so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow it. Yet the moviemakers do not even bother to repeat in slow motion a scene that is surely one of the most exciting and significant stretches of live action ever shown on a screen.

Among the failures, happily, there are fascinations: Oswald's frowsty but amiable landlady, the enormously corpulent cabby who picked him up after the crime, the curly-haired, fine-featured shoe salesman who tracked him to the Texas Theater, the clean, sunny, comfortable ranch house where the killer lived with his wife and children. At one

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point the film reports without comment that only five hours before he killed the President, Oswald was telling a friend how much he enjoyed playing with his baby daughter.

### Into the Soup

**Fate Is the Hunter.** Consolidated Airlines' Flight 22 lifts off the runway on a routine hop to Seattle. Pilot Rod Taylor takes a cup of coffee from Stewardess Suzanne Pleshette, trades a quip or two. Suddenly a bell clangs in the cockpit, a light blinks a warning on the control panel. "Engine blew," snorts Taylor. In two-engine-aircraft dramas, troubles never come singly. The tower reports three other planes blocking the path back to the strip. The radio goes dead. And of course Engine No. 2 conks out. Flight 22 crash-lands on a deserted beach, bellies safely down and plows through the sand—only to hit an abandoned pier and incinerate.

If such melodrama does little to promote air travel, it does even less for



FORD & TAYLOR IN "HUNTER"  
Kismet in the wiring.

Ernest K. Gann's best-selling memoirs of his years as a pioneer commercial pilot. After a vivid, horrific opening, *Hunter* flies straight into the soup of formula Hollywood fiction. To absolve buddy Taylor, Airline Executive Glenn Ford undertakes an investigation of his own. Needless to say, Flyboy Taylor turns out to have been gay, dashing and brave, a model pilot who survived such hazards as a wartime encounter with Jane Russell and an irreproachable idyt with a Eurasian ichthyologist (Nancy Kwan).

Next to fish, Kwan thinks mostly about the inexorable fate. In the movie's least credible scene, Ford solemnly reports NASA's verdict to a panel of CAB experts: the crash victims died because "for some reason or other, their time had come." Luckily, even in Hollywood the CAB shows little inclination to ponder the inscrutable. So Ford plods ahead to prove that Kismet was probably just a little short circuit. *Hunter* seems an unlikely choice for inflight screenings. Passengers on the ground may view it at their own risk.



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SOURCES: BRAND RATING INDEX, 1963; STARCH ADORMS, 1964.



## BOOKS

### The Invisible Man

MARKINGS by Dag Hammarskjöld. 221 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

The man seemed detached and imperturbable as he sat at the Security Council's high table, mediating between East and West. He often exasperated the committed men of both sides. But he became a kind of special saint for the uncommitted, the uncertain, the uneasy, who only hoped for the best without knowing just what the best was, who believed that sheer good will could somehow resolve all the world's conflicts. His very immobility was reassuring; at times he seemed the still point of the turning world. Not even Dag Hammarskjöld's close friends knew that this dispassionate diplomat was a tormented man who poured out his emotions in highly impassioned poems, aphorisms, haiku and prayers, dealing, as he put it, with "birth and death, love and pain—the reality behind the dance under the daylight lamps of social responsibility."

The manuscript of *Markings* was discovered in Hammarskjöld's Manhattan home shortly after his death. With it was an undated letter in which Hammarskjöld called the writings "a sort of white book concerning my negotiations with myself—and with God." Skillfully translated by W. H. Auden, with the help of a Swedish linguist, *Markings* is in turn earnest, pedestrian, paradoxical and noble. The first entry was written when Hammarskjöld was a college student of 20; the last, a few days before his plane crashed in Northern Rhodesia in 1961.

**Imitation of Christ.** The son of a former Swedish Prime Minister and a brilliant economist in his own right, Hammarskjöld was a meteoric success as a banker even before he entered international politics. Yet *Markings* shows that every step of the way he was dogged by agonizing self-doubts and despair. "Time goes by," he noted, "reputation increases, ability declines." "The little urchin makes a couple of feeble hops on one leg without falling down," he wrote, "and is filled with admiration at his dexterity, doubly so, because there are onlookers. Do we ever grow up?" He was unparaphrasable self-critical: "If you don't speak ill of others more often than you do, this certainly isn't from any lack of desire. But you know that malice only gives you elbowroom when dispensed in carefully measured doses."

He dwelt on death and suicide: "There is only one path out of the steamy dense jungle where the battle is fought over glory and power and advantage. And

that is—to accept death." And he luridly describes several suicides he witnessed (or imagined?), such as the beautiful girl who drowned herself and was washed ashore on a river bank, "beyond all human nakedness in the inaccessible solitude of death—her white firm breasts are lifted to the sunlight—a heroic torso of marble-blond stone in the soft grass."

**Speck of Dirt.** But in the early 1950s, it appears that Hammarskjöld found faith in God. "Didst Thou give me this inescapable loneliness," he wrote, "so

PHILIPPE HALGREN



DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD (1956)  
The road to holiness was action.

that it would be easier for me to give Thee all?" Inspired by the medieval mystics, he strove to pattern his life after Christ's, an ambition that some Swedish critics of *Markings* chose to interpret as blasphemy or egomania; yet if *Markings* makes anything clear, it is that Hammarskjöld was a truly humble man: "How far from both muscular heroism and from the soulfully tragic spirit of unselfishness, which unctuously adds its feeble offering to the spongecake at a kaffeeklatsch, is the plain and simple fact that a man has given himself completely to something he finds worth living for."

In his years that he served as Secretary-General, Hammarskjöld drove himself mercilessly to become "pure of heart" in the service of others: "On a really clean tablecloth, the smallest speck of dirt annoys the eye. At high altitudes, a moment's self-indulgence may mean death." Yet he remained ever and exquisitely aware of the ambiguities of even the best-intentioned human behavior and never became self-righteous about his own projects: "The great commitment all too easily obscures the little" one. But without the

humility and warmth which you have to develop in your relations to the few with whom you are personally involved, you will never be able to do anything for the many." One entry explains his approach to international conflicts: "Jesus sat at meat with publicans and sinners: he consorted with harlots. Did he do this to obtain their votes? Or did he think that, perhaps, he could convert them by such 'appeasements'? Or was his humanity rich and deep enough to make contact, even in them, with that in human nature which is common to all men, indestructible, and upon which the future has to be built?"

**The Call.** There is one wry poem, surely written, at least in his head, during one of the U.N.'s interminable debates, which suggests Hammarskjöld was sometimes less than happy about his job as man in the middle.

*Words without import  
Are lobbed to and fro  
Between us.*

*Forgotten intrigues  
With their spider's web  
Snare our hands.*

*Choked by its clown's mask  
And quite dry, my mind  
Is crumbling.*

But if he was humble, he was occasionally so with the passion of a man who felt himself called by destiny. He wrote: "Your responsibility is indeed terrifying. If you fail, it is God, thanks to your having betrayed Him, who will fail mankind. You fancy you can be responsible to God: can you carry the responsibility for God?"

**Elected Calling.** Hammarskjöld was clearly a poet who might have achieved eminence in that calling as he had in others he chose to follow.

*Too tired for company.  
You seek a solitude*

*You are too tired to fill*

is a haiku that the Japanese masters might be proud of. But he believed that "in our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action."

The total impression is of a complex, sensitive and enormously literate mind, all the more fascinating since it belonged to a man in the highest of political offices, where he made his inner humility a palpable power in the balance of nations. "I am the vessel," he wrote. "The draught is God's. And God is the thirsty one."

### Illusions Worth Living For

SPANISH LEAVES by Honor Tracy. 189 pages. Random House. \$3.95.

In Paris, Irish Novelist Honor Tracy's favorite smell is the musty odor of the Métro on rainy days; in Spain, she prefers the fragrance of open sewers. "A vision comes," she writes, "an enchanting still life of broken glass and pomegranate rinds with a dead rat floating in



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iridescent water, and beckons to me sweetly."

Not sewers alone, but all the things that offend the typical tourist in Spain—stalled trains, unpredictable electricity, fire engines screaming like "Amazon howling monkeys"—delight Honor Tracy in this brief and lively travel book. She is entertained by what most tourists never even notice: "The men maintained their usual impassive demeanor" and, dressed in corduroy suits and broad black hats, looked "out from the dusty taverns hour after hour, silent, neither drinking nor playing cards, as if merely waiting for the end of the world."

Does the postman deliver the mail a month late and not even look remorseful about it? Never mind, he kills snakes in Honor Tracy's backyard, and once, when she was giving a party, he bi-



TAVERN IN MADRID

*Still life with sewer and dead rat.*

cycled three miles to bring her ice. Are Spanish nightclub acts and *carzuelas* sometimes performed by stuttering septuagenarians, Goyaesque dwarfs, and faded, toothless beauties? It doesn't matter. It's more fun to watch the audience, such as one old man who was ogling the girls and groaning "with delight as an old dog does when his ears are fondled." Are Spain's majestic cathedrals filled with "gabbling priests, rowdy acolytes, grubby vestments, candles drunkenly reeling and raining grease on all around, flowers faded or dead, statues thick with dust, sacristans spitting on the floor?" Neatness and decorum are snares and frills for those of feeble faith.

In one Andalusian town, a baker produces bread that is more like stone. But everybody eats it without complaint because the baker grandly signs his initials on each loaf. In Spain, illusions of grandeur are respected. "To us, illusion is a weakness to recognize and overcome," writes Honor Tracy. "To a



## Why the Treasury has 2 prices for \$500 Savings Bonds

It's really for your convenience.

One of the \$500 Bonds shown above is a Series E Bond. The growing type. You pay \$375 for it and collect your interest when you cash it in for \$500 at maturity. It's designed for people who want their savings to accumulate.

The other \$500 Bond is a Series H. It costs \$500 to begin with, and you collect your interest by check twice a year. It's designed for people who want their Bonds to give them an income. Retired people, for instance.

You can also buy 7 other Series E denominations (starting at \$25), and 3 other Series H's. Whichever type you buy, you make the same sound investment; and get the same guaranteed rate of interest.

Both Bonds do the same job of helping your country, too, by building the financial strength Uncle Sam needs to manage his affairs and safeguard our rights.

Whichever suits your needs better—Series E or Series H—buy some Bonds soon. They're good for your future.

Help yourself as you help your country

**BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS**

This advertising is donated by The Advertising Council and this magazine.





More than five dozen Chase Manhattan "Nest Eggs" have appeared in SI since 1957. "This campaign," says Trust Department Executive Vice-President Francis G. Ross, "has produced business and contributed quietly to the overall impression of Chase. I'm certain SI has been a considerable force on both counts."

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED...each week the facts add up to success**

"Schooling a young jumper" (Photo by Inge Morath / Magnum)



**At a time like this, who's thinking about estate planning ?**

We are, here at Bankers Trust Company. Our Personal Trust Department can help you to prepare the way now for financial hurdles that might arise in the future. Working with your lawyer and you, we can develop for you a plan which becomes a means of providing for your family's economic security. It can also reduce the amount of tax dollars that might be withheld from your heirs.

You'll feel more confident about your family's future having provided them with the protection of sound judgment and understanding. You'll find both at Bankers Trust.

**BANKERS TRUST COMPANY**  **NEW YORK**

© Bankers Trust Company 1963

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation





## SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES US (so will you)

Here's the Supreme Court's decision regarding private employment agencies: "The service rendered in acting as the paid representative of another to find a position in which to earn an honest living is useful, commendable, and in great demand."

Why not make your decision to land that better—and better paying position you want? We can pinpoint it for you through the world's largest network of Personnel Consultants with 150 offices coast to coast. Find us in the white pages.



Box 2178 Phila. 3, Pa.

## MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

**HOTEL Dorset**  
30 West 54th St.  
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.  
A Bing & Bing Hotel

Spaniard, his *ilusión* gives the world its glow and life its fragrance."

Actually, Author Tracy concludes, the tourist should not worry too much about understanding Spain. Spaniards ask very little of him: "Foreigners in Spain should humbly recognize that their principal charm is their money, and their only virtue a readiness to part with it."

## Matched Wit

THE REMINISCENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN GRONOW. 384 pages. Viking, \$7.95.

Captain Rees Howell Gronow was a dapper, wicked little Welshman. He fought with distinction beside Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo; he gossiped and gamed at the best clubs of Regency London. He matched wit and waistcoats with Beau Brummell, shot pistols with Lord Byron. And in his later years, he sat sucking the handle of his cane in the window of his Paris club while the Revolution of 1848 raged in the streets below. Then he wrote his reminiscences.

Byron in *Curlers*. His book is a kind of protracted gossip column of the romantic period. Byron, he reveals, slept with his hair in curlers; Sir Walter Scott was as stout a trencherman as any character in his historical novels. Gronow was a friend of Shelley's at Eton, and recalls how the fledgling poet, inspired by Homer's account of heroic single combats before Troy, took on a young baronet named Sir Thomas Styles in a fist fight. "Shelley stalked round the ring and spouted one of the defiant addresses usual with Homer's heroes: the young poet, being a first-rate classical scholar, actually delivered the speech in the original Greek." But stubby young Sir Thomas delivered "a heavy slogger" to Shelley's middle, and the poet turned tail and ran. Not many years later, Gronow reports with disinterest, young Styles was driven mad by fleas and heat during the Peninsular War and cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor.

*Wasps in Amber*. With casual vividness, the old dandy sketches Hoby the Bootmaker, an insolent St. James Street shopkeeper who sneered at every customer up to and including the Iron Duke himself; Colonel Kelly of the First Foot Guards, a grand dandy so proud of his precious, gleaming boots that he burned to death trying to save them from a fire; and muscular Dan Mackinnon, who "used to amuse his friends by creeping over the furniture like a monkey." In Lisbon with Lord Byron, Mackinnon spied two nude Portuguese beauties at their morning ablutions across from his hotel, but he was horrified to see that they used no toothbrushes. He sent them some, and was even more horrified when the girls used them to brush their hair.

Not much of a literary stylist, Gronow employs a direct but flat prose

Pippi



KOSTA  
The biggest  
and the oldest  
Swedish glassworks



## WHEN YOU WRITE TIME



please enclose the address label that appears on your copies—it will help identify your subscription and speed a reply to your correspondence.

## Peach brandy lift!



## Try John Rolfe free

Pipe been fasting tired? See what a lift it gets from the peach brandy flavor in new John Rolfe blend of premium tobaccos. For free package (offer limited to U.S.A.) write John Rolfe, Dept. 1-20, P.O. Box 3-AC.

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH  
Lafayette & Brother Co., Inc. Richmond, Va.  
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1859

**This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.**



*George Thomson lines up his putt at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club. He plays an excellent game of golf, but his true claim to fame is the "educated" nose he uses to blend Johnnie Walker.*

Its name is Johnnie Walker Black Label. And its secret is the precise, authoritarian nose of one man. George Thomson, third master blender in the 144-year-old history of John Walker & Sons.

**Why his whisky stands apart.** Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of Black Label can come only from the richest of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thom-

son's educated nose knows them all—their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

**Are you paying a premium for Scotch?**

If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 50% ALC/VOL (100 PROOF). IMPORTED BY CANADA-DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

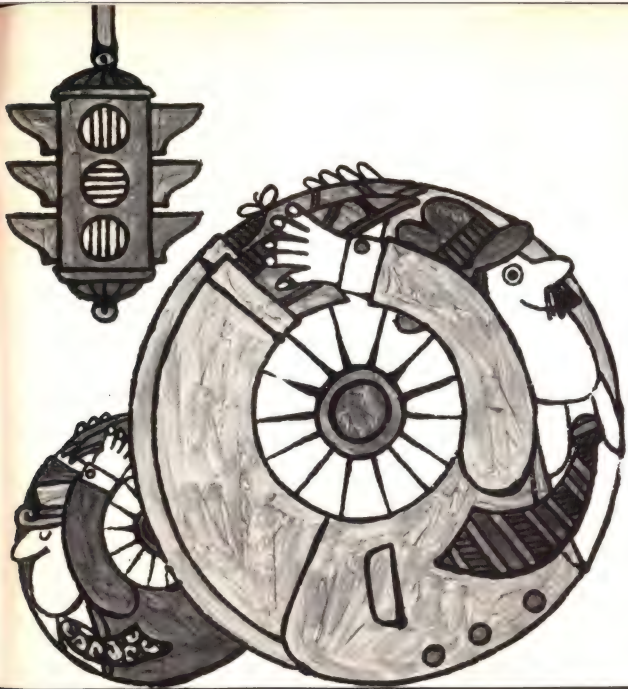


*car/pole*

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**this marvelous market on wheels**

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We get up in the morning just like other steel people do. We shave, eat breakfast and then go to work to make steel. All the time we're thinking about number one: the \$38 billion automotive market that uses 17.2 million tons of our industry's steel. And 38% of all hot-rolled steel bars, 46% of cold rolled sheet. Don't misunderstand us. All the markets of steel are important to us. But this marvelous market on wheels

is a special challenge to steel. And, in trying to increase Youngstown's share, all of our customers benefit. And we're dedicating time and money and men: some 250 million dollars at our Indiana Harbor (Indiana) Works, alone. Under construction: a new 80" cold rolled sheet mill. Already completed: our #2 galvanizing line, the Midwest's finest and its companion, the #1 galvanizing line; new and improved bar and rod

facilities. And many more things from research to computerization for improved customer services. Try us. Going after what we want, not being satisfied with what we get, keeps Youngstown, a growing force in steel.

**Youngstown  Steel**  
THE YOUNGSTOWN STEEL COMPANY • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO



## How Sheaffer doubled its share of the ballpoint market

"Last December, we ran two half-page ads in Reader's Digest exclusively, which featured our \$1.95 'Safeguard clip' ballpoint, and promoted it as a Christmas gift," says John D. Sheaffer, Marketing Vice President of W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company.

"What happened was astounding. Our share of market doubled and continues to hold. In November and December—the prime Christmas period, over-the-counter sales of the 'Safeguard clip' increased 157% over

the same period the previous year.

"This year, we're again planning to use The Digest as our major consumer magazine. With our ballpoint line, we have to reach as many prospects as possible and at the lowest cost possible. The Digest reaches 14½ million primary families—families who buy the magazine. No other magazine even comes close."

*People have faith in Reader's Digest. 14½ million U.S. families (25 million world-wide) buy each issue.*



that captures his subjects like wasps in amber. Yet between the lines, his frigid, faultlessly attired figure dominates the book. He emerges haughty, violently prejudiced, yet worldly-wise. As one contemporary wrote: "He committed the greatest of follies without in the slightest disturbing the points of his shirt collar." Can any modern memoirist make the same claim?

#### Petrified Nature

THE INTERROGATION by J.M.G. Le Clezio. 243 pages, Atheneum. \$4.50.

A character in Albert Camus' *The Plague* devised a strategy for cheating death by making life seem to drag on as long as possible: he did tedious things on purpose, like listening to lectures in



LE CLEZIO

Lectures in an unknown language.

an unfamiliar language or lining up at the box office for theater tickets and then not buying a seat. Since French literary inbreeding is both chronic and severe, it was inevitable that sooner or later someone would devote a whole book to Camus' throwaway idea. J.M.G. Le Clezio has in effect done just that, in a first novel that has unaccountably enraptured the French critics and public.

Adam Polto is camping out for the summer in a deserted house at the top of a hill "like one of those sick animals that make a canny retreat into some refuge and watch stealthily for danger." He does almost nothing at all, and does it so well that his perceptions suffer strange and vivid changes as in the first symptoms of paranoia or LSD poisoning.

Adam sunbathes, smokes, writes to his girl friend, sees the sun transformed into a monstrous spider or a thousand-

# John Begg



# was here!

Can a Scotch actually *taste* good? Ask the born-and-bred Scotch drinkers. They've been smacking their lips over John Begg for years. Suddenly this grand old name is on the tip of everybody's tongue. "A wee bit better than the best," say the poetic Scots of their treasured John **\$5<sup>77</sup>** Begg, whose taste is gentle, and whose price is light.

86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY JAMES M. McCUNN & CO., INC., N.Y.

*"One way to insure your children's future is to insure yourself!"*

EVERETT COLLECTION



**NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYOWNER.** Mr. Anderson purchased his first policy with this company twenty-five years ago.

*How to fulfill your aspirations  
for your children*

by **ROBERT O. ANDERSON,**  
*New Mexico Rancher and Industrialist,  
Chairman of the Board of the  
Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas,  
Chairman of the Aspen Institute*

"PARENTS WANT TO SEE their children do well—to learn, to contribute and yes, to earn. To my mind, a superior

education is a vital step on the way to these goals.

"How can the young family head insure this opportunity for his children? I suggest life insurance.

"Adequate life insurance can guarantee the money for education if anything happens to the young father. If the father lives—and probabilities are all on this side—he may borrow the money up to the cash value of the policy at a very

fair rate of interest, use it for college costs, pay it back at his leisure and leave his over-all protection program undisturbed.

"One final thought. Since the values in a life policy depend on the quality of the company's operation, it's wise to seek a life insurance company with a good record for investment returns, mortality results and efficient, low-cost business practices."

***The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company***

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

**"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"**



*There is a difference!*

## Northwestern Mutual reports record dividend increase for '64!

**I**n 1964, Northwestern Mutual policy owners are sharing \$121,200,000—highest dividends in company history.

This is 15% higher (16.1 million more) than Northwestern's 1963 dividend—a record made possible by company growth plus another actual dividend scale increase, the 11th in 12 years!

A rather typical effect of this increase is easily illustrated. Take the case of a man who purchased a \$10,000 NML Whole Life policy in 1952 at age 35. Based on the '52 dividend scale, he could have expected a '64 dividend of \$75.40. However, with the 11 scale increases, he will actually receive a '64 dividend of \$116.50—or an improvement of 54.5% over his anticipated return.

Three factors are largely responsible for this outstanding NML dividend: (1) improved interest earnings; (2) consistently low operating costs and (3) record low mortality experience.

If you would like to know more about this "specialist" life insurance company, get in touch with your local Northwestern Mutual Agent. He's listed in the phone book.

*The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*



armed octopus. His girl visits him. They go to the beach, where Adam feels himself turning to a statue, "his flesh freezing into a mineral." He runs, and suddenly knows that the earth is hostile, molten under a thick crust; he has visions of "the flames of petrified nature." He goes to the zoo, and feels "at one with the lizards, mice, beetles or pelicans. He has discovered that the best way to mix with a species is to make oneself desire a female member of it." He follows a dog through town, almost becomes a dog, is "in any case no longer human." He kills a rat. He takes a long walk in the rain, sees a drowned man, tries to call his girl, gets drunk. Finally he goes the rest of the way mad.

Author Jean Marie Gustave Le Clezio, 24, is half French, half English, tall and gaunt, has been lionized by Paris literary hostesses, who find his book a required topic of conversation and its author "frightfully good-looking." Since its publication a year ago, it has sold the exceptional total of 110,000 copies, and has won the highbrow Renaudot Prize. It has intense visual strength and might easily be transcribed into a New Wave movie by some current master of the jolting, hand-held camera. Yet it lacks human warmth, and ends as another pale variation of the modish French anti-novel—truly a tale of tedium.

### Also Current

**SPEAK NOT EVIL** by Edwin Lanham. 591 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

Grubbing into the lives of small-town sexual delinquents of all ages has been a tempting novelistic idea ever since *Peyton Place*. Lanham adds an overlay of Big Ideas (religion, tradition, history) but is careful to provide the full familiar stock company: the nymphomaniac who gives strip parties and records the liveliest moments on Polaroid film, the budding teen-age sexpot, the aging Don Juan, the middle-aged mother who has never responded to a man, the impotent bridegroom, the spinster who had an abortion in her youth. At one point the high-school-graduate hero launches himself into a discussion of Balzac's *Droll Stories*: "Why they call it a dirty book I don't know, because if you're writing about people and how they live you can't leave sex out of it." It might start a pleasant new fad to try.

**BAD CHARACTERS** by Jean Stafford. 276 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$4.95.

In a paragraph Jean Stafford can evoke the ecology of a whole chunk of, say, Colorado, or provide a tour of the inner horizons—often painfully pinched—of her central figures. In her latest assemblage of short stories, this facility might profitably have given way to more deliberate speed, particularly in the most compelling of them, *A Winter's Tale*. The teller is a matron, with

# DELTA

... nicest way  
to jet the boss  
out of town



The smartest move the boss—or his Girl Friday—can make when he needs to get off to a flying start is to dial Delta for Jets nationwide and unequalled personal service en route!



General Offices:  
Atlanta, Georgia

# DELTA

the air line with the **BIG JETS**

The new Simmons Study for FORTUNE confirms 5 salient facts that have earned FORTUNE more pages of advertising than any national monthly magazine for the past seven—soon to be eight—years.

# 5 surprising facts about 5 magazines... (that will come as no surprise to FORTUNE's advertisers)

**FACT NO.**

1

**FORTUNE's reach is unexcelled in the vital category of top-income managers and professionals—those earning \$15,000 and over.**

*Surprising perhaps, even to FORTUNE advertisers, may be how much greater FORTUNE's reach is. Among top-income managers and professionals, FORTUNE has 110 readers per 100 copies; the highest scoring newsweekly delivers 34 readers per 100 copies.*

**FACT NO.**

2

**FORTUNE attracts, excites, and serves the needs of an active, on-the-move audience.**

*Surprising perhaps is the extent of FORTUNE's concentration of readership in the 35-to-49 age bracket. There are nearly twice as many top-income managerial and professional readers of FORTUNE in the 35-to-49 age level as there are readers 50 years or older.*

**FACT NO.**

3

**FORTUNE attracts an audience of educated professionals—men with the ability to understand and the authority to act on what they read.**

*Surprising perhaps is FORTUNE's vast lead in college-trained executives. Each 100 copies of FORTUNE reach 98 top-income managerial and professional men who attended college as compared to 29 per 100 copies for the closest newsweekly.*

**FACT NO.**

4

**FORTUNE's readership is concentrated among men whose job function is relevant to the purchase of industrial goods or services—those who have one or more technical/production functions.**

*Surprising is FORTUNE's more than three-to-one lead over the closest newsweekly in readers per 100 copies among top-income managers and professionals having one or more technical/production functions.*

**FACT NO.**

5

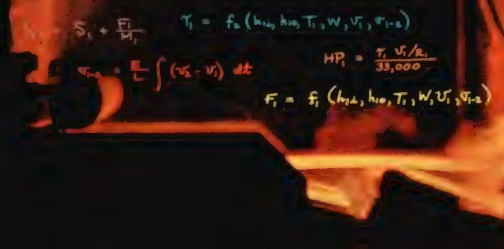
**FORTUNE clearly is allotted more reading time than any of the other magazines measured.**

*Surprising perhaps is the far greater amount of time spent with FORTUNE than with the weekly publications. For example, 28.4% of FORTUNE's top-income managerial and professional readers spend two or more hours with each issue of FORTUNE—roughly five times the number of readers who spend that amount of time with the other business publication.*

It is not surprising that the attitudes of top-income managers and professionals toward advertising, as measured in this new study, reveal that they regard advertising in FORTUNE as that which influences the most important business

executives...is most authoritative...and most interesting. And that is surprisingly high praise coming as it does from the best paid, best educated, most active and responsible, multi-function professionals in American business.

**FORTUNE** *The Magazine of Business Leadership*  
Time & Life Building, New York



## decisions, decisions, decisions

This is steel, rolling toward a customer at 2300 feet a minute. You cannot rely on human calculations for quality control at a time like this. So we've automated our hot strip mill to control itself. These mill "stands" are a mere eighteen feet apart. But between them lies a world of lightning fast calculation by electronic brain. Precise control like this helps us deliver better steels. Faster. More efficiently.





See the Grand' Place in Brussels,  
the Champs Élysées in Paris and Piccadilly in London.

**But first, see Sabena, Europe's most helpful airline.**

We'll show you just how helpful a big airline can be. Only Sabena jets daily non-stop to Brussels, where business and pleasure in the Common Market countries begin. Only Sabena has Mademoiselle Sabena hostesses and Lady Sabena Clubs throughout Europe to help you and your family with your personal needs. Every Sabena office has English-speaking personnel who know their cities well. They can help you with everything from shopping tips to business trips. Sabena, with 41 years' international airline experience, has more flights from Brussels to more cities than any other airline . . . 68 cities in Europe, Africa, the Middle East. See your Travel Agent or any of Sabena's 31 offices in North America. Sabena: Europe's most helpful airline.



BELGIAN World AIRLINES  
NORTH AMERICA, EUROPE, AFRICA, MIDDLE EAST



STAFFORD

*Tour of an inner horizon.*

a matron's malaise. Her tale recalls her first affair, which occurred during an academic year spent in Heidelberg under the chaperonage of a pious Catholic convert from Brahmin Boston. The lover is a Nazi pilot who turns out to be 1) a Jew, 2) the secret lover of the girl's devout guardian. To probe such a twisting plot requires more words than Author Stafford here provides. Other stories concern the casualties of child v. parent warfare, of which there are few keener combat correspondents than the author.

ERIC MATTSO by Norman Katkov.  
445 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

It is just possible that a negative kind of publishing history will be made by this book: 21st century scholars may know it as the last, because unbeatably the trashiest, of the Big Medical Novels. This novel has absolutely everything, and is so appalling it's hilarious. It has Eric, "a gifted young surgeon at the crossroads." It has interns, residents, nurses, and of course plenty of sex, of the kind that turns out the lights at the point where, all buttons still buttoned, "she brought his face down to her breasts." It has eight major operations, including impromptu open-heart surgery in the library of a posh house—all described in bloody color and with such extreme professional detail that the reader feels he could pull the gloves onto his scrubbed and cornstarched hands and do the next one himself. And the first operation is an emergency caesarean section—on a dog. "Eric came forward until he could feel the table against his thighs. It was just him and the bitch now. The scalpel did not weigh in his hand . . ."



KATKOV

*Last of the Big Medicals.*

## BOSTON BOUND?



# How to get a room in Boston for 10¢

We — the five Charter House Motor Hotels in Greater Boston — have a NYC phone number. Plaza 2-9100. So when you call us for a room, all you spend is a few seconds. And one 10¢ message unit.

This gets you a confirmed reservation at a confirmed rate. Note that word confirmed. It means you'll get your room even if you're delayed and have to check in late. And you won't pay a penny more.

Our number again, Plaza 2-9100. What could be easier to remember? Ask your secretary to prove it by calling us. Often.



**CHARTER  
HOUSE  
MOTOR HOTELS**

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

**NORTH SHORE**  
Lynn, Rte. 1A  
**DOWNTOWN**  
Cambridge, Rte. 1  
**WALTHAM**  
Rte. 128  
**NEWTON**  
Rte. 9  
**SOUTH SHORE**  
Braintree, Rte. 128

**Asbach  
Uralt.**

The great Brandy

from the Rhine!



VXOP • 80 Proof

GERMAN DISTILLERIES LTD., NEW YORK 20, N.Y.



## Anytime is prime time in LIFE

Even if you sponsored the top-rated TV show, you'd still miss millions of prospects—people who are too busy doing other things to be watching television.

But you can reach them in LIFE. The 1964 Simmons Report shows that LIFE reaches 10.5 million people who don't even watch TV on an average evening.

Are you selling a man's product? Simmons reports

that an average LIFE issue reaches over 16 million men. More than the top television show.

LIFE reaches better prospects, too—almost 5½ million more homes with family incomes of \$10,000 or above than TV's most popular show.

LIFE attracts prime prospects television can't reach. Shouldn't these people be seeing your ad?

Author: © LIFE 1964, W.R. Simmons & Associates Research, Inc.**LIFE**



## More and more people are enjoying Braniff/Eastern daily Super-Jets to South America

It's the extra-value way to jet to South America! Convenient late afternoon or evening departures from Kennedy International Airport. One-stop service to Bogota—fast, dependable schedules to Panama, Guayaquil, Lima, La Paz, Asuncion, Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo and Rio. And a magnificent daytime crossing of The Andes thrown in!

Nothing finer in the air than Braniff *international* service to South America. Plus the added confidence of flying with the only *international* airline serving within the U.S. and South America. On your next trip to South America enjoy Braniff *international* service. Muchas gracias!



**BRANIFF**  
INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS

**EASTERN**  
AIR LINES

Call your Travel Agent, Braniff or Eastern

she's got to be  
**in the  
market**



...to buy it



ORIGINATOR: EMMETT/FRANCIS PUBLICATION

How does a woman decide what cosmetics to buy? She follows her nose, her eyes, her fingertips—and Woman's Day.

The current article, "ABC's of Make-up" gives her a kitful of "how to's".  
How to find the types of make-up for her type of skin—how to clean her skin, correct facial faults. Glamour? Sure! But not far out experiments. These are hints to make her genuinely more attractive.

That's why she goes to Woman's Day—to develop *all* her sides...woman, wife, mother, community member. This super-service magazine has the kind of atmosphere where ads blossom. Ten years of top Starch readership scores prove it.

You make it—Woman's Day will sell it—beauty aids or baby foods, refrigerators or roast beef, dresses or draperies. What a beauty!



*It began as  
a gift to a King*



In 1939, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth complimented Canada with a personal visit. As is the custom, such an occasion calls for a very special gift. Seagram's Crown Royal was created as that gift. It was very rare, very exceptional. That was a quarter-century ago.

Since then, we have managed to accumulate a bit more. Now Canada sends the identical whisky to you.

SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL

The legendary whisky born to the purple.  
About nine dollars the fifth.



Come to  
where the  
flavor is...

## Come to Marlboro Country

If you've been reared on a flavor  
smoke, here it is with a filter.  
The Selectrate® Filter—teamed up  
with the Richmond Recipe  
of aged prime tobaccos.

You get a lot to like.



Pack or Box

